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THE BEATLES "IN MY LIFE"
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Some died young. Some died old. All paid their dues with guitar in hand.

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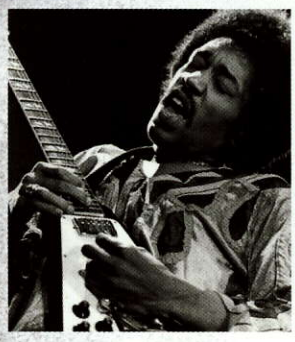

DIMEBAG 1966-2004
RANDY RHOADS 1956-1982
JIMI HENDRIX 1942-1970
GEORGE HARRISON 1943-2001
STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN 1954-1990
DUANE ALLMAN 1946-1971
KURT COBAIN 1967-1994
FRANK ZAPPA 1940-1993

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GUITAR LEGENDS #110

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GL

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FRANK ZAPPA AND THE MOTHERS OF INVENTION AT THE FILLMORE EAST, NEW YORK CITY, IN 1970

GRAVEST HITS

SOME DIED YOUNG. SOME DIED OLD. ALL PAID THEIR DUES WITH GUITAR IN HAND. *GUITAR LEGENDS* REMEMBERS THE LATE, GREAT AX SLINGERS OF BLUES, ROCK, METAL AND JAZZ.

BRAD MILLER

MUDDY WATERS

BORN: April 4, 1915, Rolling Fork, Mississippi
DIED: April 30, 1983, Westmont, Illinois

McKINLEY MORGANFIELD grew up on Stovall's Plantation in Clarksdale, Mississippi, yet he would rise far from his cotton-picking roots. Nicknamed Muddy Waters as a little boy, he came to his first recording session in 1941 without shoes, sitting down to play country blues for musicologist Alan Lomax; years later, Muddy would fill South Side Chicago jukeboxes with his electric Chess sides. He fell on hard times when rock and roll swept the boards, but a generation of British rockers recognized his sound as the very essence of their music and helped revitalize his career. The Grim Reaper stole Muddy's mojo while the guitarist was at home recuperating from a busy schedule of touring and making records. As his gravestone says, "The Master has won..."

LOCATION: Restvale Cemetery, 11700 S. Laramie Ave., Alsip, Illinois 60803; (312) 236-4077
GUITAR: 1958 Red Fender Telecaster, the Collection of the Estate of McKinley Morganfield

ROBERT JOHNSON

BORN: May 8, 1911, Hazlehurst, Mississippi
DIED: August 16, 1938, Greenwood, Mississippi

HE MAY HAVE ANOINTED Robert Johnson the King of the Delta Blues, but the Devil got his due one hot summer night in a Mississippi juke joint, when a jealous husband put poison in the itinerant guitarist's whiskey. So the story goes, although hardly anything is clear when it comes to the Johnson legend. Even the bluesman's final resting place is in dispute. His mother supposedly attended his funeral at an old Zion church near Morgan City, Mississippi. An obelisk in the churchyard of the current Mount Zion Church commemorates Johnson, although his grave remains unmarked. A second marker for Johnson is in the graveyard of Payne Chapel Missionary Baptist Church, just outside Itta Bena, Mississippi, where many say Johnson's sister had his body moved in the days after his burial. In 2001, a third marker was placed at Little Zion Baptist Church in Greenwood, 110 miles south of Memphis, after a woman claimed her husband had dug a grave there for the blues guitarist's body. Perhaps Johnson knew he wasn't fated to rest in peace when he sang: "You may bury my body down by the highway side/So my old evil spirit can catch a Greyhound bus and ride."

LOCATIONS: Mount Zion Church, Morgan City, Mississippi; Payne Chapel Missionary Baptist Church, Quito, Mississippi; Little Zion Baptist Church, Greenwood, Mississippi

GUITAR: Gibson L-1, location unknown

BRIAN JONES

BORN: February 28, 1942, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, England
DIED: July 3, 1969, Hartfield, Sussex, England

THE ODD MAN OUT in the Rolling Stones' rock and roll circus, Lewis Brian Hopkins-Jones met a famously mysterious end not long after being dismissed from the band (for excessive substance abuse, ironically enough). Jones' drowning was labeled "death by misadventure," but the circumstances remain murky more than three decades later. One commonly held theory has him being held under water—by the hands of resentful construction workers—during an impromptu party at his Cotchfield Farm estate. The Stones played Hyde Park a few days after his death, releasing thousands of butterflies as a memorial gesture.

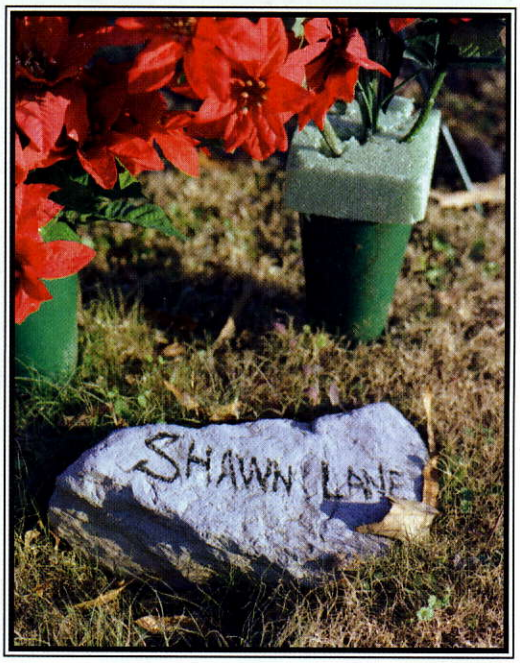
LOCATION: Priory Road Cemetery, Prestbury, Gloucestershire, England

GUITAR: Vox "Teardrop," Hard Rock Cafe London Vault

SHAWN LANE

BORN: March 21, 1963, Memphis, Tennessee
DIED: September 26, 2003, Memphis, Tennessee

LEGEND HAS IT Billy Gibbons fell off his barstool when he heard Shawn Lane's warp-speed, high-precision guitar work. But Lane was far from a flash guitarist. His diverse range of styles was the product of his fascination with everything from classical composers and painters to electronic and pop artists. Lane showed promise as a guitarist well before he reached his teens. At the age of 15, he was hired by country rockers Black Oak Arkansas. But Lane's most enduring legacies are the eight largely improvised albums he cut from 1995 forward, records that highlight his world music fusion fluency in everything from blues to Indian ragas. Recurring health problems sidelined Lane in the last years of his life. He died from complications associated with lung disease.



LOCATION: Memorial Park Funeral Home and Cemetery, 5668 Poplar Ave., Memphis, Tennessee 38119; (901) 767-8930

GUITAR: Vigier Excalibur Supra, location unknown

ANTHONY TORRES (JOHNSON); SCOTT STANTON (JONES); CHRISTIAN PATTERSON (LANE)

BOLD AS LOVE

JIMI HENDRIX GETS A BIGGER-THAN-LIFE MEMORIAL.

IN LATE 2002, more than 30 years after his death, Jimi Hendrix finally received a memorial fit for an artist of his stature. Located in Greenwood Memorial Park in Renton, Washington, the monument features a domed platform of granite and marble, three granite walkways that radiate from the platform, and a bronze and granite sundial. The centerpiece is a full-scale statue of Hendrix cast in bronze. The statue sits atop a pedestal that bears the headstone from his previous gravesite, which was also located in the park.

The memorial was begun in the late Nineties by Jimi's late father, James Al Hendrix, to accommodate the thousands of visitors who pay tribute to the guitar legend every year. The project was near completion when Al died in April 2002. Jimi Hendrix's remains, as well as those of his father, stepmother and grandmother, were moved to the new site on November 26, 2002, on the eve of what would have been the guitarist's 60th birthday.

LOCATION: Greenwood Memorial Park, 350 Monroe Ave. NE, Renton, Washington 98056; (425) 255-1511

GUITARS: Fragments of 1967 Fender Stratocaster (smashed at Saville Theatre, London, England) and '67 Strat (burned and smashed at Monterey International Pop Festival, June 18, 1967), Experience Music Project, Seattle, Washington; '67 Tobacco Sunburst Fender Strat, Hard Rock Cafe, Niagara Falls, New York; guitar used to record "All Along the Watchtower," Hard Rock Cafe, La Jolla, California

ROBIN LAANANEN

WES MONTGOMERY

BORN: March 6, 1923, Indianapolis, Indiana
DIED: June 15, 1968, Indianapolis, Indiana

THE MOST HIGHLY influential jazz guitarist of the modern era, John Leslie "Wes" Montgomery took the instrument beyond Charlie Christian's horn-inspired improvisations and into the future. With his trademark octaves, lush tone and uncannily fluid single-note lines, the self-taught Montgomery formed a new lexicon for jazz guitar, one that players still emulate today. He was "discovered" by jazz saxophonist Cannonball Adderley in 1959, and became a jazz-pop success in the mid Sixties. Critics disowned him for his pop-flavored stylings, but that didn't matter to a generation of guitarists, including George Benson, Pat Metheny, John Scofield and Kevin Eubanks, all of whom took Montgomery to heart. He died of a heart attack at the age of 45.

LOCATION: New Crown Cemetery, 2101 Churchman Ave., Indianapolis, Indiana 46203; (317) 784-4494

DUANE ALLMAN

BORN: November 20, 1946, Nashville, Tennessee
DIED: October 29, 1971, Macon, Georgia

BERRY OAKLEY

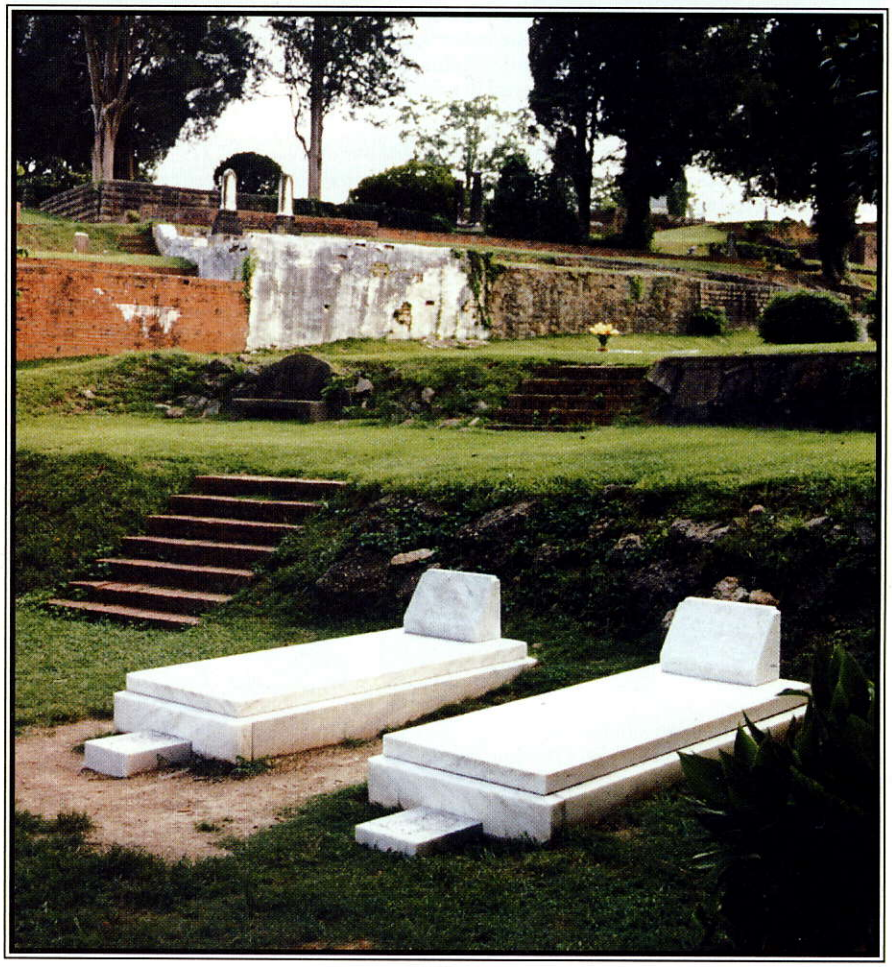
BORN: April 4, 1948, Chicago, Illinois
DIED: November 11, 1972, Macon, Georgia

AFTER DUANE ALLMAN was killed in a motorcycle accident in his hometown of Macon, Georgia, his body lay in cold storage until family members could agree on burial arrangements. The occasion for his disposition came just over a year later, when Allman Brothers bandmate Berry Oakley missed a curve on his motorcycle, just blocks from where Duane was killed. The guitarist and bassist were buried side by side in Macon's old Rose Hill Cemetery, with matching tombstones. Their graves are near that of the woman celebrated in the Allman Brothers' "In Memory of Elizabeth Reed."

LOCATION: Rose Hills Cemetery, Riverside Drive, Macon, Georgia 31201; (478) 751-9119

GUITARS: Flametop Les Paul owned by his daughter Galadrielle Allman, on display at Rock and Roll Hall of Fame; Gibson SG used as primary slide guitar in his last year of life, owned by Graham Nash; Dobro used on "Little Martha," owned by former Allman Brother Dickey Betts

BASS: "The Tractor," Oakley's main instrument, owned by Berry Oakley Jr., also a bassist



ROBIN LAANANEN (HENDRIX); SCOTT STANTON (MONTGOMERY, ALLMAN & OAKLEY)

I WANNA BE CREMATED

FROM JOHN LENNON TO CLIFF BURTON TO JOHNNY RAMONE–
KISS THESE ASHES GOODBYE.

ASHES TO ASHES, dust to dust—approximately four to eight pounds of the stuff for those who are cremated. Considering that cremation has become a popular alternative to burial in North America, where roughly one out of three bodies were dusted in 2007, the mortal remains of more musicians are going the way of the kiln.

All of which explains why various notables are conspicuously absent from the tombstone tableaux on these pages. Sure, markers are sometimes placed in locales that bore significance for the deceased, as they were for dust brothers **Marc Bolan** and Metallica's **Cliff Burton**. But the remnants of many artists are simply kept in an urn near their loved ones or spread over tracts of land or bodies of water meaningfully linked to the deceased.

The corporeal vestiges of **John Lennon** and Who bassist **John Entwistle** are said to be with their families, as are those of **Johnny Ramone**, Death guitarist **Chuck Schuldiner**, Clash singer/guitarist **Joe Strummer** and soul guitarist **Curtis Mayfield**. **Woody Guthrie**'s ashes were cast into the Atlantic Ocean, while **Freddie Mercury**'s were borne away in Switzerland's Lake Geneva. **George Harrison**'s ashes were carried off by the Ganges River, in India, whose waters Hindus believe ferry the dead to the afterlife. Likewise, **Jerry Garcia**'s cinders were scattered partly under the Golden Gate Bridge, near his San Francisco home, and partly in the Ganges. And then there is poor **Paul Kossoff**: the guitarist for Free, his mortal remains were cremated and duly scattered in a section of land at Golders Green Crematorium in London, England.

Rumor has it that **Kurt Cobain**'s ashes were also divided. Courtney Love reportedly spread some of Cobain's remains off the muddy banks of the Wishkah River in Washington, although she is rumored to keep a bit of him handy. The guardians of the dusted **Sid Vicious**—perhaps inspired by the notion that true lovers are reunited in the afterlife—are said to have taken the Sex Pistol's ashes to Philadelphia, where they spread them over the grave of **Nancy Spungen**, the girlfriend he murdered in a fit of anger.

CLIFF BURTON

BORN: February 10, 1962, Castro Valley, California
DIED: September 27, 1986, Ljungby, Sweden

HIS SCRUFFY STONER AESTHETIC notwithstanding, bassist Cliff Burton was a civilizing influence on his bandmates in Metallica, teaching them music theory and coaxing them to move from L.A. to the Bay area. Metallica were touring in Sweden when their driver lost control of the bus on an icy road. The vehicle plowed into a ditch and rolled over onto its side. Asleep in his bunk at the time of the accident, Burton was flung out a window and crushed to death when the bus landed on top of him. Back home, his body was cremated, with family and friends scattering his ashes into San Francisco Bay. Burton's grade school, Marshall Elementary School in Castro Valley, California, put up a memorial to him.

LOCATION: Marshall Elementary School, 20111 Marshall Way, Castro Valley, California 94546; (510) 537-2331

BASS: Guild electric bass, auctioned at Hard Rock Cafe, New York City, on November 9, 2004

DJANGO REINHARDT

BORN: Jan 23, 1910, Liberchies, Belgium
DIED: May 16, 1953, Fontainebleau, France

AT THE AGE OF 18, Gypsy guitarist Django Reinhardt lost the use of two fingers on his fretting hand when they were burned in a fire that broke out in his caravan. Forced to deal with his limitations, Reinhardt developed a dazzling, perfectly articulated soloing style that propelled him to the fore of jazz innovators and elevated the guitar from its rhythmic supporting role to that of a lead instrument. Paris was first to feel Reinhardt's impact, when the guitarist formed the Quintet of the Hot Club of France with violinist Stephane Grappelli, in 1934. After an unsuccessful attempt to play the newly emerging bebop, Reinhardt returned to swing. He died at age 43 following a stroke.

LOCATION: Cimetiere de Samois-sur-Seine, Fontainebleau, France

GUITAR: 1939 Gretsch Synchromatic 400, used to record guitar duets with Harry Volpe in 1946, last shown at Museum of Musical Instruments' *A Tribute to Django*

FRANK ZAPPA

BORN: December 21, 1940, Baltimore, Maryland
DIED: December 4, 1993, Los Angeles, California

FRANK ZAPPA WAS SO GOOD at being a smart, cynical sourpuss that people often overlooked his musical depth. Yes, he was the author of such classics as "Crew Slut" and "Illinois Enema Bandit," but beneath such juvenile titles lurk some awesomely sophisticated music—everything from doo-wop and surf guitar to acid rock and free jazz. Zappa was also a virtuoso guitarist, whose technical mastery and improvisational flights were documented on *Shut Up 'N Play Yer Guitar* and its spawn. He formed what would become the Mothers of Invention in 1964 and kept various incarnations of the group going until the early Nineties, when he was diagnosed with prostate cancer. In typically unsentimental fashion, he was buried in an unmarked grave.

LOCATION: Westwood Memorial Park 1218 Glendon Ave., Los Angeles, California 90024; (310) 474-1579

GUITAR: A Strat burned and abandoned by Hendrix at the '68 Miami Pop Festival and restored by Zappa, now owned by his son, Dweezil

ANTHONY SAINT JAMES (ZAPPA); JAY BLACKESBERG (BURTON); DAVID REVERCHON (REINHARDT)

BRAD NOWELL

BORN: February 22, 1968, Long Beach, California
DIED: May 25, 1996, San Francisco, California

EVERY JUNKIE HAS a wretched story, but could any be more pathetic than Nowell's? Sublime's guitarist, singer and songwriter had everything going for him in early 1996. After building a solid following with their infectious mix of punk, funk and ska grooves, Sublime had inked a deal with MCA and finished recording their major-label debut. The 28-year-old Nowell and his fiancé had been blessed with a son and, in May, tied the knot. Seven days after the wedding, he was found dead in a San Francisco hotel room from a heroin overdose. Released the following July, Sublime's self-titled album became a sensation, thanks to songs like "What I Got," "The Wrong Way" and "Santeria." Bradley James Nowell—husband, father, guitarist, hit songwriter, junkie—was dead upon the album's arrival.

LOCATION: Westminster Memorial Park, 14801 Beach Blvd., Westminster, California 92683; (714) 889-9901

GUITAR: Nowell's "Brown Guitar" (built by Sublime guitar tech Dan McDonald) is reportedly in the possession of Nowell's family.

ELMORE JAMES

BORN: January 27, 1918, Richland, Mississippi
DIED: May 24, 1963, Chicago, Illinois

FOR BLUES-ROCK GUITARISTS that came of age in the Sixties—Duane Allman, Johnny Winter, Eric Clapton and Peter Green—the raw, unconfined passion of Elmore James' slide guitar and gritty, spine-chilling voice was a profound influence. Born Elmore Brooks, the Delta disciple of Robert Johnson had an intense, slash-and-slow-burn style, and James tracks like "Dust My Broom" and "The Sky Is Crying" became sonic blueprints for generations of bluesmen from the Deep South to the English midlands. James' ticker tuckered out, and he was buried in the small town of Ebenezer. The headstone in the graveyard of the New Port Baptist Church carries an epitaph befitting James' regal stature: "King of the Slide Guitar."

LOCATION: New Port Church, Newport Rd., Ebenezer, Mississippi

GUITAR: National semi-hollowbody electric, Rock and Roll Hall of Fame

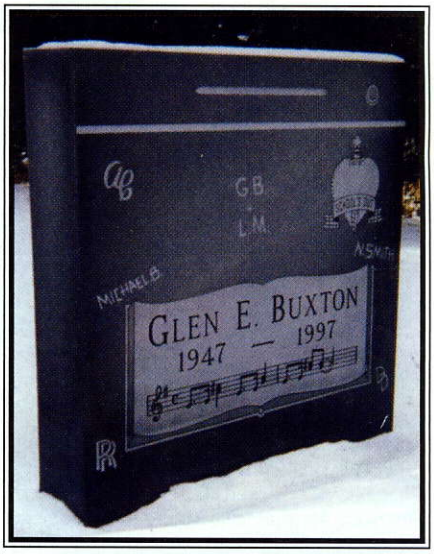
GLEN BUXTON

BORN: November 10, 1949, Akron, Ohio
DIED: October 19, 1997, Mason City, Iowa

AS THE LEAD GUITARIST for the Alice Cooper Group, Glen Buxton was essential to the group's success—those are his signature guitar riffs on the hits "I'm Eighteen" and "School's Out." An inveterate alcoholic, Buxton spent his few years of celebrity in a drunken freefall. The band broke up in 1974, and over the next 10 years Buxton's life gradually, and painfully, fell apart as he lost his home to the IRS, launched a failed comeback effort and attempted suicide. By the Nineties, Buxton seemed to be on the way to recovery. He spent the Nineties living happily in Clarion, Iowa, but his frail constitution caught up with him when he contracted pneumonia. His tombstone replicates the cover art of the Cooper album *School's Out* and is inscribed with the title song's opening riff. "School's out," as they sang, "forever."

LOCATION: Evergreen Cemetery, Central Ave. E, Clarion, Iowa 50525

GUITAR: Last displayed at the guitarist's funeral in Clarion, Iowa



SCOTT STANTON (NOWELL, BUXTON); BRETT J. BONNER (JAMES)

THE SKY IS CRYING

NOWHERE WAS THE LOSS OF STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN MORE KEENLY FELT THAN IN AUSTIN AND DALLAS.

BY BILL MILKOWSKI

MONDAY, AUGUST 27, 1990: The first flash comes over the Associated Press wire around 7 A.M.: "Copter crash in East Troy, Wisconsin. Five fatalities, including a musician." Keen-eyed staffers at the Austin *American-Statesman* catch the item and begin to put two and two together as the AP updates the story every half hour. The mysterious "musician" soon becomes "a member of Eric Clapton's entourage," then "a guitarist." By 9:30, rumors have spread that Stevie Ray Vaughan, Austin's favorite son, was aboard the doomed craft.

At 11:30, Clapton's manager confirms the worst: Vaughan was indeed among the passengers in the five-seat helicopter, which slammed into a fog-shrouded hillside near southeastern Wisconsin's Alpine Valley ski resort. Stevie Ray had boarded the aircraft after performing in an enormous blues show at the resort and taking part in an all-star finale jam featuring Clapton, Robert Cray, brother Jimmie Vaughan and Chicago blues legend Buddy Guy, all of whom ripped it up before an ecstatic crowd of 25,000.

By noon, the capital city of Texas is in shock. Vaughan's death is the most devastating blow to the Lone Star State's music community since Lubbock's Buddy Holly died in an Iowa plane crash 31 years earlier. Throughout the afternoon, merchants post signs and banners outside their stores, proclaiming "We Love You Stevie" and "So Long Stevie." Plumbing stores, Tex-Mex restaurants, musical instrument stores, donut shops—all fly the flag of grief in this central Texas town, where Little Stevie Vaughan, the skinny kid from Oak Cliff, became Stevie Ray Vaughan, hometown hero and Austin's musical ambassador to the world.

As night falls, fans begin converging on Zilker Park, where, 10 years earlier, mourners gathered for a candlelight vigil the night John Lennon was murdered. Now they sit side by side in the darkness—tattooed Chicano bikers, lawyers in Brooks Brothers suits and crystal-wielding New Agers—and weep openly as disc jockey Jody Denberg of Austin's KLBJ radio pumps a steady stream of SRV through a makeshift P.A.

Even as the mourners gather at Zilker Park, others instinctively head to the club Antone's, a focal point of the Austin blues scene throughout the mid Seventies and a favorite hangout of the Vaughan brothers over the years.

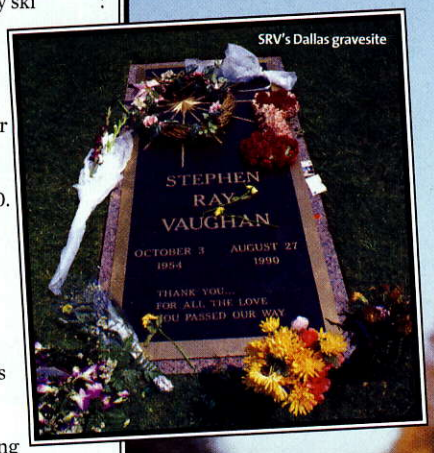
Local TV stations begin converging on the club, their cameras and microphones focused on SRV intimates, such as club owner Clifford Antone, a close friend to both Vaughan brothers. "I met Stevie when I was 22 and he was 17," he sobs. "I mean, he was my friend, just this little guy who played guitar. The rest is the world's trip, you know?"

Four days later, on Friday, August 31, Stevie's family and friends gather at Laurel Land Memorial Park in Dallas to say their goodbyes. Among those in attendance are Double Trouble's Chris Layton and Tommy Shannon, Bonnie Raitt, Jackson Browne, Stevie Wonder, Jeff Healey and his band, Charlie Sexton, Dr. John, Buddy Guy and ZZ Top's Billy Gibbons, Dusty Hill and Frank Beard.

Outside, more than 3,000 of the faithful converge, braving 100-degree temperatures. As the service ends and family and friends depart, the mourners enter the chapel. One by one, they pass the casket, leaving behind flowers, religious artifacts and guitar picks. Last to come forward is Doug Castor, a young wheelchair-bound fan from Pittsburgh who'd flown to Austin two days ago, only to discover the funeral was in Dallas, 200 miles away. He wheels himself up to the casket and pays his respects to Stevie Ray Vaughan.

LOCATION: Laurel Land Cemetery, 6000 SRL Thornton Fwy., Dallas, Texas 75232; (214) 371-1336

GUITAR: SRV's "Number One," a '59 Strat with a '62 neck, in a vault in Austin, Texas



SRV's Dallas gravesite

Bronze Stevie Ray statue, located on the shores of Town Lake in Austin, Texas

ROBERT KNIGHT (GRAVE); DEBRA SUGERMAN (MEMORIAL)

JOHNNY THUNDERS

BORN: July 15, 1952, Leesburg, Florida
DIED: April 23, 1991, New Orleans, Louisiana

PUNK ROCK PROTOTYPE Johnny Thunders saw little profit from the New York Dolls or his Heartbreakers, and despite flashes of brilliance, he was on the skids more often than not. By the Nineties, the hedonistic guitarist sought inspiration beyond New York's Lower East Side, traveling down to New Orleans, where the ready availability of drugs ensured his downward slide continued unabated. Thunders died after a methadone/alcohol binge in a seedy hotel room off the French Quarter. John Anthony Genzale was buried in Mount St. Mary's Cemetery outside New York City, as is fellow Doll and Heartbreaker (and chronic drug abuser) Jerry Nolan.

LOCATION: Section 9, Grave R78-82, Saint Mary's Cemetery 17200 Booth Memorial Ave., Flushing, New York 11365; (718) 353-1560

GUITAR: Les Paul Jr., Rock and Roll Hall of Fame

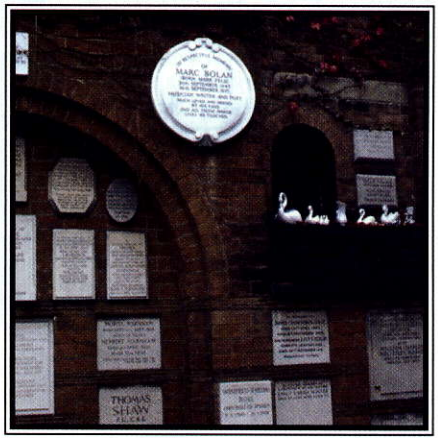
MARC BOLAN

BORN: September 30, 1947, London, England
DIED: September 16, 1977, London, England

MARK FELD FIRST gained notoriety fronting the late-Sixties English hippy folk duo Tyrannosaurus Rex. After shortening the band's moniker to T. Rex, adopting a new name and cranking his guitar up to 11, Bolan topped the U.K. charts with such starry-eyed, glitter-rock anthems as "Bang a Gong (Get It On)" and "Metal Guru." Like many of his peers, Bolan faced lean times in the mid Seventies, when glam rock lost favor with the record-buying public. But he looked poised for a comeback in 1977 when his album *Dandy in the Underworld* was warmly received by Britain's punk rock elite. Bolan and his girlfriend were in their Austin Mini when she plowed the vehicle into a tree, killing him instantly. A plaque in memory of Bolan may be found at Golders Green Crematorium in London, where the late performer's ashes are stored near those of Keith Moon and T.S. Eliot.

LOCATION: Golders Green Crematorium, Hoop Lane, London, England NW11 7NL; 011 44 081-455-2374

GUITAR: "Metal Guru," a custom-made aluminum guitar engraved with his name (which is misspelled), Hard Rock Cafe, Sydney, Australia



GEORGE BODNAR/IDOLS (BOLAN); BRAD MILLER (THUNDERS)

THE PLANE TRUTH

THE ACCIDENT THAT KILLED RANDY RHOADS.

BY JEFF KITTS

ON THE MORNING of March 19, 1982, while on tour with Ozzy Osbourne, guitarist Randy Rhoads accepted an invitation to take a quick spin in a small, single-engine plane. The band was on a stop in Leesburg, Florida, its tour bus parked in Flying Baron Estates, where Andrew Aycock, the group's driver, owned a house. That morning, Aycock, a licensed pilot, had commandeered a plane—a 1955 Beechcraft Bonanza F35—from its hangar without the permission of its owner, Jerry Calhoun. With Rhoads and Rachel Youngblood, the band's 58-year-old seamstress and cook, along for the ride, Aycock took to the air between nine and 10 A.M.

The group's tour bus—a Greyhound-type vehicle with a golden-brown top and white bottom—was parked approximately 60 feet from a white Georgian-style mansion adjacent to the airstrip. Osbourne, manager Sharon Arden (later to become Osbourne's wife) and bassist Rudy Sarzo were asleep on the bus. Keyboardist Don Airey was on the bus but awake and witnessed what happened next.

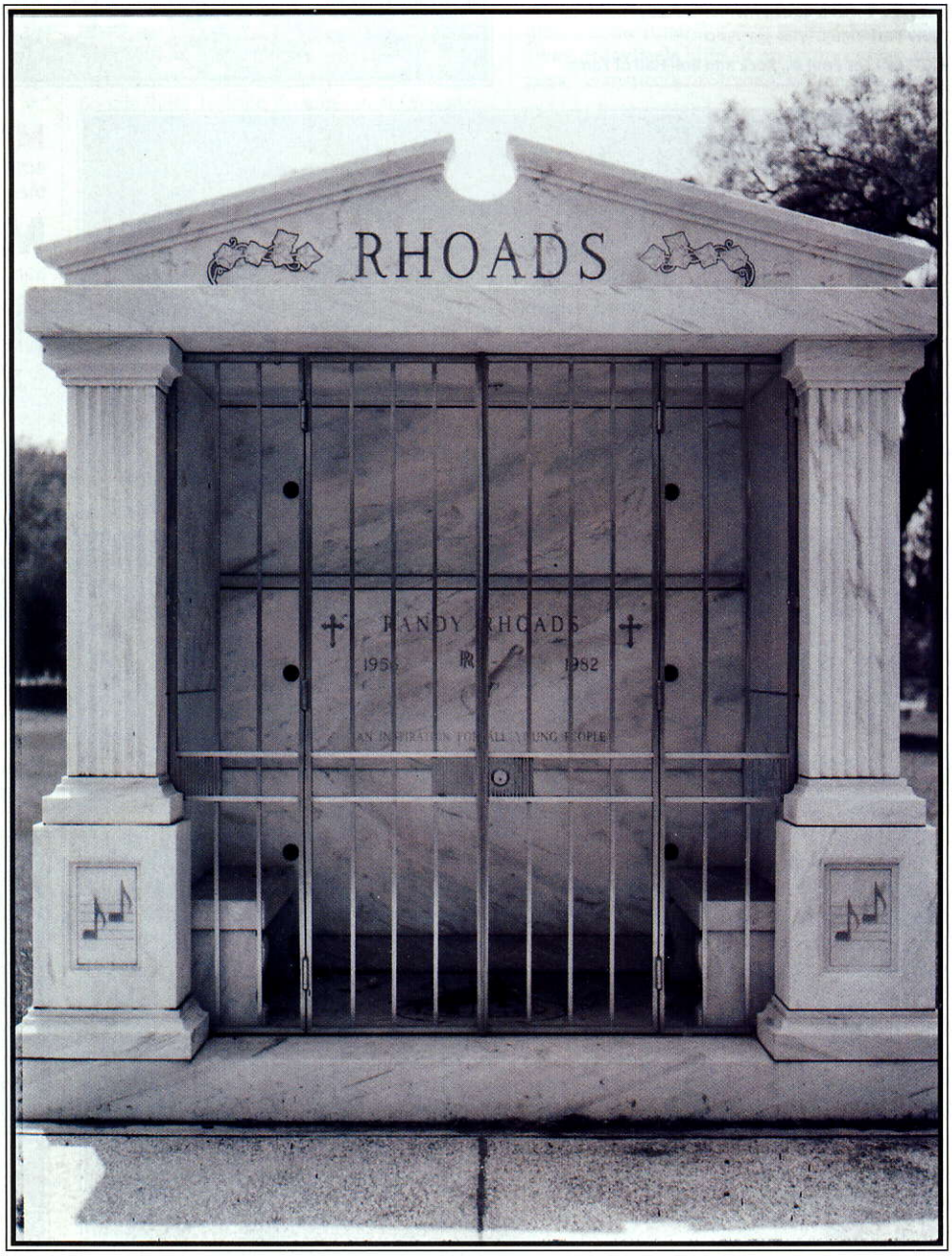
The pilot made three low passes at tree-top level in an attempt to "buzz" the tour bus. On the fourth pass, while the aircraft was flying approximately 10 feet above the ground at speeds of 140 to 180 m.p.h., the plane's left wing collided with the rear of the bus. The bulk of the aircraft crossed over the bus and severed a large pine tree before crashing into the garage on the mansion's west end. The plane exploded and burned on impact with the house, which was also gutted by the ensuing fire. Two vehicles parked inside the garage, an Oldsmobile and a Ford Granada, were destroyed.

One victim from the aircraft was found outside the window of the garage, just below where the plane struck the wall. The other victims were found inside the garage, one beside and one atop the burned-out automobiles. The bodies were burned beyond recognition. Rhoads had to be identified by his jewelry and Aycock through dental records. Fiberglass from the explosive impact was scattered over more than an acre, with no part of the plane larger than a telephone, except the one crumpled wing that struck the bus. Although no one on the tour bus was injured, the bus was extensively damaged on both sides. Toxicology tests determined that Aycock had cocaine in his system.

Why did the brilliant young guitarist agree to go for a plane ride, given his admitted fear of flying? Did the pilot repeatedly buzz the tour bus in an attempt to frighten his ex-wife, who was standing outside the bus? Was it a cocaine-fueled kamikaze run? Or just rock and roll high jinks? The answers may never be fully known.

LOCATION: Mountain View Cemetery, 570 E. Highland Ave., San Bernardino, California 92404; (909) 882-2943

GUITAR: Custom-made Jackson Flying V with gold pickguard and red velvet-lined case, Hard Rock Cafe, Philadelphia



ANTHONY SAINT JAMES

FREDDIE KING

BORN: September 3, 1934, Gilmer, Texas
DIED: December 28, 1976, Dallas, Texas

FREDDIE KING straddled the very different worlds of Texas and Chicago blues. A towering figure (he stood a barrel-chested 6-foot-7), King possessed a melodic but manly playing style characterized by meaty tone and fast, aggressive picking. He was a huge influence on countless blues and rock guitarists, most notably Eric Clapton, who made his mark by nailing King's hit instrumental "Hide Away." Moving to Chicago at 16, King joined Otis Rush, Buddy Guy and Magic Sam at the forefront of a new generation of more urban, hard-edged guitarists. After scoring several R&B hits, King moved to Dallas, where he died of heart failure at the height of his popularity. He was just 42.

LOCATION: Sparkman-Hillcrest Memorial Park, 7405 W. Northwest Hwy., Dallas, Texas 75225; (214) 363-5401

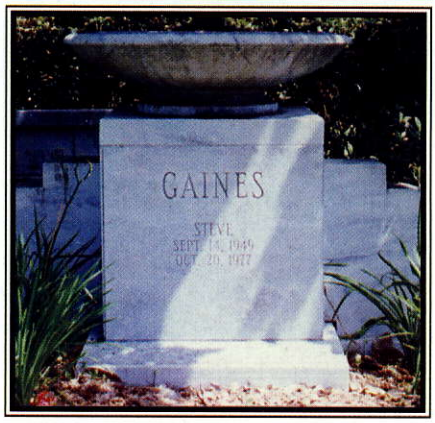
ALBERT KING

BORN: April 25, 1923, Indianola, Mississippi
DIED: December 21, 1992, Memphis, Tennessee

MORE ROCK GUITARISTS have copped from Albert than from any other bluesman. Standing six-foot-five, 250 pounds, the former bulldozer driver played his Gibson Flying V with frightening ferocity. King's lead playing was characterized by stinging, deep tone and an unorthodox approach: the left-handed guitarist played with his guitar held upside-down, treble strings up, causing him to bend his strings down, among other idiosyncratic techniques. Born Albert Nelson, he took the surname King on the heels of B.B. King's 1953 hit "Three O'Clock Blues." He hit his stride when he signed with Stax Records in 1966 and began working with Booker T and the MG's, recording classics like "Born Under a Bad Sign." King suffered a fatal heart attack in Memphis, Tennessee. His epitaph, the title of one of his finest albums, says it all: "I'll play the blues for you."

LOCATION: Paradise Gardens, 212 N. 6th St., West Memphis, Arkansas 72301; (870) 735-2552

GUITAR: 1958 Gibson V, owned by Danny Perkins of the Guitar Hall of Fame



STEVE GAINES

BORN: September 14, 1949, Miami, Oklahoma
DIED: October 20, 1977, Gillsburg, Mississippi

WHEN GUITARIST Ed King left Lynyrd Skynyrd in 1975, the band looked everywhere for a replacement. But the guy they wanted was right under their noses: Steve Gaines, the kid brother of backup singer Cassie Gaines. "Cassie asked us if her brother could jam, and we almost laughed at her," recalls guitarist Gary Rossington. As it happened, Gaines was an incendiary guitarist, and his playing put life back into the band, resulting in 1977's *Street Survivors*, Skynyrd's creative pinnacle. Just days after its release, their chartered plane ran out of gas and crashed into a Mississippi swamp. Steve and Cassie were killed, along with the group's singer and chief songwriter, Ronnie Van Zant.

LOCATION: (markers only; remains at undisclosed locations) Jacksonville Memory Gardens, 111 Blanding Blvd., Orange Park, Florida 32073; (904) 272-2435

GUITAR: Sunburst Fender Strat, Rock and Roll Hall of Fame

SCOTT STANTON (ALBERT KING, GAINES); JAMES BLAND (FREDDIE KING)

JOHNNY RAMONE

BORN: October 8, 1948, Long Island, New York
DIED: September 15, 2004, Los Angeles, California

AS THE RAMONES' GUITARIST, the man born John Cummings created the template for punk rock guitar. The brutal precision of his muted, downpicked barre chords and ringing power chords energized Ramones classics like "Blitzkrieg Bop," "Rockaway Beach" and "Sheena Is a Punk Rocker," inspiring several generations of latter day punk bands. Drug free and politically conservative, Johnny was the drill sergeant who kept the Ramones on the road and in the studio for two explosive decades. And it was John who pulled the plug on the Ramones in 1996, putting into action his long-cherished scheme of retiring while he was still young enough to enjoy his well-deserved rest. He spent a few years of leisure at home in the Hollywood hills with his wife Linda and a circle of rock star friends before prostate cancer claimed his life at the age of 55. The memorial statue at his gravesite captures the image that Johnny Ramone emblazoned on rock history for all time: leather motorcycle jacket, pudding bowl haircut, Mosrite guitar cocked and loaded.

LOCATION: Hollywood Forever Cemetery, 6000 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, California 90038

T-BONE WALKER

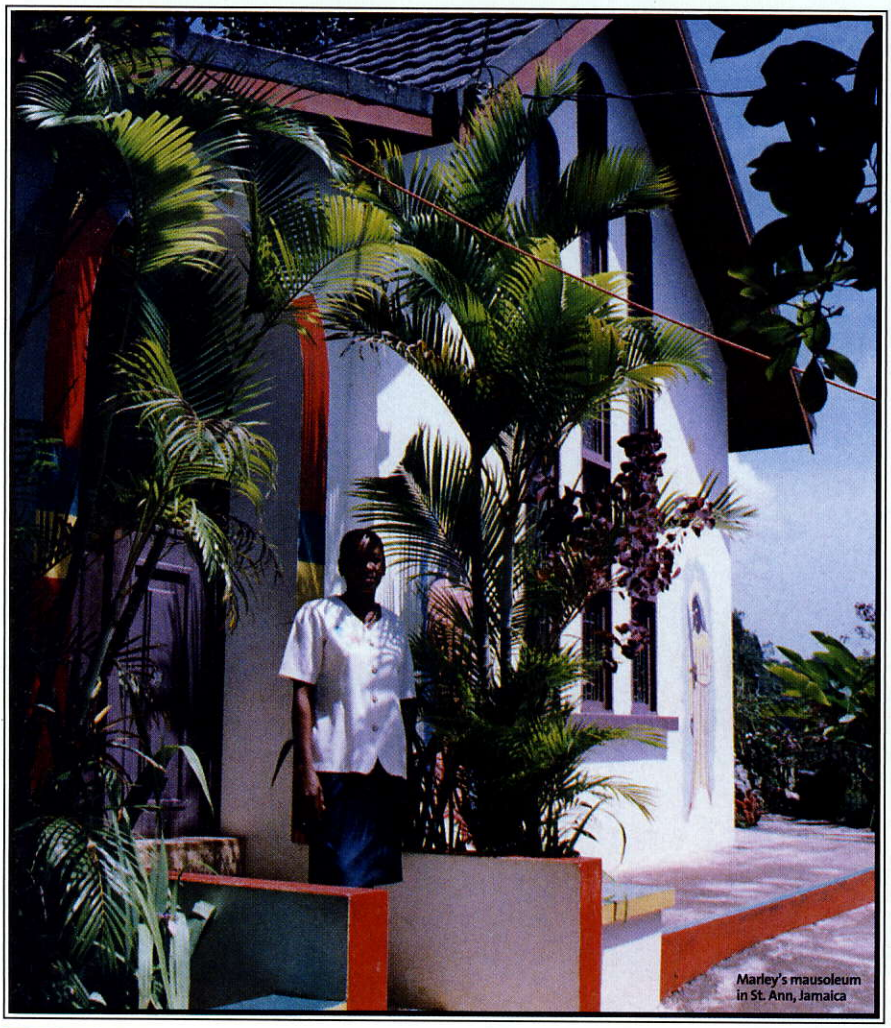
BORN: May 28, 1910, Linden, Texas
DIED: March 16, 1975, Los Angeles, California

MUSIC'S FIRST TRUE lead guitarist, T-Bone Walker was both an electric guitar pioneer and a style setter for blues and rock guitarists. As a player, Walker was a master of the smooth, urbane electric guitar style exemplified on his trademark tune, "Call *It Stormy* Monday." As a performer, he set the standard for flamboyance, holding his fat-bodied Gibson almost perpendicular to his body, playing behind his back and doing splits. Born Aaron Thibeaux Walker, he was a student of acoustic blues guitarist Blind Lemon Jefferson but switched to electric guitar by the Thirties, tearing up clubs in his adopted hometown of Los Angeles. A late-Sixties comeback led to his 1970 Grammy Award, but after years of drinking and health problems, Walker died following a stroke in 1974.

LOCATION: Inglewood Park Cemetery, 720 E. Florence Ave., Inglewood, CA 90301; (310) 412-6500

GUITAR: Gibson ES-series electric, Rock and Roll Hall of Fame

SCOTT STANTON (WALKER); SCOTT MICHAELS (RAMONE)



Marley's mausoleum in St. Ann, Jamaica

BOB MARLEY

BORN: February 6, 1945, St. Ann, Jamaica
DIED: May 11, 1981, Miami, Florida

ACCORDING TO TIMOTHY White's *Catch a Fire: The Life of Bob Marley* (Owl Books), Robert Nesta Marley predicted that he would die at 36—telling friends his "One Love" mission would commence at 33 and that three years later he would be gone, "jus' like Christ." Having dodged more than one bullet in his time, he probably envisioned a quick, violent exit, not a slow surrender to cancer. Marley's remains rest in one of the most out-of-the-way sites of any dearly departed musician. His mausoleum, a small tropical hut, stands in the hills of Nine Mile, Jamaica, two hours from Kingston.

LOCATION: Nine Mile, St. Ann, Jamaica

GUITAR: Les Paul Special, Bob Marley Museum, Kingston, Jamaica

STEVE CLARK

BORN: April 23, 1960, Sheffield, England
DIED: January 8, 1991, London, England

THE MOST GLAMOROUS member of Def Leppard, one of the late Eighties' most successful rock bands, Steve Clark appeared to be living the dream, with his long blonde hair, snake hips and guitar hanging 'round his knees. Away from the stage, however, he was one of the most troubled souls in music. Drugs and alcohol were the symptom, not the cause. The real issue was one of self-esteem, of which he appeared to have none. And yet, it was Clark who first forced Leppard out of the garage and onto a stage. The one the fans called Steamin' Steve Clark came up with the killer riffs to early Leppard crowd pleasers like "Another Hit and Run," "Rock! Rock! Till You Drop" and "Photograph." He died in his sleep from a fatal combo of alcohol and prescription painkillers. As Leppard singer Joe Elliot later observed, "He was our Steve, but there was fuck all we could do to help him, short of tying his hands behind his back. He was a lost cause, no matter what anyone tried to do."

LOCATION: Wisewood Cemetery, Hillsborough, England

GUITARS: With Clark's family in Sheffield, England

LEO FENDER

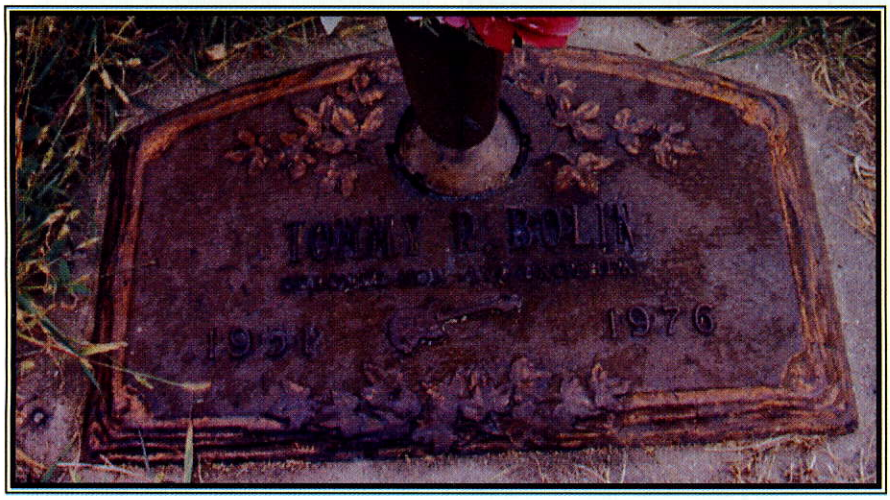
BORN: August 10, 1909, Anaheim, California
DIED: March 21, 1991, Fullerton, California

BEFORE CLARENCE LEO FENDER came along, the solidbody electric guitar was little more than a gimmick. With his design for the Telecaster, the world's first successful mass-produced solidbody electric, Fender not only gave legitimacy to the electric guitar; he gave it style that broke with tradition, thus establishing an aesthetic criterion embraced by most guitar makers since. In 1965, after designing most of Fender's now-classic models, Leo sold the company to CBS, citing ill health. He was back in action by 1971, however, and designed amps for Music Man and guitars for G&L. Fender left behind a prodigious legacy when he succumbed to complications associated with Parkinson's disease.

LOCATION: Fairhaven Memorial Park, 1702 Fairhaven Ave., Santa Ana, California 92705; (714) 633-1442

GUITAR: Fender and George Fullerton's first solidbody electric, the Fender "Snakehead" Esquire, was sold to a private collector for $375,000 in 1994.

SCOTT STANTON (MARLEY, FENDER); TONY WOOLLISCROFT (CLARK)



TOMMY BOLIN

BORN: August 1, 1951, Sioux City, Iowa
DIED: December 4, 1976, Miami, Florida

TOMMY BOLIN may be best remembered as the guitarist who replaced Ritchie Blackmore in Deep Purple during the Seventies, but to many he was nothing less than America's answer to Jeff Beck, John McLaughlin, Jimmy Page and Blackmore—a Strat wielder fluent in a wide variety of jazz-fusion and hard rock contexts. After revealing his razor-sharp, rapid-fire guitar playing with the James Gang and Billy Cobham, Bolin was approached by Deep Purple in 1975 after Blackmore quit. The new lineup recorded just one album, but Bolin had already begun work on his first solo album, *Teaser*, before joining the band. Shortly after releasing his second album, *Private Eyes*, Bolin overdosed from a drug binge the day after he opened for Jeff Beck in Miami.

LOCATION: Calvary Cemetery, 1821 Jackson St., Sioux City, Iowa 51105; (712) 255-7933

GUITAR: 1974 Black Strat reportedly given to guitar tech David Brown, later sold to collector in Colorado

DIMEBAG DARRELL

BORN: August 20, 1966, Arlington, Texas
DIED: December 8, 2004, Columbus, Ohio

THE NINETIES WERE A DARK era for metal purists, but Pantera, featuring the fierce lead guitar playing of "Dimebag" Darrell Abbott, helped fans keep the faith. Dimebag's flamboyant pinch harmonics, whammy bar screams and growls, and precision riffing on songs like "Cemetery Gates" and "Cowboys from Hell" from Pantera's 1990 major label debut earned him instant guitar hero status, and he defiantly churned out inventive solos on songs like "Walk" and "Floods" when most bands were abandoning solos. After Pantera disbanded in 2003, Dimebag and his brother, Vinnie Paul, formed Damageplan, who he was playing with when a crazed ex-Marine stormed onstage and murdered him. Dimebag was buried in his hometown of Arlington, Texas, in a Kiss Kasket along with Eddie Van Halen's original black and yellow striped guitar.

LOCATION: Moore Memorial Gardens Cemetery, 1219 N Davis Dr., Arlington, Texas 76012

RORY GALLAGHER

BORN: March 2, 1949, Ballyshannon, Ireland
DIED: June 14, 1995, London, England

NOT MANY GUITARISTS could have bested Eric Clapton on the critics' polls... when Clapton was at his peak. But Rory Gallagher did. The young Irishman was his country's first rock star, a blues guitarist who'd taught himself to play, then went out avidly in search of audiences. His brand of music had lost popularity just as he'd come of age, in the early Seventies, but he was driven by his obsession with performing and recording. This compulsion ultimately took its toll on Gallagher's health, as his solitary lifestyle resulted in bouts of depression. Years of poor health required that he undergo a liver transplant. He died in the following weeks from an infection. Some 15,000 fans turned out in Ireland for his funeral.

LOCATION: St. Oliver's Cemetery, Ballincollig, Cork, Ireland

GUITAR: 1961 three-tone "Ex-Sunburst" Fender, owned by brother Donal

BERT DROS COURTESY OF SCOTT STANTON (GALLAGHER); SCOTT STANTON (BOLIN); PEKKA RUOTSALAINEN (DARRELL)

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Dimebag in the dressing room of a Chicago venue, May 20, 1993

GENE AMBO / RETNA LTD.

GODDAMN ELECTRIC

GUITAR LEGENDS LOOKS BACK ON THE LIFE AND TIMES OF DIMEBAG DARRELL, THE ORIGINAL COWBOY FROM HELL, WHOSE EXPLOSIVE STYLE AND LIVE-WIRE PERSONALITY FOREVER CHANGED THE FACE OF HEAVY METAL GUITAR.

BY CHRIS GILL

AS A GUITARIST, DIMEBAG DARRELL was larger than life. Onstage and in the studio with his bands Pantera and Damageplan, Darrell played precision riffs and dazzling solos that earned him a reputation as one of hard rock and metal's greatest guitarists.

He consistently earned multiple honors in *Guitar World*'s Readers Polls, and the magazine's editors regularly placed him on their lists of honorees, including the Top 10 Metal Guitarists of All Time, the 100 Most Important People in Guitar and the 100 Greatest Guitarists of All Time. It's possible his name or photo has appeared in every issue of *Guitar World* since 1992.

Yet, despite the accolades, Dimebag Darrell remained the genuine, down-to-earth person he'd always been. He made himself accessible to his fans at every opportunity, never leaving an in-store appearance, autograph session or backstage meet-and-greet until every person got to say hello, shake his hand and maybe share a drink or two. Perhaps that's because Darrell was himself still a fan at heart. He could often be seen in the audience at shows by his favorite performers, which included Metallica, Kiss and Ozzy Osbourne, rocking out and banging his head like anyone else. He knew that a little of his time meant everything to those who loved the music he made.

Dimebag Darrell Abbott's murder on December 8, 2004, robbed us all not only of the music he played and would have gone on to play; it also deprived us of the joy and pleasure we took in the company of his spirit. Dimebag Darrell was a rare figure in rock music, a star with a big heart and a dose of humility. It's no wonder he left an indelible impression on everyone who spent time with him. Mention Dimebag to a group of metal fans and someone will inevitably have an outrageous story to share. His joy of life, playful sense of humor and enthusiastic love of music made him a person everyone wanted to be around, a friend to all. Which is why, wherever Dimebag went, the party was certain to follow.

Born Darrell Lance Abbott on August 20, 1966, Dimebag grew up surrounded by music. His father, Jerry Abbott, is a professional country musician who owns a recording studio and played piano on numerous sessions, including 1998's *Prince of Egypt* soundtrack. He also composed songs that were recorded by Buck Owens, Freddy Fender, Moe Bandy and Bobby Vinton. Although Dimebag's father didn't push Darrell into music, neither did he discourage him from learning how to play.

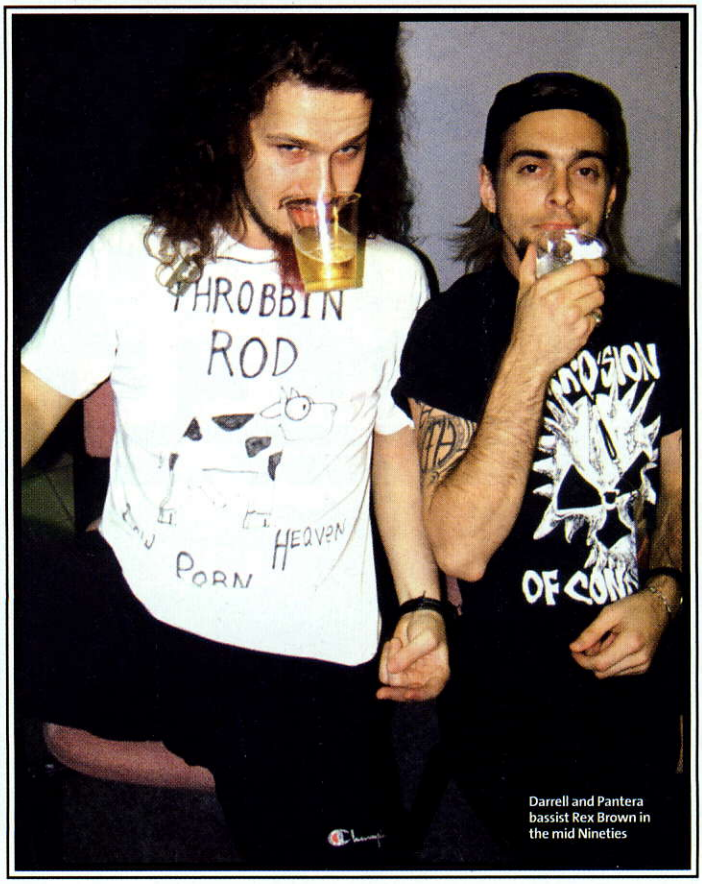
"The opportunity to become a musician was always there," the guitarist told Brad Tolinski in the April 1994 issue of *Guitar World*, which featured Darrell's first cover interview. "I can remember one birthday where he said, 'Son, you can either have a BMX bike or you can have *this*,' and he pointed to a guitar. I ended up taking the bike, but he did plant a seed in my mind."

The lure of rock and roll proved too tough for Darrell to resist, however; once he discovered the music of Kiss and Black Sabbath, there was no turning back. "I went back to my old man and asked if I could trade my bike back for the guitar. [*But*] I didn't get my first guitar until my next birthday. I was about 11, and he gave me a Les Paul copy and a Pignose amp."

Darrell initially taught himself to play Deep Purple's "Smoke on the Water." Then his dad showed him how to play barre chords. "That's when things really started getting heavy," he recalled. "The turning point came when I discovered an Electro-Harmonix Big Muff fuzz. *Feedback! Distortion!* Dude, that was *all* she wrote."

Darrell progressed quickly as a player, and in 1980, at the age of 14, he entered his first guitar competition. Ricky Lynn Gregg, who worked with Darrell's dad in the studio and performed with numerous groups before he became an acclaimed country-rock solo artist in the Nineties, recalls judging that contest: "Darrell was destined to become a superstar. Kim Davis of [*southern rock band*] Point Blank, Dean Guitars' [*founder*] Dean Zelinsky and I were judges at this contest that was held at the Agora, which was the top rock club in Dallas at the time. There were 10 other contestants, who ranged in age from 19 to 35 years old. Then this 14-year-old kid who called himself Diamond Darrell went on last. He started off with some licks of his own and then played 'Eruption' in its entirety, note for note. Dean looked at me and said, 'It's a shoe-in. He's the winner.' Darrell wasn't even finished yet; he went into his own thing that blew us all away. He was a maniac virtuoso, even way back then."

Darrell's prize was a Dean ML guitar, which became his signature ax from that day on. Two years later, when he was 16, he sold the guitar to raise money to buy a car. The Dean wound up in the hands of guitarist Buddy Blaze, who had the instrument custom painted with a blue finish and white lightning bolts. "Later, I got to know Buddy, and I used to beg him to sell me back my guitar," Darrell recalled for *Guitar World*. "He would always refuse. He was going to put together another guitar for me in exchange for a Flying V that I had. I gave him the V, and a month went by, and Buddy just couldn't seem to find the time to put the ax together for me. One day he showed up on my doorstep with a box. I opened it up and inside was the Dean. He said, 'Dude, it was your prize to begin with. Here you go.' "



Darrell and Pantera bassist Rex Brown in the mid Nineties

Blaze and Darrell's friendship continued. When Darrell was interviewed for his first guitar magazine, *Guitar World*'s December 1990 issue, Blaze testified to the guitarist's previous glories. "Darrell was banned from every guitar competition by the time he was 18 because he already won 'em all," Blaze told *GW*'s Joe Lalaina. "Every hard rock band in the state was compared to Pantera and every guitarist compared to Darrell."

Even in their early incarnation, Pantera were setting the bar high. Darrell and his brother "Vinnie Paul" Abbott formed the group in 1981, when Darrell was only 15. Recruiting bassist Rex Brown and singer Terry Glaze, they recorded their first album, *Metal Magic*, in 1983, and released it on their own independent label. The group recorded two more albums, *Projects in the Jungle* (1984) and *I Am the Night* (1985), before Glaze exited and formed the glam-metal group Lord Tracy. Darrell, Vinnie and Rex replaced him with singer Phil Anselmo and adopted a harder sound. While the first three Pantera albums sounded like a heavier version of early Eighties glam rock, Pantera's first album with Anselmo, 1988's *Power Metal*, bore a closer resemblance to late-Seventies Judas Priest.

On the strength of that album, Atlantic Records' East West subsidiary signed Pantera to a record deal, which resulted in the band's major-label debut, *Cowboys from Hell*. Released in July 1990, the album displayed a tougher sound that bore the influence of Eighties thrash metal bands like Metallica, Slayer and Megadeth. (Significantly, Darrell had been offered the lead guitar spot in Megadeth but lost the gig when he insisted they hire Vinnie Paul to be the band's drummer.) Thanks to airplay on Los Angeles' legendary hard rock station KNAC, metal fans throughout the country soon learned about these newcomers from Texas and their fresh new sound, which effectively bridged the gaps between hair metal, thrash, hardcore and industrial.

> **"THIS 14-YEAR-OLD KID WHO CALLED HIMSELF DIAMOND DARRELL WENT ON LAST. HE STARTED OFF WITH SOME LICKS OF HIS OWN AND THEN PLAYED 'ERUPTION' IN ITS ENTIRETY, NOTE FOR NOTE."**
> —RICKY LYNN GREGG, MUSICIAN AND FAMILY FRIEND

In the early Nineties, when the bands that influenced Pantera's new direction began softening their sounds, Darrell and company made theirs heavier than ever. "We look at our music as ball-busting, gut-wrenching heavy *whatever*," Darrell said in 1990. "We're a superaggressive band and all our songs are meant to be played live. We play a new groove—we call it 'power groove.' We're like fine-tuned, clean-cutting machinery. After listening to *Cowboys from Hell*, you'll view the world with a bigger pair of balls. The album makes you another foot taller and gives you crushing, go-for-it power."

Always willing to share his techniques and tips with other guitarists, Darrell, still going by

TONY MOTTRAM / RETNA UK

Dimebag performing in Munster, Texas, in 1985

STUART TAYLOR/FRANK WHITE PHOTO AGENCY

the moniker of Diamond Darrell, agreed to be interviewed by *Guitar World* for an exclusive lesson—his first—in the September 1991 issue. Shortly after it appeared, Darrell sat down for his first Q&A interview with *Guitar World*, which appeared in the April 1992 issue. In it, he discussed Pantera's *A Vulgar Display of Power* album, which featured the Pantera favorites "Walk" and "Fucking Hostile." He also revealed a wide range of influences that included Ace Frehley, Randy Rhoads and Eddie Van Halen.

Most notably, though, he used the opportunity to discuss players he admired, whose impact might not have been felt by the readers but whom he nevertheless wanted to acknowledge. "I'm from Texas, dude," said Darrell. "There are so many people who, overnight, claim they play bluesy, but I grew up down here watchin' dudes play with my dad. I used to come home from school and watch all these incredible players goin' through their chops—Jimmy Wallace, Bugs Henderson, Ricky Lynn Gregg. They're not known very much outside of Dallas, but they're all incredible—and seeing them play had a hell of an influence on me. And, of course, there's the Reverend G—Billy Gibbons. We've seen him more than once at clubs and stuff."

The interview also marked the first time Darrell let the public know that, henceforth, he preferred to be called Dimebag. "People have been calling me *Diamond* Darrell for too long," he said. "It's a mistake. I've always been called Dimebag Darrell by my friends. That's my real name. Dimebag Darrell—got it?"

Although Dimebag received a fifth-place Best New Talent nod in *Guitar World*'s 1991 Readers Poll, the following year he took third for Best Heavy Metal Guitarist and fourth in the Best New Talent category. Pantera, meanwhile, took second for Best Heavy Metal Album with *A Vulgar Display of Power*. The results appeared in the March 1993 Future Shock issue, the first of many *Guitar World* issues to feature Dimebag's photo on the cover.

His 1991 *GW* lesson marked the beginning of a beautiful friendship that eventually led to Dime's long-running monthly instructional column, Riffer Madness. Debuting in the April 1993 issue, the column was a favorite with readers, who were shown how to play everything from the main riff to "Cowboys from Hell" to the harmonic squeals in "Cemetery Gates." From his first column, Dimebag was an enthusiastic contributor. "When the guys at *Guitar World* asked me to do a column for 'em, my immediate reaction was two four-letter words: HELL YEAH!!" he wrote in his debut column. Dime's sense of humor and generosity made Riffer Madness a must-read. Among the many highlights was his offer to buy a six-pack of beer for each of the first 50 readers to master his lesson in natural harmonics.

Throughout this time, Pantera's rise continued. Their third album, *Far Beyond Driven*, stunned the music world by debuting at No. 1 on the *Billboard* magazine Top 200 album chart upon the record's release in 1994. By then, Dimebag had earned enough acclaim to appear by himself on *Guitar World*'s April 1994 cover, which rightly billed him as the World's Most Dangerous Guitarist. "At the epicenter of Pantera's musical mosh pit is the band's larger-than-life guitarist, Dimebag Darrell," Tolinski wrote in the cover story. "His trademark crimson goatee, custom guitar and colorful command of good-ol'-boy slang has made him a hero among hard rock fans. But his bone-rattling rhythm work, inventive soloing and distinctive razor-sharp 'Darrell tone' is what has made him a legend among a whole generation of guitarists searching for a new Edward Van Halen. And like Van Halen, the key to the Texan's large talent is his healthy disregard for rules and regulations."

"The story of Vinnie and me is almost identical to the Van Halen story," Dime said in the accompanying interview. "Both Eddie and Alex played drums at first, but Alex killed, so Eddie decided to pick up the guitar. The same thing happened with Vinnie and me. I grew up a heavy metal kid, and we are a heavy metal band. I know it's not fashionable, but I'm proud to say that's what we are and what we do. We'll remain true to our roots while shit keeps twisting around us."

Even so, the band had begun making a few subtle changes to its sound. Dimebag played fewer solos on *Far Beyond Driven*, as Pantera preferred to concentrate on skull-crushing grooves. "We're into topping ourselves," Darrell revealed to me in an interview at the time. "Most bands come out with a heavy record, then they get lighter and lighter. You're stuck listening to the first record, wishing

Pantera in 1986 with one-time vocalist Matt Lamour (second from left)

STUART TAYLOR/FRANK WHITE PHOTO AGENCY

and dreaming. That ain't what we're about, though. We wanted these songs to have the most impact, period. Everything we do is for the band as a whole. It's not like you've got a spotlight lead guitar player in the band. You're going to hear me, Rex, Vinnie, Phil, everybody."

Despite Dimebag's modesty, plenty of people still enjoyed hearing him play blazing leads and searing riffs. "Dimebag Darrell's tone is my favorite of any guitarist I've worked with," says producer Terry Date, who, in addition to producing and engineering Pantera's first four major-label albums, worked with Soundgarden, White Zombie and Prong. "The thing that's so special about Darrell is he's the only guitarist I've worked with who has played the same guitar since he was probably 12 years old. He won't take it off. It's become an appendage. His tone is as familiar as his voice."

When the next Readers Poll appeared in the March 1995 issue, Dimebag took top honors in the categories of Best Heavy Metal Guitarist, Best Solo ("Planet Caravan") and Best Heavy Metal Album (*Far Beyond Driven*). He also took second place in the Most Valuable Player and fourth in the Best Live Band spots. Now at the height of their popularity, Pantera had become a significant influence on modern metal bands such as Deftones, Korn and Godsmack, who were beginning to make rumblings of their own. Dimebag's razor-sharp tone and machine-like riffing appealed to fans of death metal and industrial music alike, and new bands imitated Pantera's postmodern angst and brutal assault.

But changes were taking place in the mainstream. By 1996, grunge had faded like a worn-out flannel shirt, replaced by a new breed of alternative rock bands, including Smashing Pumpkins, Bush and 311. When Pantera released *The Great Southern Trendkill* that year, the album didn't slay its competitors on the charts. Still, when the group joined a reunited Black Sabbath for 1997's Ozzfest premiere, they stunned audiences with their aggressive, energized performance, proving that Pantera and metal were still forces to be reckoned with.

"Dimebag was such a nice, genuine bloke and a great player," Tony Iommi recalls. "He was always very respectful toward me, and it was lovely to have him on tour with us."

Once again, *Guitar World* readers awarded Dimebag with numerous accolades in the 1996 Readers Poll, the results of which appeared in the March 1997 issue. In addition to being named Most Valuable Player for the second time, Dime was voted the Best Hard Rock/Metal Guitarist and took third place for Best Rock Guitarist and Best Solo ("Floods"). The poll also gave Pantera second-place honors for Best Album (*Trendkill*). Upon receiving the news, Dime responded in his characteristic fashion: "Please tell your readers I'm real flattered and would obviously like to say a big-assed 'thank you' to all of 'em that voted for me."

Readers continued to heap praise on Dimebag the following year when they chose the 100 Greatest Solos of All Time for *GW*'s September 1998 issue, voting for "Floods" (#15), "Cemetery Gates" (#35) and "Walk" (#57). While Dimebag continued to downplay his lead playing, it was obvious that his fans still loved it whenever he broke out some choice solos.

During the four years between *The Great Southern Trendkill* and Pantera's 2000 album *Reinventing the Steel*, the band toured and issued a live album, *Official Live: 101 Proof*. Though Dimebag remarked that the band needed a break, he made it more than obvious in his May 2000 cover interview that he was thrilled to be recording and touring again with Pantera.

"We looked back on all of the good times

> **"HE'S THE ONLY GUITARIST I'VE WORKED WITH WHO HAS PLAYED THE SAME GUITAR SINCE HE WAS PROBABLY 12 YEARS OLD. HIS TONE IS AS FAMILIAR AS HIS VOICE."**
>
> —TERRY DATE, PRODUCER

GENE AMBO / RETNA LTD.

we had, all the hell-raising we've done, and all the kick-ass music we've made," he said. "We fuckin' love what we do. We're happy how we are. We've watched what's gone on around us, and we've been like a steel rod in the center of it all. I'm still the same cat I always was. I don't get all caught up in that rock star shit. I don't sit at home. I go out. I'll hang out with whoever, wherever and whenever, and probably drink them under the table, if I can. If I can't, then I'll have them drive *me* home."

Unfortunately, Pantera's subsequent Ozzfest tour appearance in support of *Reinventing the Steel* turned out to be the band's last. Relations between Anselmo and Dimebag and Vinnie had quickly gone south once the band returned home, and the singer expressed his intent to work with his numerous side projects, like Superjoint Ritual and Down. Dimebag and Vinnie had no choice but to let Anselmo pursue his muse, but by 2003, they were tired of putting their own creative urges on infinite hold. In the March 2003 issue of *Guitar World*, the cover of which featured Dimebag and close friend Zakk Wylde, Darrell made the announcement that Pantera had broken up. (Rex Brown decided to follow Anselmo and work with Down.)

In the following March issue, in a *GW* cover story interview conducted by longtime friend Nick Bowcott, Dimebag introduced his and Vinnie's new band, Damageplan. He also opened up about the problems that led to Pantera's demise. "I don't like to have to go into this at all, but I'm gonna step up to the plate and tell the truth," Dimebag confessed. "I firmly believe that Pantera fans deserve an honest answer about what went down and broke this thing apart. They've been awesome to us, and I want to let them know first and foremost that me and my brother *never* let them down. We're embarrassed about what happened, but we had no control over it. We tried every goddamned angle we could to make things right, but we couldn't. It crushed the shit out of us and took two prime years out of our careers, but at this point it's totally out of our hands—so we've accepted it and moved on.

"The main reason Vinnie and me waited around for so long and tried so hard to make it work was because we wanted to do Pantera forever. We were the heart and soul of that band, and it meant everything to us. We honestly thought we were going to be the Rolling Stones of heavy metal. Then I got the time to sit back, look at the band, reflect on it and go 'Damn, look what it's headed for!' Sometimes, when you're driving 150 miles an hour, you don't have time to see the wall you're about to smash into."

Damageplan's debut album, *New Found Power*, didn't sell as well as Pantera releases, but Dimebag enjoyed his new creative outlet. He was enthusiastic and excited about the numerous opportunities that seemed to reach out to him from around every corner. He renewed his relationship with Dean guitars, which he originally endorsed up until 1994, and was at work on new guitar designs with Dean. "Seeing Dime onstage with a Dean in his hands again brought back feelings I thought were gone forever," says Zelinsky.

> **"DARRELL WAS BANNED FROM EVERY GUITAR COMPETITION BY THE TIME HE WAS 18 BECAUSE HE ALREADY WON 'EM ALL."**
>
> —BUDDY BLAZE, FRIEND AND GUITARIST

Dimebag also started using Krank amplifiers, and his new rig made him anxious to get back in the studio to record the second Damageplan album. "I plug straight into the Krank and let it blaze," he said. "This amp puts the fun back into playing for me."

In early December, having finished a coheadlining tour with Shadows Fall, Damageplan were making their way back to Texas, where they planned to start recording new tracks. A handful of shows had been booked for the route home, including a December 8 date at the Alrosa Villa, a nightclub in a seedy area of Columbus, Ohio. On the night of the gig, as Damageplan launched into the first song of their performance, 25-year-old Nathan Gale climbed onto the stage brandishing a 9mm handgun and murdered Dimebag Darrell before hundreds of fans and his stunned bandmates.

Immersed in his performance, Dimebag perhaps never saw the fate about to befall him. As sad and senseless as his murder was, Dimebag left this earth doing the one thing that gave him the most joy: playing his guitar to a crowd of people who appreciated his remarkable gift and loved him for the unique, loving and giving individual he was. He died with his boots on, as did so many other hell-raising cowboys who plied their art in the untamed wild. Dimebag Darrell was the original cowboy from hell. There will never be another like him. ♦

"All of us hit a point in life where we need resurrecting, and it's up to you to make it happen, straighten things out and let go of the things that are fucked up. Where I sit, man, I'll never quit—I love music and I love the fans too much. So I put on my badass shoes and started kicking ass with this band. It's been a lot of hard work to crawl out of the hole, and it hasn't been easy, but at this point I've got my family, my brotherhood, my music and a crushing new band. I've got everything back that was taken from me, and I'm in a good fucking place. What was once a miserable nightmare has bloomed into a very sweet, comfortable place. Amen!"
—*Dimebag Darrell,* Guitar World, *March 2004*

HOUSE BURNING DOWN

BILLED AS EUROPE'S ANSWER TO WOODSTOCK, THE IRONICALLY TITLED LOVE + PEACE FESTIVAL WAS MARRED BY APPALLING WEATHER, MARAUDING HELLS ANGELS AND ARSON. IT WAS ALSO THE LAST GIG THAT JIMI HENDRIX EVER PLAYED.

BY SCOTT ROWLEY

ON SEPTEMBER 5, 1970, the day before he played his last ever gig, U.K. music paper *Melody Maker* published an interview with Jimi Hendrix. "It's all turned full circle," Jimi told interviewer Roy Hollingworth, "I'm back right now to where I started. I've given this era of music everything. I still sound the same, my music's still the same, and I can't think of anything new to add to it in its present state... When the last American tour finished earlier this year, I just wanted to go away a while and forget everything. I wanted to just do recording, and see if I could write something. Then I started thinking. Thinking about the future. Thinking that this era of music—sparked off by the Beatles—had come to an end..."

The interview had taken place some days earlier, on August 29, the day before Jimi played the Isle of Wight Festival, an appearance that marked the first day of a week of intensive touring. Over the next seven days, Hendrix, bassist Billy Cox and drummer Mitch Mitchell would play six major gigs in three countries across Europe. They would have played others, too, but the tour was cut short due to concerns for the health of Cox: on September 1, someone had spiked his drink with LSD; more than one week later, he was still paranoid and exhausted. On September 9, the tour was cancelled, and Cox returned to the States.

Little did they realize at the time, but they'd already played their last gig together.

The Love + Peace Festival on the Isle of Fehmarn, off the coast of northern Germany in the Baltic Sea, was intended to be the European answer to Woodstock. Instead, it turned into a riot. Overrun by a German biker gang, battered by storms, and plagued by cancellations from big-name acts like Emerson, Lake and Palmer, the festival was descending into chaos, violence and arson by the time Hendrix got there on September 6 for his last live performance.

From his position onstage, U.K. student-turned-stagehand David Butcher was relatively sheltered from the chaos. But he knew something was wrong. "On the second day, this English guy who was manager of one of the other bands decided to pull out," Butcher recalls. "The Hells Angels were causing so much trouble. They were ransacking the office and giving free tickets to everybody. They weren't in charge of security, but basically, they kind of took over and there was a lot of trouble, including gunfire. Machine-gun fire. For a while afterward I wondered if we'd imagined it—but it was real."

"Thank you very much. And peace and happiness and all the other good shit."
—Jimi Hendrix's last words at the Isle of Wight Festival, August 30, 1970.

David Butcher's road to Fehmarn was a happy one. A student at Keele University, where as social secretary of the student union he was responsible for booking bands, he was also a Hendrix nut. "I'd been a huge fan, right from the first time I heard 'Hey Joe.' When I was at university, *Electric Ladyland* came out, and I just used to listen to it every day. I still think that 'Voodoo Child'—the long version with Stevie Winwood and Jack Cassady—is one of the most amazing pieces of rock music ever."

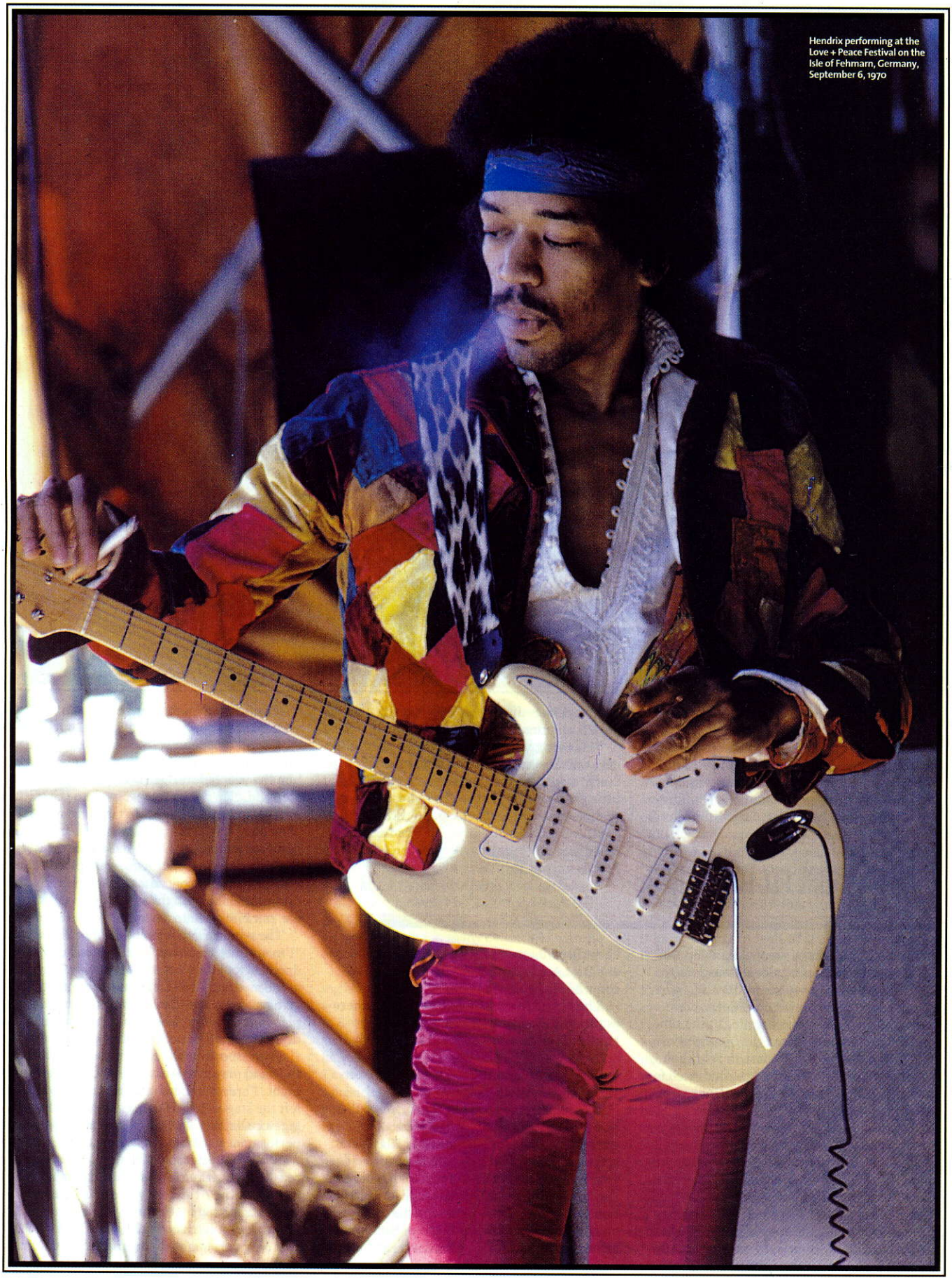
In the summer of 1970, David and his friend Dave Philip traveled to Düsseldorf, where Philip's father was stationed in the army. With Dave's parents away, the two made full use of the house and the times. "We were just hanging out there, getting herbally enhanced, and one day we saw a poster for this festival in Fehmarn. We didn't have any money, so we sat down at this typewriter and we concocted this letter to the festival organizers saying that we were passionate about music—which was true—and that we were doing a thesis on music as a unifying force and visiting loads of festivals..."

> **"IT'S CLOSE TO MOTHER'S DAY. ANYBODY THAT WANNA BE A MOTHER, COME BACKSTAGE."**
> —JIMI HENDRIX

The organizers fell for it. A few days later, a couple of backstage passes arrived in the post. The two "got our backpacks together—his father had a couple of army sleeping bags which were of tremendous quality—and we hitchhiked all the way up to Fehmarn. We got there the night before, on the third of September. We were absolutely exhausted. It was really cold and wet, and we'd been hitchhiking for a day and half, and we just found a spot on the grass to lie down, got into these sleeping bags and crashed out.

"In the morning we woke up, and we were surrounded by cars! We'd crashed out in what was the middle of the car park area and during the night and morning, hundreds of cars had appeared around us..."

Jimi's journey to Fehmarn hadn't been filled with as much good fortune. Hendrix hadn't wanted to come to Europe in the first place, but manager Michael Jeffery had convinced him that his new Electric Lady studios, in New York City's Greenwich Village, needed an injection of cash. The answer was a short tour that began at the Isle of Wight Festival



Hendrix performing at the Love + Peace Festival on the Isle of Fehmarn, Germany, September 6, 1970

PLITZ / GOOD TIMES / K&K CENTER OF BEAT / RETNA LTD.

and continued in Denmark, Sweden and Germany. Hendrix arrived in London on August 27 and conducted a string of interviews before heading to the organized chaos that was the Isle of Wight and probably the largest single audience of his career. Around half a million people witnessed him struggling with technical problems (the amps were picking up radio signals), the effects of a cold, exhaustion (the band didn't appear onstage until 2 A.M. on Monday 31) and whatever combination of drugs and alcohol he was juggling at the time.

Less than 24 hours later, the band was playing a gig at an amusement park in Stockholm, Sweden, where Jimi insulted the audience for calling out for the hits ("Fuck you, fuck you! Come up and play guitar!") and appearing weary with the whole process ("Ah, let me tune my guitar there again. Oh, what the hell, you don't want to know..."). The Swedish promoter had allegedly demanded that Hendrix play for no more than an hour so that the audience could use the nearby fun fair, claiming that he'd make more money from the fair than the gig. Justifiably offended—and apparently leaving the stage at one point to argue with the promoter—Jimi got his revenge by playing for 110 minutes.

"This song is dedicated to all the girls who get laid," he said before the final track, 'Foxey Lady,' evidently enjoying himself. "All the little girls back there with those little yellow, orange, pink and turquoise panties that they keep throwing on the stage: It's close to Mother's Day. Anybody that wanna be a mother, come backstage."

"I'M NOT SURE I'LL LIVE TO BE 28 YEARS OLD." —JIMI HENDRIX

The next day, the band—billed everywhere as the Jimi Hendrix Experience, despite Hendrix's ongoing attempts to have it billed otherwise—traveled to Gothenburg for an outdoor gig. During the day he gave an interview to a Swedish newspaper that asked him about a contribution he had made to the Martin Luther King Memorial Fund. "Would you rather I gave it to the Ku Klux Klan?" he responded. "In the U.S.A., you have to decide which side you're on. You're either a rebel or like Frank Sinatra." With his idealism questioned by the establishment, and his commitment questioned by his audiences, Hendrix felt exhausted. "I'm tired of lying down, and I feel mentally hollowed," he told the interviewer.

If the gig that night was better than the previous one, it still wasn't enough to impress a visiting Chas Chandler, the man who had managed Hendrix to stardom but parted ways with him the year before. "He was wrecked," Chandler said. "He'd start a song, get into the solo section and then he wouldn't even remember what song they were playing at the time. It was really awful to watch." It was at a party after the gig that Billy Cox's drink was spiked. The bass player experienced a nightmarish bad trip that, combined with the stress of a busy schedule, put him close to a nervous breakdown.

The whole camp was at the end of its tether. "I'm not sure I'll live to be 28 years old," Hendrix told an interviewer the next day. "I mean, at the moment I feel I have nothing more to give musically. I will not be around on this planet anymore, unless I have a wife and children—otherwise I've got nothing to live for."

With Hendrix in the grip of a feverish cold, the band played in Arhus, Denmark, that night. Three numbers into the set, Hendrix left the stage. He had only ever stopped a gig once before: at the last Band of Gypsys performance at Madison Square Garden in January that year. A girlfriend, Kirsten Nefer, recalled that when she met Hendrix earlier the day of the Arhus show, he was "staggering" and "acting in a funny way," telling her, "I don't want you to see me like this." Nefer says that Jimi was unable to even tune his guitar before going onstage. Helped onto the stage by

MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES/GETTY IMAGES

Two views of Hendrix performing at Love + Peace

GUNTER ZINT / K&K CENTER OF BEAT / RETNA LTD.

roadies, he was escorted off again minutes later as Mitch Mitchell covered his exit by playing a long drum solo. Backstage, the venue's manager, Otto Fewser, claimed that "Hendrix collapsed into my arms and we sat him up on a chair. He was cold—cold fever—then they asked for cocaine. 'We have not cocaine,' I say. Hendrix could not play more."

The gig cancelled, Hendrix headed back to his hotel, where he spoke once again to Anne Bjorndal, a journalist who had interviewed him earlier. "I love reading fairy tales," he told her. "Hans Christian Andersen and Winnie the Pooh. Fairy tales are full of fantasy and they appeal to your imagination. I never play a song the same twice—I can't play something that I do not feel and that I can't put my soul into." Bjorndal claims that Jimi then started crawling around, "acting out" Winnie the Pooh. "Winnie the Pooh is searching," she quoted him as saying. "It's winter and the tracks are easy to follow and, oh, now the seasons have changed. I've lost the track..."

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INTERVIEWER *How do you get your inspiration?*
JIMI HENDRIX *Pardon, say it again?*
INTERVIEWER *How do you get your inspiration?*
HENDRIX *From the people.* —August 30, Isle of Wight

Very early on the morning of September 3, Mitch Mitchell got a phone call telling him that his wife had given birth to a baby girl. Mitchell chartered a flight back to London, taking Billy Cox with him. Later that day, he met up with Hendrix in Copenhagen for a blistering gig at the city's KB Hallen hall. Over the worst of his cold, Hendrix had spent the day with Nefer at her parents' house (the Danish press were already reporting their "engagement"), and he hit the stage apparently invigorated. In a review of the concert, Danish newspaper *Politiken* raved: "Jimi was tired and ill in Arhus, but was so high in Copenhagen that this was true energy, true adrenaline which ran through his fingers, through the guitar and into all of us... As a warrior of love he stood dressed in many colors and was the best guitarist rock and roll music can offer."

The following morning Hendrix had a falling out with Nefer, who flew back to a film she was working on in London. The band flew on to Berlin to perform at the Super Concert '70, an indoor festival at the city's Deutschlandhalle with Procol Harum, Ten Years After, Canned Heat and others. Interviewed by American Forces Network radio before the gig, he was asked if he thought there would ever be a festival as successful as Woodstock.

"Well, I don't know," he replied. "It's pretty hard for this sound to get to all those people in such a big crowd. Like, if we had smaller crowds you can really get next to 'em more, you know?" How did he feel about playing in front of 400,000 people? "Well, that's what I mean," he said. "It's just too big, you know? You know you're not getting through to all of them..."

After a strong performance in Berlin, the band flew to Hamburg, then caught a train to Grossenbrode in the north. On the train, Jimi wanted to lie down, so he broke into a locked sleeper car. "The guard freaked out and stopped the train and threatened to throw us off," tour manager Gerry Stickells recalls. The situation was smoothed over, and the band arrived on Fehmarn on the Saturday afternoon. "We got there mid afternoon," said Mitch Mitchell, "and were supposed to be on at eight. By about six we heard this wind, and then it turned into a gale. We knew by then there were other problems as well. The usual equipment trouble, plus Hells Angels with guns."

Promoters Christian Berthold, Helmut Ferdinand and Timm Sievers had timed their event to coincide with the Isle of Wight Festival. They did so hoping to attract some of the major acts performing at Isle of Wight, including Hendrix, who was then at the height of his popularity in Germany after his appearance in the Woodstock movie. But the promoters hadn't counted on some of the same elements that had disrupted the U.K. festival spilling over into theirs: rogue bikers, overcrowding, bad weather and a load of cancellations that soured the Love + Peace attitude of the 30,000-strong crowd.

"If you think the Isle of Wight was a mess, you should have been to Fehmarn," comments Ford Crull. Now a New York–based artist, Crull was 17 at the time and had heard about

(from left) Billy Cox, Hendrix and Mitch Mitchell at the festival on September 6

Fehmarn while at the Isle of Wight. "I was on my way to Sweden to meet a girl I'd met," he says. En route, he took a detour and hooked up with British folk rockers Fotheringay (featuring popular English singer Sandy Denny who in 1971 sang on Led Zeppelin's "Battle of Evermore"). Soon after, Crull found himself hired as a stage hand and enjoying a bill that included the Faces, Sly & the Family Stone, Cactus, Procol Harum, Ginger Baker's Air Force and more.

"Fehmarn had a good lineup, but it was just chaos," Crull says today. "Sandy Denny kept getting an electric shock from the mic. Whoever built the stage was an idiot. There were gales, so the sea just kept blowing onstage. The whole place was wet, and so she kept getting shocks."

Crull remembers another potentially dangerous experience as he accompanied Rod Stewart and the stage manager over to the business office to collect their payment. "They just had suitcases packed with cash to give the bands—in American dollars, too," he says. "We had to walk back through everyone with these cases packed with I don't know how many thousands of dollars. I'm sure if the bikers had known, they would have stormed the office." (That wasn't the only excess. Back in the Faces camp, Crull pulled out his bag of grass. The Faces pulled out theirs. "I had an ounce," he chuckles. "They must have had a pound.")

David Butcher had also been hired as stage hand. "One of the managers of a number of the English bands had paid us to be stage hands," he says. "All we had to do was help the roadies and make sure there weren't too many hangers on. It was one of those revolving stages, so the challenge was when the guys came up and got on to the backstage bit they needed piece and quiet and space so they could tune up. So the job was literally just keeping people away, getting drinks...

"We were getting paid the equivalent of £12 a day [*about $150 today*], including food and wine, so this being 1970, we were doing pretty well! On day two of the festival, this guy who'd employed us appeared in the late afternoon. He had a huge wad of German marks and he said, 'Listen you guys, I've got the cash for the bands that have played. I've got a couple of bands that are due to play later, but I'm taking them home 'cause this thing is falling apart. The Angels are just ruining the whole thing. The cash isn't there. I'm outta here.'

"He said, 'What are you guys doing? Are you staying on?' I said, 'Yeah, I'm staying on because of Hendrix.' He says, 'Well, that's up to you. My advice is don't stay, because it's getting dangerous. But if you're staying, you can take over. Do you want to be stage manager?' So I said yes, and he got out his stage manager pass and stuck it on me. And that was that. We'd gone from nowhere to getting free press passes, then backstage passes, then all of a sudden I was stage manager. Whatever that meant."

Hendrix was due to take the stage at 8 P.M., but when Gerry Stickells visited the site, a Force 5 gale (an average of about 21 m.p.h.) and torrential rain convinced him that it would be a big mistake. Instead, Jimi stayed where he was in the Hotel Dania in Puttgarden on the north of the island. The hotal was home to most of the musicians appearing at the festival, and its bar was drunk dry.

David Butcher ended up there, too. "My memory's hazy, for good reason, but apparently it was the hotel where all the musicians were staying, and we landed up in this bedroom, and there were people everywhere, just crashed out. Alvin Lee of Ten Years After was in there. Someone had a pair of bongos and there was lots of marijuana going around. I just remember feeling very mellow, and Alvin Lee was strumming away, and someone was playing bongos, and someone was singing. And we just fell asleep where we were."

Billy Cox wasn't having nearly as good a time of it. "Billy had kind of a breakdown," Gerry Stickles told Tony Brown for his 1997 book, *The Final Days of Jimi Hendrix* (published by Omnibus, but now out of print). "It was part of my job to nurse him through it, to get the date over with. But he was severely paranoid of what was going on, you know. This whole thing was going to collapse and everybody was going to be killed and God knows what else. I had to sit on the side of the stage and stuff like that, so he could see me all the time. Everybody was feeling bad at that time. When somebody's like that, it permeates through the whole thing. But this was the last show— 'let's just do it, get it over with and get out of here'—and that's what happened."

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"I'm tired. Not physically. Mentally. I'm going to grow my hair back, it's something to hide behind. No, not to hide. I think I may grow it long because my daddy used to cut it like a skinned chicken."—Hendrix, *The (London) Times*, September 5, 1970

The following morning, the band arrived at the festival by 11 A.M., having been rescheduled for midday. No sooner had they got there than Stickells was hit on the head by a plank of wood with six-inch nails in it. Considering the tensions, the band posed for German photographer Gernot Piltz, Jimi even rolling around and laughing on the grass backstage. "Maybe that was before he realized the situation there," Ford Crull suggests. "When I saw them, Jimi and Mitchell and Cox weren't even talking to each other. And he and Mitchell were so skinny. Mitchell's legs were as thin as my arms."

It was David Butcher's job to make sure that the band were taken care of. "I didn't really pick up on the turmoil that was obviously going on," Butcher says. "He seemed pretty relaxed. He was probably stoned a bit before he arrived. There was one or two joints being passed around. Hendrix was a very friendly, gentle guy, so laid back and sensitive. They had one or two caravans at the back where the stars stayed for the hour or so before they went on. We made sure he was okay and settled in the caravan, then we went back to the stage and made sure the roadies had everything they needed. Later, he came out of the caravan and came backstage and then we kept everyone away so that he could tune up and practice."

Butcher seized the opportunity to introduce himself as social secretary for Keele University and ask Jimi if he'd come and play there. "Sure—talk to Gerry Stickells about it," Hendrix said.

At around one o'clock in the afternoon, the Experience took to the stage to boos and jeers and shouts of "*Hau ab!*" (German for "Go home" or "Get lost"). The "official bootleg" release from Experience Hendrix's Dagger Records imprint, *Live at the Isle of Fehmarn*, presents what happens next. Jimi takes the taunting in his stride, being first gracious ("Peace anyway, peace," are his first words), then comically joining in with the booing, before confronting the crowd. A rare video clip of the festival on YouTube shows Jimi walking to the mic, arms outstretched: "I don't give a fuck if you boo," he shrugs, "as long as you boo in tune, you mother..." The booing ceases, and Hendrix introduces the band before carrying on: "We'd like to play some music for you and, er, we hope you can dig it. Because we're sorry we couldn't come on last night, but it's just unbearable, man. We couldn't make it together like that, you know."

From there, the band launch into Howlin' Wolf's "Killing Floor," the same song with which the Jimi Hendrix Experience opened their first-ever gig, on October 18, 1966, in Paris. The song ends, and the crowd cheers, clearly won over. Then it's on to "Spanish Castle Magic," followed by "All Along the Watchtower."

David Butcher was standing at the side of the stage, watching it all, when he was given one more responsibility. "The guy who was controlling the sound took a break, so I was sort of delegated to look after the sound—but hopefully just stand there and not do anything, 'cause I didn't understand [*how to work the mixing desk*].

"He was halfway through 'All Along the Watchtower' when he looked round at me. He's doing this great solo, and then he does that amazing thing where he stops playing with his left hand—he's just got his right hand on the frets and the solo is magically continuing, you know—and I'm sort of mesmerized by this when I realize he's looking at me. He's walking toward me and he's saying 'More drums, man.' So there I am, trying to find the right fader. It was a wonderful moment because I did actually find the right levers and just moved them up a bit and he kind of smiled and winked, so I obviously did the right thing."

THE LAST TWO SONGS HENDRIX EVER PLAYED LIVE WERE "PURPLE HAZE" AND A SUITABLY STORMY VERSION OF "VOODOO CHILD (SLIGHT RETURN)."

From there it was "Hey Joe," "Hey Baby (New Rising Sun)," "Message to Love" and "Foxey Lady." As the band played the next number, "Red House," the weather turned again. Umbrellas went up and people huddled under tarpaulins. Jimi laughed and improvised lyrics: "Yeah, well I got a bad, bad feeling," he sang, and then laughed. "Yeah, the weather is telling you something."

"It was cold and it was raining, with a very cold wind," Butcher recalls. "The rain was coming in, and he was standing there, risking being electrocuted but just carrying on, you know? He didn't move back from the front of the stage; he just carried on. It was quite amazing, really."

But the trouble wasn't over. "From my position onstage I could see fights breaking out as Jimi approached the end of his set," Butcher says. "I'm sure Jimi saw them, too, but he was powerless to do anything about it."

The last two songs Hendrix ever played live were "Purple Haze" and a suitably stormy version of "Voodoo Child (Slight Return)." Fittingly—coincidentally, ironically—the final lines of the song and the last lyrics Hendrix would sing in public are as follows: "If I don't see you no more in this world/I'll meet you in the next one, and don't be late, don't be late."

"Thank you! Goodbye! Peace!" Hendrix shouted. David Butcher escorted the band members down the wooden steps at the back of the stage, and they got in a helicopter bound for Hamburg. Butcher decided it was time for him to leave, too. "We weren't expecting to be paid anything for the final day, so we were gone. We had a good supply of marijuana. All this stuff was on sale. They had guys from Holland out in the crowd, with everything set out on a table, clearly labeled: 'Whatever you wanna try, try.' There were no police at all. I suppose the fact that it was on an island, they just thought, Let them get on with it. By the time we left, the Angels were rampaging the stage, just tearing everything down. I'm not sure why. They were just dismantling everything."

Ford Crull was in the thick of it. He and one of Fotheringay's roadies commandeered a van and piled the band's gear inside. "The bikers realized they weren't gonna get paid and they were running amok. When the rioting started, the German police appeared, and a gun fight broke out. Our van had the windows smashed, and I helped the roadie by holding up a tarpaulin so he could see while the rains came blasting in. When we got to the hotel where the band was staying, I remember Sandy Denny giving me a big kiss for saving their stuff, and they offered me a job. She was a real angel."

As Hendrix left the site, a German anarchist rock band called Ton Steine Scherben took to the stage. Infamous in Germany for songs like "Keine Macht Für Niemand" ("No Power for No One") and "Macht Kaputt Was Euch Kaputt Macht" ("Destroy What Destroys You"), the band added to their infamy when the stage went up in flames. To some in the audience, it looked like Ton Steine Scherben had lit the match, something that gave them even more underground credibility.

The era of Love + Peace was truly at an end. Less than two weeks later, on September 18, and two months short of his 28th birthday, Jimi Hendrix was dead.

Back in London, a week or so after the festival, David Butcher was "sitting in an agent's office somewhere in Kensington." He told the guy about the conversation he'd had with Jimi about playing at Keele. "It wasn't Hendrix's agent," Butcher says, "but this guy was saying how he could liaise with Jimi's agent and make it happen. And it was at that moment that the door opened and the secretary walked in, in tears, telling us that he'd died."

If the chaos of the preceding weeks make his death seem almost inevitable, Hendrix himself was reportedly making plans: Ford Crull says a friend of his witnessed Jimi and Miles Davis backstage at Isle of Wight, discussing the possibility of recording together. He was also finding cause to remain optimistic.

"Something new has got to come," Hendrix had told *Melody Maker*, just days before, "and Jimi Hendrix will be there. I want a big band. I don't mean three harps and 14 violins—I mean a big band full of competent musicians that I can conduct and write for. And with the music we will paint pictures of Earth and space, so that the listener can be taken somewhere. It's going to be something that will open up a new sense in people's minds. They are getting their minds ready now. Like me, they are going back home, getting fat and making themselves ready for the next trip." ✦

Thanks to David Butcher and Ford Crull. Many of the quotes used in this piece were collected in Tony Brown's The Last Days of Jimi Hendrix.

THE FINAL SCREAM

ON MARCH 1, 1994, NIRVANA PLAYED THEIR LAST SHOW BEFORE KURT COBAIN'S UNTIMELY DEATH. *GUITAR LEGENDS* PRESENTS AN INSIDE LOOK AT THE BAND'S FINAL PERFORMANCE.

BY CHARLES R. CROSS

IF THERE WAS a beginning of the end of Kurt Cobain's short life, that final chapter most certainly began in February 1994. Nirvana were touring Europe, promoting their 1993 album, *In Utero*, and trying to plan the rest of their tour schedule for the summer. Though Kurt had reluctantly agreed to do the European leg of the tour, he began the trip with the motivation that he was promoting a record he was proud of. The first few shows of the tour had been terrific, even if Kurt was already complaining of a sore throat. Problems with his throat necessitated three visits to doctors in the first week. In truth, the larger health crisis was that he had difficulty finding drugs in Europe, and that had soured his mood and affected his health. Cobain's withdrawal was bad enough that he was forced to take prescription drugs to help him cope.

But in Paris on February 13, Cobain's typical melancholy mood turned into something that in retrospect was a harbinger of doom. The band agreed to do a photo session on its off day with a photographer they had known for years, Youri Lenquette. Cobain considered Lenquette a friend, which is why he had agreed to the session at a point in his career where he rarely did promotional work. It was no surprise that Kurt refused to smile during the session, but when he found a BB gun in Lenquette's studio, the gun turned into the focal point of the sitting. Lenquette later recalled trying to convince Kurt to put the gun down, but Kurt insisted that it be included in the photos. The gun looked remarkably like a firearm, but it was merely something Lenquette kept in his studio as a prop and as a sort of joke.

To the photographer and the other two members of Nirvana, Cobain's fascination with the pistol was anything but humorous. He kept playing with the gun, put it to his temple and mimed pulling the trigger. He completed the act by pretending his head was reacting to the bullet. It was suggested again that Kurt put the gun down, but he ignored that plea and insisted that Lenquette take a photograph. For Lenquette it was a difficult situation: he had the most famous rock star in the world posing outrageously, but the poses seemed in bad taste. Still, the photographer kept shooting. In one picture taken that day, Kurt inserted the barrel of the pistol into his mouth. The pictures were widely published after his death.

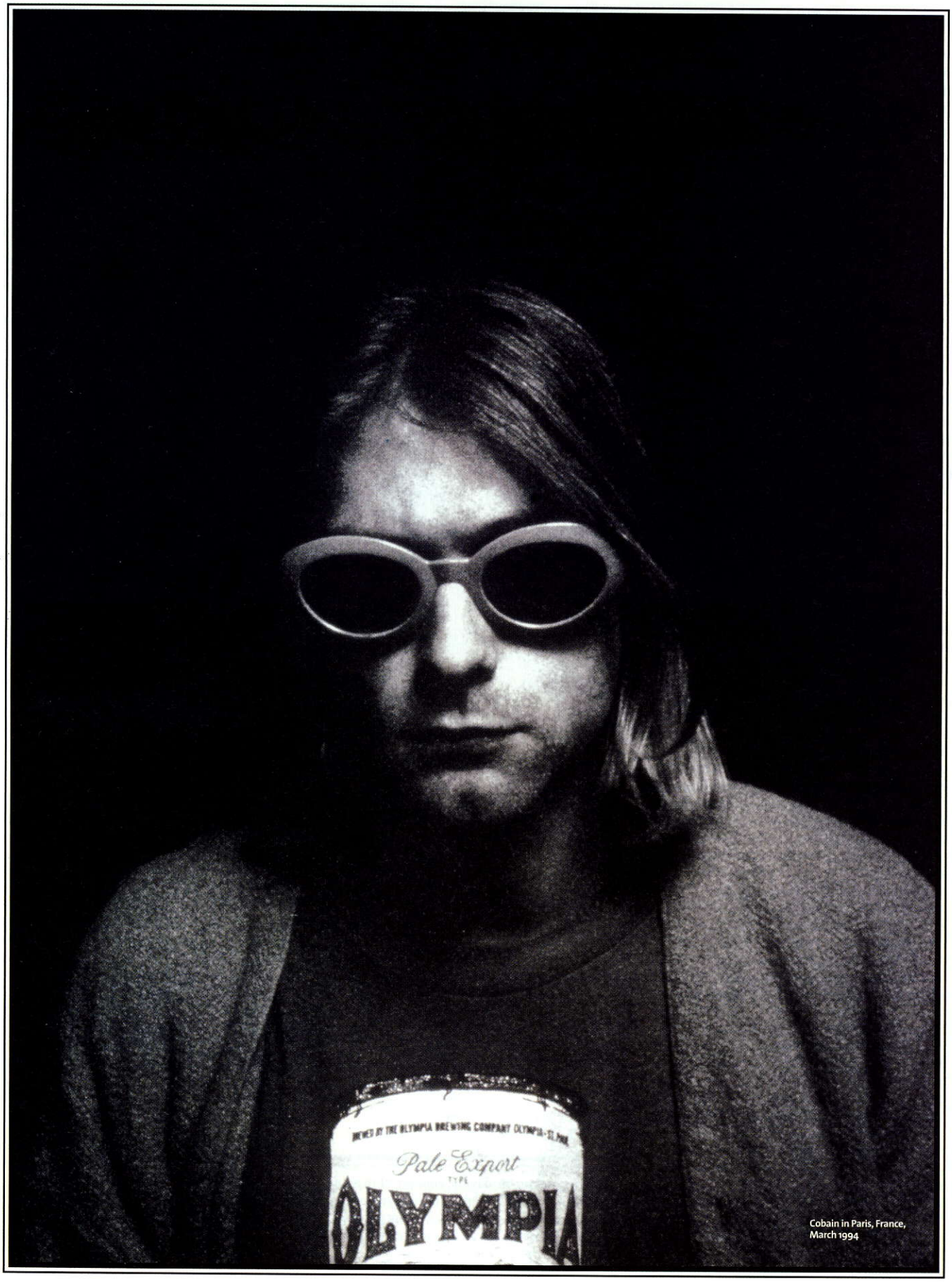
DRUGS HAD LONG AGO FAILED TO GIVE KURT A HIGH. IT WAS SIMPLY A MATTER OF STAVING OFF VOMITING, FEVER AND THE SHAKES.

That Kurt Cobain would pose with a gun in his mouth—in front of a photographer who sold pictures to news agencies worldwide—is indicative of how far things had gone downhill. Early in his career, Cobain was a master at controlling and manipulating his image, even directing photographers to shoot him from certain angles. Cobain always vamped it up for photo sessions and had been photographed with guns before, but the grotesque nature of the Paris photos suggested something beyond simple punk rock cynicism—it reflected desperation, nihilism and a larger death wish that was playing itself out in every aspect of Kurt's life. He simply didn't care anymore about anything: not his health, band or the public image he had once valued so dearly.

Kurt didn't pull any real triggers that day in Paris, but as the tour wound through Europe, he began an almost daily ritual of visiting a doctor in whatever town the band was passing through. He complained of stomach problems, back problems and throat pain, but most of his ailments were due to drug withdrawal. Much of Europe viewed drug addiction compassionately as a sickness, in contrast to the United States, where it was considered a moral failing. Many European doctors would prescribe opiates in pill form to help addicts suffering from withdrawals. Still, finding a physician so inclined was a hit-or-miss proposition, particularly in cities where Nirvana had never toured before. In Barcelona, Kurt visited one doctor, and when that failed to produce the desired results, he visited another later in the same day. In Paris, he visited one physician twice; the next day, in Rennes, he saw yet another.

How many of Kurt's physical problems were related to his addiction and how may were separate issues could never be determined. By that point in his life, it was all intertwined. When he took the more illicit route and bought drugs on the streets, he couldn't risk taking them across a border, so he was able to use only enough to get over the day's withdrawal. It wasn't a matter of seeking euphoria—drugs had long ago failed to give Kurt a high. It was simply a matter of staving off vomiting, fever and the shakes.

On February 20, on a day that saw the band traveling from Switzerland to Modena, Italy, Kurt turned 27. There was little celebration on the tour bus. His manager, John Silva, gave Kurt a carton of cigarettes as a present. Cobain joked to the crew that his manager was trying to kill him, but considering his own health, cigarettes were hardly his biggest worry.



Cobain in Paris, France, March 1994

YOURI LENQUETTE / DALLE / RETNA LTD.

February 24 was Kurt and Courtney's second anniversary, but they were not together. Kurt put off any celebrating—he had planned that for later in the month when they were together—and played a show in Milan, which was issued as a bootleg. It may have represented the last decent Nirvana show, as the group tore through 22 songs over 90 minutes. Kurt was clearly struggling with his voice, but the punk part of Nirvana's sound was still strong, and the crowd loved them.

By the next night, also in Milan, Kurt's dark mood became increasingly desperate. He met with Krist Novoselic and told him that he needed to quit the tour. "He gave me some bullshit absurd reason for why he wanted to blow it off," Novoselic recalled. Though Kurt's voice had been his main physical complaint in Europe, he now added the familiar complaint of stomach pains to his litany of medical conditions. Krist was having none of it; he reminded Kurt of the huge financial obligation the band would have if they called the tour off. Kurt agreed to continue with the tour, if only to make it through the next date which would take them to Slovenia, where Novoselic had relatives.

There were neither street drugs nor easily swayed physicians to be found in Slovenia, and while Novoselic and Grohl explored the country, Kurt stayed in his room for three days, bouncing off the walls. He was miserable, and he continued to talk of ending the tour. While in Slovenia, Novoselic was reading *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, by Alexander Solzhenitsyn, describing a prisoner's life in a Soviet prison camp. Kurt asked Krist about the plot of the book, and when he heard Solzhenitsyn's description of the camp, he remarked, "God, and [*Denisovich*] wants to live! Why would you try to live?"

On March 1, 1994, Nirvana rolled into Germany, where they had three consecutive shows scheduled before a one-week break. The attitude among the crew and band was to tough it out for these shows and then enjoy the upcoming time off to vacation and regroup. While in Slovenia, Kurt had called a band meeting and again said he wanted to cancel the rest of the tour. He'd been informed that the band did not have cancellation insurance, so to pull the plug at this point would result in a huge financial penalty. "So, if somebody died, we'd still have to do the shows?" Kurt asked. He was informed that death was the only acceptable reason for a cancellation.

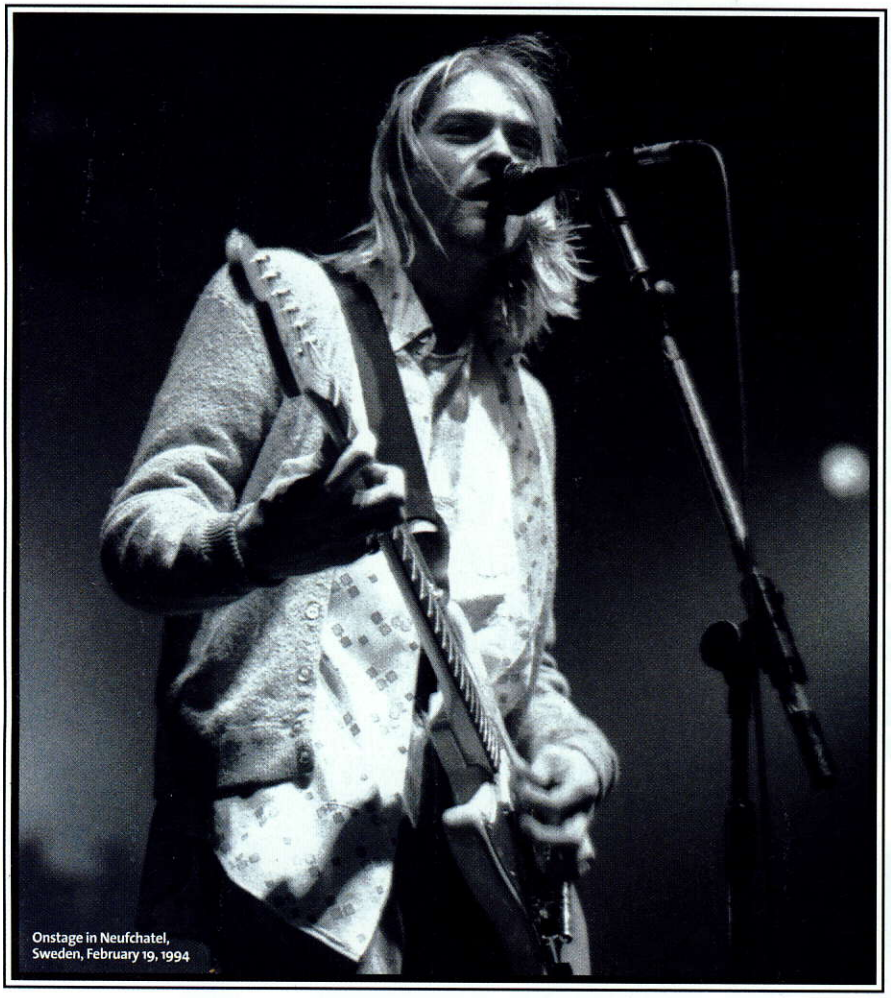
The March 1 Munich show was held in Terminal Einz, a WWII-era airplane hanger that was now being used as a concert venue. Not much remodeling had been done to the facility. It was cold and damp and had acoustics that were horrid for a band with boomy sound like Nirvana. Kurt hated the look of the place and cursed the fact that his career had progressed to the point where Nirvana were playing airplane hangers, though part of the reason for this was their huge fan base, which was too large and rowdy for most European opera-house venues.

At the soundcheck that afternoon, Kurt asked his tour manager for an advance on his *per diem*. After collecting his money, he said, "I'll be back for the show." Some in the crew were surprised to hear that he was leaving the facility considering that, moments earlier, he had been complaining of feeling so ill that he couldn't stand up or play the concert. "I'm going to the train station," he announced. Everyone in the crew and band knew that meant he was looking for Munich's drug culture, not that he was seeking transportation.

He came back but only right before showtime. His mood had not improved but instead of tuning his instruments or preparing a set list, he began calling people. He called Courtney, and they argued. He called his lawyer, Rosemary Carroll, and in a completely uncharacteristic move, he called his 52-year-old cousin Art Cobain back

(from left) Dave Grohl, Krist Novoselic and Cobain, March 1994

YOURI LENQUETTE / RETNA LTD.



Onstage in Neufchatel, Sweden, February 19, 1994

in Grays Harbor, in Washington State. Art was surprised to hear from his famous cousin; they hadn't talked in years. They made small talk, and Kurt complained about the circumstances of his life. "He was getting really fed up with his way of life," Art later reported to *People* magazine. Art invited Kurt to a Cobain family reunion later that year. Kurt said he'd be glad to come.

Kurt had personally asked his childhood heroes the Melvins to open these European dates, and when their set was over, Kurt went to lead singer Buzz Osborne's dressing room where he announced that he was ending the band, his marriage, his relationship with his managers and perhaps his whole concept of being in a band. "I should just be doing this solo," he told Osborne. "In retrospect," Osborne surmised, "he was talking about his entire life."

Terminal Einz held 3,050, and the venue was filled to capacity for Nirvana's first show in Germany in three and a half years. Few in the crowd would have noticed, but from the opening notes, Cobain looked half-dead, and his performance, which had been rote on much of the tour, was almost robotic. He began with a cover of the Cars' "My Best Friend's Girl," but even this tune was redone so that it sounded slowed down and drone-like, as if Kurt had wanted to take any element of pop out of his sound. Coguitarist Pat Smear later recalled that Kurt's voice was indeed completely shot by the Munich show. "Kurt and I were suffering from bronchitis, and his voice became noticeably more trashed with every song," Smear told journalist Rasmus Holmen. "When we sang together, we sounded like cats fighting. His voice was *sooooo* gone, but instead of trying to conserve it, he seemed to delight in pushing it to the 'I won't be able to sing for days' limit. After a while it was a bit much." To Novoselic and Grohl, who had been on the road with Kurt for more years than Smear, it was obvious that if the band was going to self-destruct, it would be Kurt's doing.

The show itself ran 23 songs, but later some remarked that it felt doomed. The power in the building went out just as Kurt began to sing the first line of "Come As You Are," the sixth song of the set, and it was several minutes before the problem could be fixed. This kind of technical problem had happened frequently to Nirvana during their career, but never in a cold, drafty airplane hanger. Rather than wait for the crew to fix the problem, Kurt walked off to his dressing room. In some small cosmic twist, Dave Grohl's first show with Nirvana in 1990, in a tiny Olympia club called the Northshore Surf Club, had also been plagued by power outages. That technical problem, in the nascent early days of Nirvana, had made the show more joyous, and the band played through three power outages. When the lights went out, they continued nonetheless, playing with flashlights shining on their face, as if to say that even electricity was not going to stop them.

Back in Munich, only once power was fully restored did Kurt return to the stage. Without a word or a smile, he began playing "Come As You Are" once again. The song sounded even more lifeless this time. In total, the band played 23 songs and ended with "Heart-Shaped Box," the same song that had ended the previous eight shows. The show did not end with triumph, or any feeling of victory—it just ended.

As Kurt walked offstage he went directly to his agent Don Muller, who had flown in to make sure this show went off without any problems. "That's it. Cancel the next gig," Kurt said without emotion as he walked to his dressing room. No explanation was given and none was needed. Kurt had been threatening to cancel the tour even before it began, and for the entire month everyone in the crew had imagined each show might be the last. Novoselic, who knew Kurt better than anyone, had sensed for months that Kurt's interest in leading Nirvana had passed. "The band was over," Novoselic later recalled. On March 1, 1994, the only thing that officially ended was this single leg of the *In Utero* European tour, but everyone knew that a larger story was coming to a close. Finally, in a drafty abandoned airplane hanger in Munich, in circumstances almost as dreary as their genesis, Nirvana ended.

Just a few days later in Rome, Kurt tried to kill himself by taking three-dozen Rohypnol, a powerful tranquilizer that is commonly known as the "date rape" drug. He'd left a note that referenced Shakespeare: "Like Hamlet, I have to choose between life and death. I'm choosing death." He was rushed to a hospital and did not die, though several news reports announced that he had. Novoselic was back in Seattle and got a phone call from management saying Kurt was dead. CNN ran a news flash on Cobain's death, as did a wire service news bulletin.

Kurt came out of a coma that afternoon and was back in Seattle two days later. He spent much of the next month on a heroin binge. His usage was so reckless that even his drug buddies began to shun him, worried that he might die in their presence. When one warned Kurt that he was using enough dope to kill himself accidentally, Kurt replied that he intended to shoot himself.

Several interventions were attempted, and finally on March 30, Kurt agreed to give rehab another chance—he had tried four times before. He checked into the Exodus Recovery Center in Marina Del Rey, California, but left after less than 48 hours. On the flight back to Seattle, he sat next to Duff McKagan of Guns N' Roses. "I could tell he was bumming," McKagan recalled. Duff offered Kurt a ride home, but Kurt split before they connected.

Over the next week Kurt went missing, and eventually a police report was filed and a private investigator was hired to locate him. He spent much of the time in seedy motels using drugs. Sometime during the first week of April, most likely on April 5, he snuck back into his mansion, which was now empty of family.

On April 8, 1994, an electrician servicing the house discovered a body in the greenhouse. It was Kurt. He had killed himself with a shotgun, leaving a long suicide note next to him. He ended the note by quoting Neil Young: "I don't have the passion anymore and so remember, it's better to burn out than to fade away. Peace, love, empathy. Kurt Cobain." ♦

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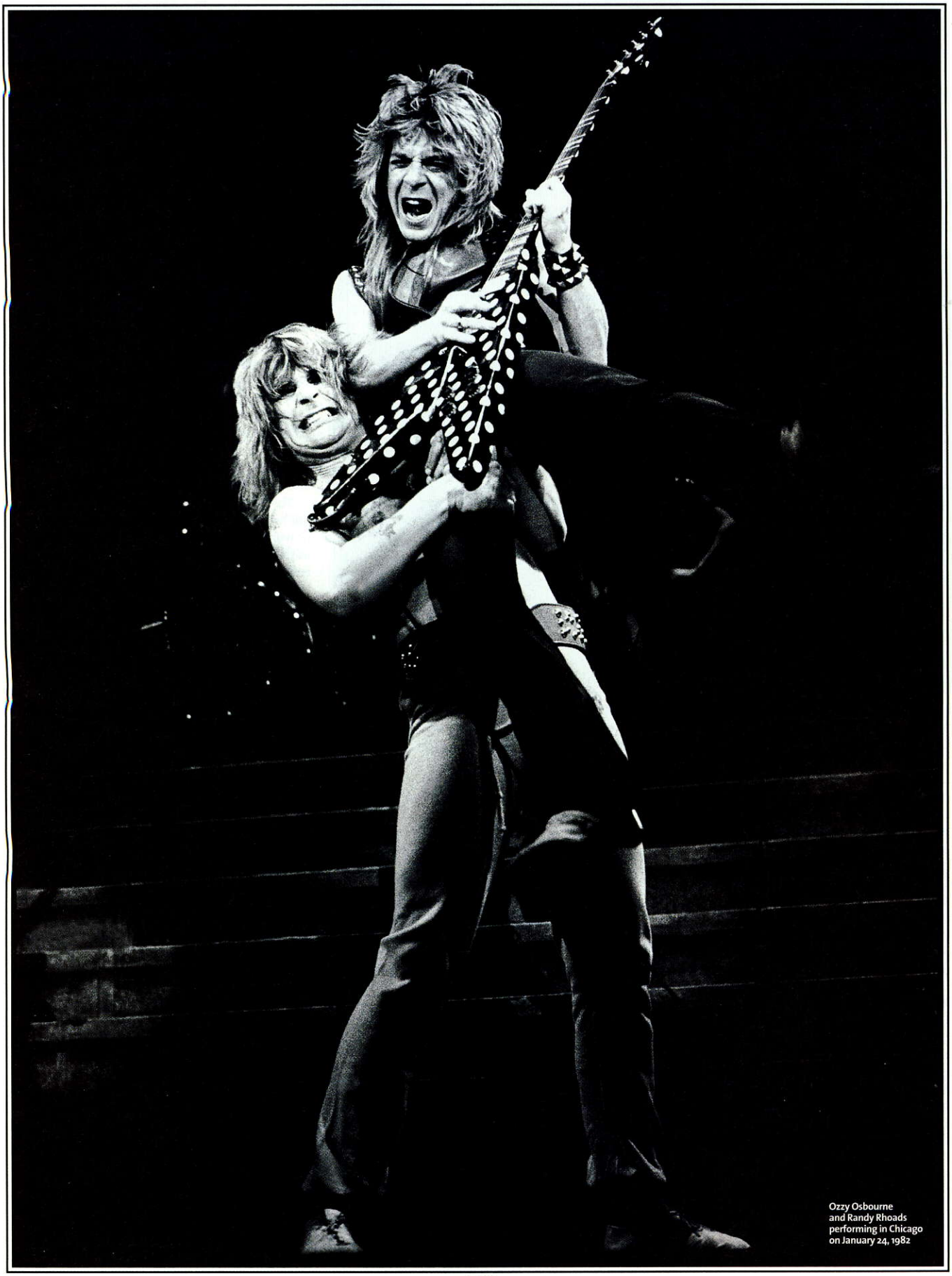


Ozzy Osbourne and Randy Rhoads performing in Chicago on January 24, 1982

PAUL NATKIN/WIREIMAGE.COM

GOODBYE TO ROMANCE

ON MARCH 18, 1982, RANDY RHOADS PERFORMED LIVE FOR THE FINAL TIME.

BY ALAN DI PERNA

WHEN OZZY OSBOURNE'S *Diary of a Madman* tour hit Knoxville, Tennessee, on the night of March 18, 1982, nobody knew that Randy Rhoads would be dead the next day. So the metal guitar icon's last gig occurred without any special fanfare. It was just another night on the road.

"Ever since that night, I go onstage with a different attitude," says Rudy Sarzo, the bassist in Ozzy's band at the time. "You have to go onstage every night like there's no tomorrow. 'Cause you really don't know if that will be the last time you're ever going to play with your friend or whoever's in the band. Or if it's gonna be your own last night playing."

Rhoads had catapulted to fame quickly, rising from L.A. hair band obscurity to a prominent position with Ozzy all in matter of a few short years. But by '82, stardom had lost its appeal to the idealistic young guitarist. For a well-brought up young Lutheran boy from Burbank, California, life with rock's number-one alcoholic nutcase had taken its emotional toll. Relations had grown strained between Rhoads and Osbourne when the guitarist refused to play on an album of Black Sabbath covers that Ozzy was slated to record. Then Randy announced that he was going to leave the band in order to study classical guitar at UCLA. But he promised to play out his commitment to Ozzy and fill all the tour dates that had been booked.

That's what he was doing in Knoxville on the night of the 18th. "We had just returned from a break," Sarzo recalls. "We did Atlanta first, then another show, and then we went over to Knoxville. We were basically on a roll. The band was already making its mark with the *Diary of a Madman* tour, and everything was going along like a well-oiled machine."

> **THE WHOLE STAGE WAS FULL OF RAW MEAT. IT WAS ABSURD.** —RUDY SARZO

At the time, says Sarzo, "there was still a rift between Ozzy and Randy, because Ozzy was of course not pleased with him leaving the band. But I would say that a little bit of that special camaraderie might have been working its way back into our tour, our backstage atmosphere, especially after having taken a break. People had had time to chill. I think basically Ozzy and Randy's relationship was mending."

The evening nonetheless began with what Sarzo remembers was a nightly occurrence. "Ozzy sitting in a corner saying, 'I ain't doing it. I ain't going on!' Over and over again. Then Sharon [*Osbourne, Ozzy's wife and manager*] would grab him and bring him onstage, and then he would just go crazy.

"As far as the performance that night," Sarzo continues, "there was nothing indicative of what was going to happen the next day. No magical signs or anything. I wish I had seen something like that. But it was just us going up there and being the best we could be."

The show ended as usual, with an encore of "Paranoid," during which raw meat was thrown into the audience. "And they, in turn, would throw it back at us while we were playing," Sarzo recalls. "The whole stage was full of raw meat. It was the most absurd set of circumstances."

Knoxville being a small town, there were no celebrity guests backstage. After the show, the band got back on the tour bus. "I'll never forget it," Sarzo says. "We were sitting in the front lounge of the bus, and we started watching *Midway*, a World War II Pacific Rim movie with all these kamikaze pilots, which is pretty ironic considering what happened later. I decided to call it a night and go to bed, but Randy and Ozzy were sitting there watching the movie. It wasn't like they were trying to avoid each other. They were cordial. And who knows? Maybe they had some kind of conversation. Maybe they starting working on repairing their rift."

In the early hours of the following morning Sarzo was awakened by Rhoads. The bus was parked near a tiny airstrip in Florida, and Randy invited Rudy to join him on a joyride in one of the small airplanes piloted by their tour bus driver. It seemed like a crazy idea, but then life on the road with Ozzy was full of crazy ideas. Sarzo declined the invitation and went back to sleep.

Shortly afterward, he was awakened by the impact of the airplane striking the tour bus, then crashing into a nearby house and bursting into flames. Randy Rhoads was dead, along with the others onboard the plane. ♦

THE QUIET STORM

HE WAS THE SOFT-SPOKEN LEAD GUITARIST FOR THE BEATLES, THE WORLD'S GREATEST ROCK GROUP. BUT GEORGE HARRISON'S PLAYING SHOOK UP THE WORLD AND HELPED CREATE GUITAR ROCK AND ROLL.

BY CHRISTOPHER SCAPELLITI

TO THE MILLIONS who grew up on his music, he was the Quiet Beatle. To the Hamburg teens that in the early Sixties witnessed the Beatles' evolution from crude protopunks to polished professional rock stars, he was the Beautiful One.

But as far as George Harrison was concerned, he could be best described by the name he chose for his record label in the late Seventies: the Dark Horse—the straggler who vaults from behind to win the race.

The choice of title was ironic for Harrison, the Beatles' former lead guitarist, who died of cancer on November 29, 2001. Of the group's four members, he was the one most disinterested in the spoils of stardom, the loner less concerned with winning the race than running it on his own terms. For those who watched as he abandoned the spotlight for a more domestic lifestyle in the Eighties and Nineties, it was hard to know what to make of Harrison; normality, after all, was not what we'd come to expect from a member of the Fab Four, the group that rose out of Liverpool, England, to conquer our senses. Beatles were supposed to be larger than life, yet iconic enough to be describable within a space the size of a postage stamp: guitarist John Lennon was the outspoken radical, bassist Paul McCartney the eager-to-please prodigy and drummer Ringo Starr the happy-go-lucky luminary. Harrison, on the other hand, defied easy definition.

As he noted in 1989, long after his career had passed its zenith, "I don't have to prove anything. I don't want to be in the business full-time, because I'm a gardener: I plant flowers and watch them grow."

He was a lead guitarist first, of course, an ace practitioner of R&B and rockabilly riffs who became the master of his own singularly fluid guitar tone. In this alone he was essential to the Fab Four's success, since neither Lennon nor McCartney possessed his talent on the instrument. More consequential, Harrison's skills as a lead guitarist are what elevated the Beatles from a rhythm-based pop act to a guitar rock group, and it was in this form that they changed popular music permanently: Before the Beatles, few pop groups wrote and performed their own material. After them, no self-respecting band would not.

It was easy to overlook Harrison's significance, for he made no show of it. The youngest of the Beatles, he was, in the group's early days, its most humble member, a young man unguardedly insecure of his talents, who would greet reporters' questions with self-mockery and a large dose of laconic Liverpudlian charisma. When in 1964 he and his shaggy bandmates were asked at their first U.S. press conference when they planned to get haircuts, it was Harrison who impishly replied, "I had one yesterday."

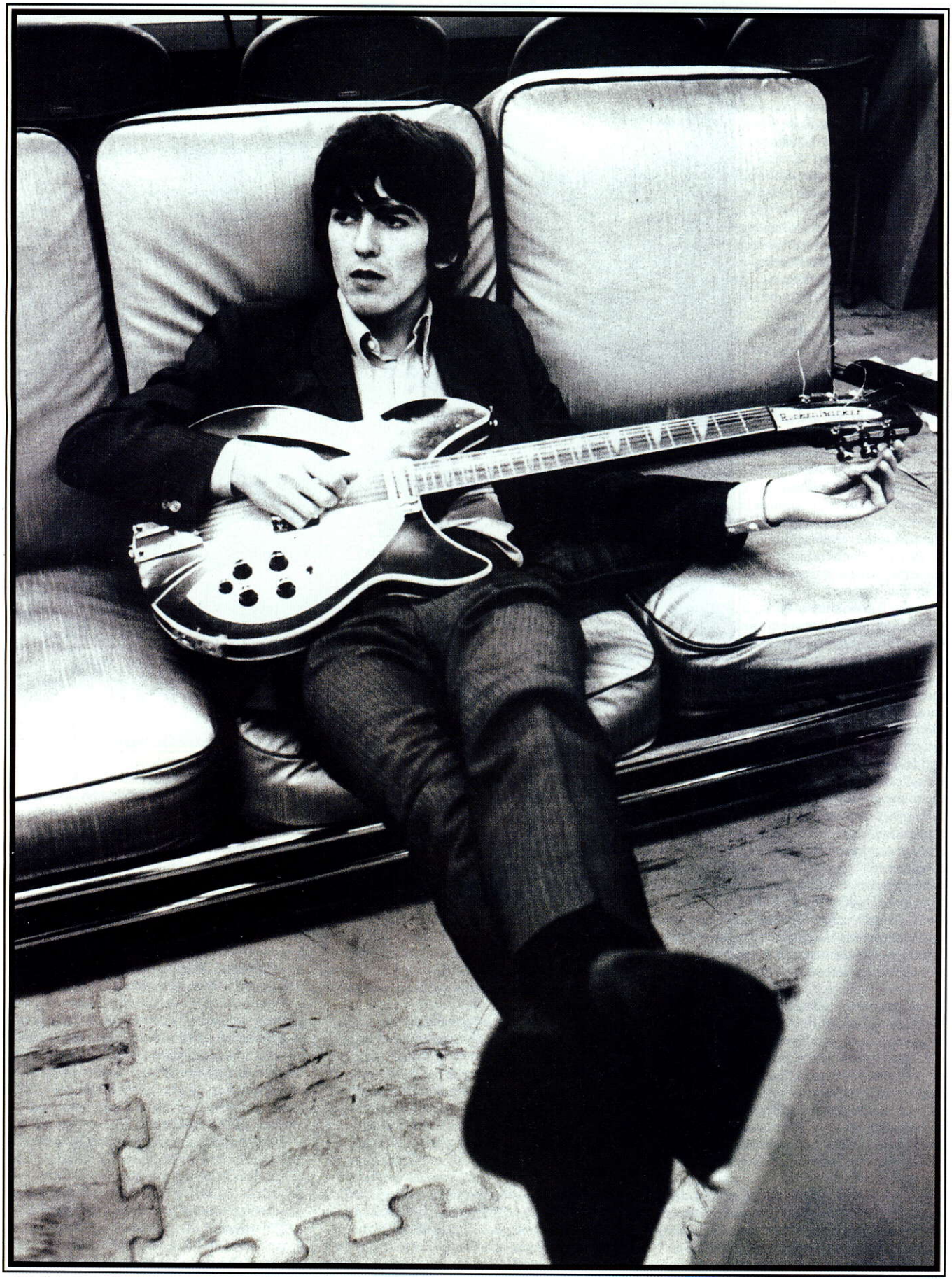
Some six years later, when the Beatles broke up, how those charms seemed to fade. As ex-Fabs go, Harrison seemed the loneliest, a hermit lodged in his mock-Gothic English mansion and hiding behind a mane of hair and squire's beard. No longer required to beguile and amuse, Harrison seemed eager to be taken seriously, and he gave the world good reason to do so. As a solo artist he released what many regard as the best solo Beatles album, 1970's *All Things Must Pass*, and launched a benefit show the following year to help war-ravaged Bangladesh, thus laying the foundation for Live Aid, Farm Aid, Concert for New York City and every other music-oriented charity event since.

In more recent years, when Harrison's albums came more slowly and his life appeared more monkish, it was hard to remember he was there at all. Having renounced the fame that bloomed from his diligence and talent, Harrison followed a path of solitude few celebrated artists dare to tread. No wonder he remained an enigma to so many, not least his former bandmate John Lennon, who once remarked, "George himself is no mystery. But the mystery of George inside is immense."

To George Harrison, however, those who questioned the complexity of his choices were simply missing the point. "It's good to boogie once in a while," he remarked a few years into his post-Beatles career. "But when you boogie all your life away, it's just a waste of a life and of what we've been given."

> "GEORGE HIMSELF IS NO MYSTERY. BUT THE MYSTERY OF GEORGE INSIDE IS IMMENSE."
> —JOHN LENNON

George Harrison was born on February 25, 1943, at 12 Arnold Grove, in Liverpool, to Harold and Louise Harrison. The youngest of four children, he was a favorite, doted on by both his mother and siblings, and a source of constant concern to his practical-minded father. Even at a young age, Harrison demonstrated the self-reliant disposition for which he would later become famously known. "George was always very independent," his mother recalled. "He



CURT GUNTHER/LONDON FEATURES INTERNATIONAL

never wanted any assistance of any kind."

Early on, his independence turned to outright rebellion. In 1954, at age 11, he began attending the Liverpool Institute, and although he was a good student, he resisted the school's attempts to mold him and his mates into model citizens. "I hated being dictated to," he said. "That's when things go wrong, when you're quietly growing up and they start trying to force being part of society down your throat. I was just trying to be myself. They were trying to turn everybody into rows of little toffees."

Harrison rebelled not only by shirking on his schoolwork; he also began to dress outlandishly and to grow his hair out. "George used to go to school with his school cap sitting high on top of his hair," his mother recalled. "And very tight trousers."

"Going in for flash clothes was part of the rebelling," he explained. "I don't know what made me do it, but it worked. They didn't get me."

It was a good time to be a rebel. Rock and roll was on the horizon, and Harrison was already beginning to develop an interest in music through his father's record collection, where he discovered American country artists like Jimmie Rodgers and Hank Williams. "Waiting for a Train" was one of his favorites. "That led me to the guitar," he said.

Harrison backstage before a show in London's East Ham, 1963

Harrison received his first instrument—an Egmond acoustic purchased from a fellow student—at the age of 13. As he recalled, "It was a real cheapo horrible little guitar, but it was okay at the time." Harrison received lessons from one of his father's friends for a few hours every Thursday night. Though his skill on the instrument came slowly and with difficulty, he kept at it, sometimes practicing "till his fingers were bleeding," according to his mother.

He eventually got a proper guitar, a Hofner President, with *f*-holes, that was based on the big Super Gibson guitars. "I would sit around for hours, playing and trying to figure things out. I used to sit up late at night. I didn't look on it as practicing, more learning. It was the only thing I really liked."

By 1957, rock music had arrived in England through the records of Elvis Presley, Fats Domino, Little Richard and Buddy Holly. Simultaneously, Great Britain's teens were under the spell of skiffle, a British form of fast country-western folk music played on acoustic guitar, washboard and string bass. The undisputed king of the genre was Lonnie Donegan, a Scottish guitarist whose version of "Rock Island Line" was known to every teenager from Brighton to Aberdeen. "I loved him," recalled Harrison. "He was a big hero of mine. Everyone got guitars and formed skiffle bands because of him."

> **"GEORGE WANTED TO JOIN US BECAUSE HE KNEW MORE CHORDS, A LOT MORE THAN WE KNEW. SO WE GOT A LOT FROM HIM."** —LENNON

Among those caught up in the craze was a boy on Harrison's school bus. Paul McCartney was a grade ahead of Harrison, but the two had known each other casually since Harrison's arrival at the Institute. When skiffle hit, their shared interest in the guitar brought them closer together. "Paul came round to my house one evening to look at the guitar manual I had, which I could never work out," said Harrison. "We learned a couple of chords from it and managed to play 'Don't You Rock Me Daddy O' with two chords."

By now, Harrison was good enough to sit in occasionally with local bands. McCartney, however, had actually joined a group. The previous summer, in 1956, he'd attended a fair at Woolton Parish Church, where he saw a skiffle act called the Quarry Men. The band wasn't so good, but the group's leader impressed McCartney enough that he decided to make his acquaintance. "It was John," McCartney recalled. "He was 16 and I was only 14, so he was a big man. I showed him a few more chords he didn't know. Then I left. I felt I'd made an impression, shown them how good I was."

Figuring that McCartney was as good a guitarist as he was, Lennon invited him to join the Quarry Men. Though McCartney showed talent on the instrument, his skills were limited. During one early performance, while attempting a solo on "Twenty Flight Rock," he froze. It was his first and, for many years, last attempt to play lead guitar.

Harrison had no such difficulties. Though only 14 years old, he'd begun to develop lead guitar skills by copying the guitar riffs from records of the day. At McCartney's invitation, he attended a Quarry Men performance in 1958.

"There was this other guitarist in another group that night," Harrison recalled. "He was great. John said if I could play like that,

JANE BOWN/CAMERA PRESS/RETNA LTD

The Beatles outside of manager Brian Epstein's house for the press launch of *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, May 19, 1967

JAN OLOFSSON/REDFERNS/RETNA

I could join them. I played 'Raunchy' [*a 1957 instrumental hit*] for them, and John said I could join. I was always playing 'Raunchy' for them. We'd be going somewhere on the top of a bus with our guitars and John would shout out, 'Give us 'Raunchy,' George.' "

Lennon, nearly three years Harrison's senior, was slow to accept him into the group. "George was just too young," he recalled. "I didn't want to know him at first." But Lennon was impressed by his talent and saw the potential for the Quarry Men to develop into a stronger group. It probably helped that Harrison taught Lennon some guitar rudiments he severely lacked. "His guitar was cheap, with a little round sound hole," Harrison recalled. "It only had four strings. John didn't even know that guitars should have six strings. He was playing banjo chords, big extended finger chords. I said, 'What are you doing?' He thought that that was how it should be. So we showed him some proper chords—E and A, and all those—and got him to put six strings on his guitar."

Said Lennon, "George wanted to join us because he knew more chords, a lot more than we knew. So we got a lot from him."

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But all of Harrison's hours of practice could not compare with the experience he and his bandmates would get playing in the German seaport of Hamburg. By 1960, the skiffle boom had given way to the beat music of American rock groups, and the Beatles—as Harrison, Lennon and McCartney were now known—were among Liverpool's top rock and roll acts. With Lennon's Liverpool Art College friend Stu Sutcliffe on bass and Harrison's friend Pete Best on drums, the group was holding down regular gigs at the Cavern, a Liverpool jazz club that had begun opening its doors to rock acts as beat music grew in popularity. Through a local nightclub owner named Alan Williams, they were invited to play in Hamburg, a town infamous for its rowdy nightlife.

"Before we played Hamburg in 1960 we were very ropy—just keen young kids," Harrison told *Guitar World* in 1997. "As a band, we weren't a unit; we didn't have a clue." Hamburg changed everything for the group. Shoved onto a stage at the Indra and, later, the Kaiserkeller—two of the strip's lower-tier clubs—the five innocents from Liverpool played grueling 10-hour sets. The hard work not only fused the group's sound; it also honed Harrison's guitar-playing skills.

By now playing a solidbody Czech-made Futurama, the youngest Beatle was beginning to develop his own style based on the double-stop leads of Chuck Berry and the countrified licks he'd learned from his favorite guitarist, Carl Perkins. As one of the main artists on the legendary Sun Records label, Perkins had made an impression on Harrison, as well as Lennon and McCartney, with his rapid-fire leads. What's more, Perkins wrote and performed his own material—songs like "Honey Don't" and "Everybody's Trying to be My Baby," and, not least, the rockabilly anthem popularized by fellow Sun artist Elvis Presley, "Blue Suede Shoes."

"Carl Perkins and 'Blue Suede Shoes'—they don't come more perfect than that," said Harrison.

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Perkins' guitar work influenced Harrison's playing on many of the Beatles' early recordings. By the time the group—now a four-piece with McCartney on bass and Ringo Starr on drums—had become international celebrities, his clean and sinuous lead guitar work was helping to forge the sound of guitar rock and roll.

But while Harrison was celebrated for his playing, songwriting was—and for years remained—his weak suit. Lennon and McCartney had been writing songs practically from the day they met, but Harrison didn't begin to develop his songwriting talent until after the Beatles' first album, *Please Please Me*. His first effort produced "Don't Bother Me," the minor-key song that appeared on the group's second album, *With the Beatles*, in 1963. "I decided to write a song, just for a laugh," he explained. "I got out my guitar and just played around till a song came. It was a fairly crappy song."

Though his assessment was unduly harsh, it may explain why nearly two years passed before Harrison attempted to write again. When he did, the results were more often than not refreshingly original. "Think for Yourself" and "If I Needed Someone," both from 1965's *Rubber Soul*, have a melodic angularity that's missing from McCartney's lilting melodies and Lennon's harmonically dissonant vocal style. Likewise, "Taxman," the lead track on 1966's *Revolver*, is written with a stingingly personal malevolence previously absent from the Beatles' catalog.

Harrison could also demonstrate striking melodic invention, as he did in the *Revolver* track "I Want to Tell You." The song's disturbing sentiment is neatly underscored by a jarring chord that appears near the end of each verse. Though dissonance is common in today's rock and metal music, it was practically unheard of in popular music prior to "I Want to Tell You."

"That's an E7th with an F on the top, played on the piano," Harrison explained to *Guitar World* in 2001. "I'm really proud of that, because I literally invented that chord. The song was about the frustration we all feel about trying to communicate certain things with just words. I realized the chords I knew at the time just didn't capture that feeling. So after I got the guitar riff, I experimented until I came up with this dissonant chord that really echoed that frustration."

ww It's not coincidental that Harrison's growing musical expression occurred in the same period that he began taking drugs. Pot and LSD had a profound effect on him, as it did on the other Beatles, drawing him deeper into his psyche and away from the pervasive glare of stardom.

"Around the time of *Rubber Soul* and *Revolver*, I became more...conscious," Harrison recalled in 1997. "Everything we were doing became deeper and more meaningful. All the music started happening for me when I started smoking reefers. I've come out the other end of that now and I don't do it. Instead, you learn to get your own cosmic lightning conductor, and nature supports you. You begin to realize that you are very small, and yet everyone and every grain of sand is very important. You listen deeper, somehow."

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It was in this frame of mind that Harrison, in 1965, found himself drawn to Indian music and the spiritual philosophy behind it, a fascination that culminated in 1968 with the Beatles trip to India, where they studied for several weeks under Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, the spiritual leader behind Transcendental Meditation. Harrison's interest in Indian music grew after Lennon asked him to add some sitar to his 1965 song "Norwegian Wood."

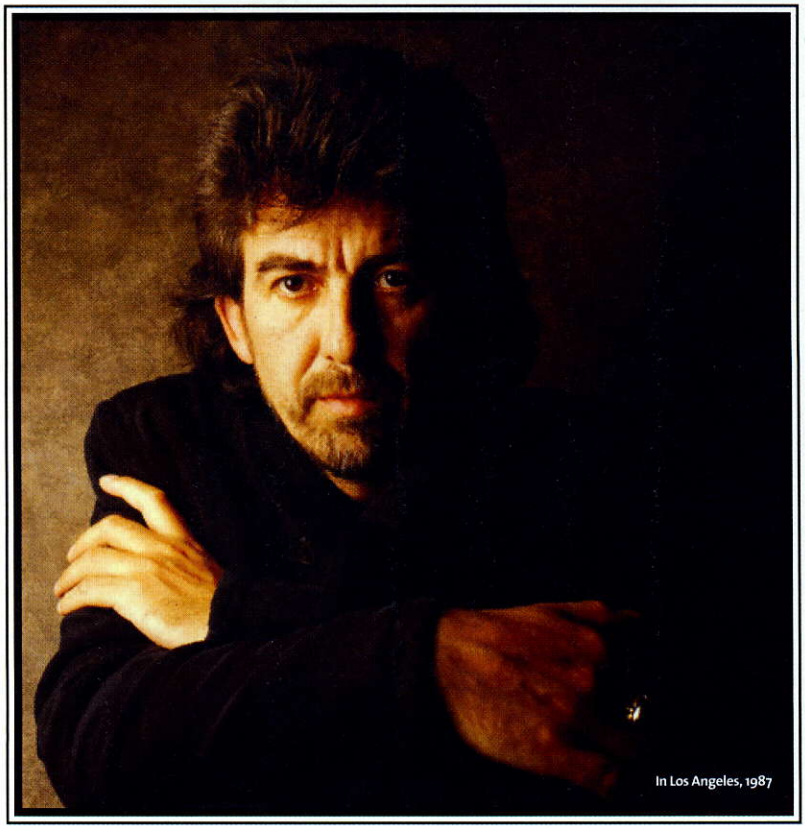
"Norwegian Wood' was the first use of sitar on one of our records," said Harrison, who recalled that "during the filming of *Help!* there were some Indian musicians in a restaurant scene and I first messed around with one then."

The impact on pop music was seismic. Before long, bands like the Rolling Stones, the Byrds and the Hollies were working the instrument into their songs. By 1967, the instrument was so ingrained into psychedelic music that Danelectro was manufacturing several electric sitar models that could be played like a standard guitar.

But while the sitar was a fad for some, it was part of a larger spiritual journey for Harrison. "When I first consciously heard Indian music, it was as if I already knew it. When I was a

child we had a crystal radio with long- and shortwave bands and so it's possible I might have already heard some Indian classical music. There was something about it that was very familiar, but at the same time, intellectually, I didn't know what was happening."

Toward the end of 1965, at a friend's suggestion, Harrison purchased an album of Indian music by sitar master Ravi Shankar. "I went out and bought a record, and that was it," he recalled. "I thought it was incredible." Harrison met Shankar in 1966 during one of the sitarist's London visits, and subsequently received lessons from him. Shankar not only became a lifelong friend of Harrison's but inspired him to pursue writing on the sitar, which resulted in Harrison writing three more songs—"Love You To," "Within You, Without You" and the groundbreaking "Lady Madonna" B-side, "The Inner Light"—that utilized Indian classical instrumentation.



In Los Angeles, 1987

As the Beatles moved into their final years as a band, George Harrison was growing as a musician. Having indulged his interest in Indian music, he began veering off in an entirely new direction with his guitar playing. While his contemporaries like Eric Clapton and Jimmy Page developed a rock style based on traditional blues guitar, Harrison continued to look East for his inspiration. He drew into his guitar-playing style the microtonal slurs and sustaining notes of the sitar and eventually employed a slide to facilitate his technique.

"Whatever you listen to has to come out someway in your guitar playing," Harrison told *Guitar World* in 1997. "I do think Indian music influenced the inflection of how I play, and certain things I play have a similar feeling to the Indian style. Ravi Shankar did bring an Indian musician to my house once who played classical Indian music on a slide guitar. And, yeah, he did play runs that were precise and in perfect pitch but so quick. That was a real inspiration."

The change in Harrison's sound was due not only to his change in technique but to a change in equipment. In the early years of Beatlemania, Harrison mostly wielded a Gretsch Duo Jet and Rickenbacker Chet Atkins Country Gentleman and Tennessean. The warm twanging tones of the acoustic-electric guitars were well suited to the group's combination of rhythm and blues and country-western-inspired music. As of 1965, however, Harrison began to favor solidbody guitars, which delivered greater sustain. From *Rubber Soul* forward his guitars included a Gibson SG Standard, a Fender Stratocaster, a Rosewood Telecaster and a Les Paul given to him by Eric Clapton, his friend since 1964.

As Harrison's guitar style came to maturation in the Beatles' final years, so did his songwriting. Between 1968 and 1970, he wrote some of his best and most popular songs, including "While My Guitar Gently Weeps," "Here Comes the Sun" and, his only Beatles song to be released as a single, "Something." Even so, Harrison still had to compete with Lennon and McCartney to get equal time for his songs.

"It wasn't easy, sometimes, getting up enthusiasm for my songs," he said. "We'd be churning through all this Lennon/McCartney, Lennon/McCartney, Lennon/McCartney. Then I'd say, 'Can we do one of these?' " When the group gave his 1968 masterpiece, "While My Guitar Gently Weeps," a less-than-enthusiastic reception, Harrison put his foot down. "I thought, This is really a good song, it's not as if it's shit.' " The next day, he invited Clapton to accompany the group in the studio to record the track. "Which he did. And everyone behaved and the song came together quite nicely."

But episodes of discord were becoming more frequent, and by 1970 the Beatles were history, torn apart by legal problems and each member's desire for greater autonomy. Even as the band members went their separate ways, it was Lennon and McCartney who continued to command the most attention, quickly releasing solo albums and carrying on a public spat both in the media and in their songs.

So it was a shock when Harrison turned out what is arguably the best—and at its original three-disc length, certainly the longest—solo album by a former Beatle. Released in 1970, *All Things Must Pass* is Harrison's declaration of independence, a surfeit of introspective and quasi-religious songs—including "What Is Life?" "Wah Wah" and his smash debut single, "My Sweet Lord"—that showed how little the Beatles had utilized Harrison's growing talents as a songwriter in their final years.

To help him record this backlog of material, Harrison assembled an all-star backing group that included Eric Clapton, Ringo Starr and producer Phil Spector. Also present was a trio of musicians—keyboardist Bobby Whitlock, bassist Carl Radle and drummer Jim Gordon—who would in the following months join Clapton to record the rock milestone *Layla and Assorted Love Songs* under the name Derek and the Dominos.

"I was really a bit paranoid," Harrison said in 1975 about this time period. "There was a lot of negativism going down [*in the Beatles*]. I felt that whatever happened to my solo album, whether it was a flop or a success, I was going out on my own just to have a bit of peace of mind. For me to do my own album after that—it was joyous. Dream of dreams. Even before I started the album, I knew I was going to make a good album because I had so many songs, so much energy."

Swept along by the success of "My Sweet Lord," *All Things Must Pass* reached No. 1 in Britain and the U.S. shortly after its release in late November 1970. From its suggestive title to its cover photo of Harrison surrounded by a quartet of reposing gnomes, *All Things Must Pass* signaled his emergence as a bona fide musician and songwriter.

As 1971 began, George Harrison was everybody's favorite former Beatle. His popularity reached an all-time high in August 1971 with the Concert for Bangladesh, a benefit to raise money for what was then a territory of East Pakistan. A brutal military crackdown had led 10 million of its people to flee for India, resulting in a vast humanitarian crisis. Instigated by Harrison's old friend Ravi Shankar, the Concert for Bangladesh consisted of two benefit shows held on August 2, 1971, at New York City's Madison Square Garden. Among the musicians Harrison recruited were many familiar faces associated with *All Things Must Pass*, as well as one particularly special guest—Bob Dylan.

Harrison had met Dylan on several occasions in the early Sixties, when Dylan was a young folk-rock firebrand. Their bond was forged in 1968, when Harrison paid a visit to Dylan at his home in New York's Catskills. Increasingly private and withdrawn following a nearly fatal motorcycle accident in 1966, Dylan warmed to Harrison, and the two composed "I'd Have You Anytime," one of the many standout tracks on *All Things Must Pass*. Dylan was still keeping a low profile at the time Harrison organized the

WILLIAM COUPON/CORBIS

> **"PEOPLE SAY: 'YOU'VE ONLY ONE LIFE.' BUT YOU'VE GOT AS MANY AS YOU LIKE, AND MORE, EVEN ONES YOU DON'T WANT."**
>
> —HARRISON

Concert for Bangladesh, and though he made rehearsals for the show, Harrison didn't know until literally the last moment if Dylan would actually perform at the concerts.

"He never committed himself [*to play*] right up until the moment he came onstage," Harrison recalled. "I had a list, sort of a running order, that I had glued on my guitar. When I got to the point Bob was going to come on, I had 'Bob' with a question mark. I looked over my shoulder to see if he was around, because if he wasn't I would have to go on to the next bit. And I looked around, and he was so nervous—he had his guitar on and his shades. He was just coming! So I just said, 'My old friend Bob Dylan!' It was only at that moment that I knew for sure he was going to do it. And after the second show he picked me up and hugged me and he said, 'God! If only we'd done three shows!' "

The show and its subsequent concert album and film were a major success, raising 8 to 10 million dollars for the impoverished country. Unfortunately, legal wrangling kept the money tied up in an escrow account for years. Harrison had to comfort himself with the knowledge that he had, at the very least, made Westerners aware of the suffering in Bangladesh and music's potential to improve the human condition.

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Surprisingly, what appeared to be a promising solo career for Harrison came slowly to a halt. He was still capable of producing the occasional hit, as he did with "Living in the Material World," "Give Me Love (Give Me Peace on Earth)," "All Those Years Ago" and "Got My Mind Set on You." In 1988, he joined Dylan, Roy Orbison, Tom Petty and the Electric Light Orchestra's Jeff Lynne in the short-lived Traveling Wilburys, and cowrote the group's hit "Handle with Care." But for much of the Seventies and Eighties, Harrison refrained from making music. Instead, he indulged his interest in filmmaking, producing Monty Python's *Life of Brian* and the indie hit *Withnail and I*.

Harrison's last years were spent in semireclusion. He emerged for the Beatles' *Anthology* project, for which he teamed up with McCartney and Starr to record "Real Love" and "Free as a Bird," a pair of songs created from the late John Lennon's rough home demos. Likewise, he helped promote the group's 1999 *Yellow Submarine Songtrack*.

Sadly, in his final years, Harrison garnered headlines for his personal tragedies rather than for his music. In 1999 he was almost murdered by a deranged man who attacked him in his home with a knife and punctured his lung. A longtime smoker, Harrison overcame throat cancer in 1998, but in 2001 it was revealed that he had an inoperable form of brain cancer. Despite attempts to stave off the disease—including last-ditch efforts at radical treatment in New York City and Los Angeles—Harrison succumbed to it on the afternoon of November 29, while at a friend's house in Los Angeles.

It is our good fortune that much of his best work is readily available, including the Beatles' catalog and a selection of his solo albums. Harrison reissued an expanded and remastered version of *All Things Must Pass* in 2001, and a remastered *Concert for Bangladesh* album was posthumously released in 2005.

In the tributes that followed his death, George Harrison was mourned as a gifted guitarist and musician, as a charitable man of God, and as one who, at 58, died too young. Undoubtedly, Harrison in his last days drew from the well of Indian religious philosophy that had given him strength and faith throughout much of his life. Over the years, he spoke many times of his belief in reincarnation and the grace with which he hoped to meet his fate. To those grieve who his demise, Harrison might have offered this passage from his 1980 autobiography, *I Me Mine*:

"Funny how people say: 'You've only one life, Squire.' I've given up saying 'You've got as many as you like, and more, even ones you don't want.' But it's true. We have." ✦

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DYNAMO FRANK

VISIONARY COMPOSER, GENIUS GUITARIST AND HILARIOUSLY ACERBIC SOCIAL CRITIC—FRANK ZAPPA CONTINUES TO BE AN INDISPUTABLE FORCE LONG AFTER HIS DEATH. IN A SPECIAL 15TH ANNIVERSARY TRIBUTE, *GUITAR LEGENDS* PRESENTS THE ONE AND ONLY GRAND WAZOO IN HIS OWN WORDS.

BY ALAN DI PERNA

WHAT WOULD Frank Zappa say if he were alive today? What would he say about being recontextualized, in recent years, as some kind of "jam band" phenomenon? What would he say about the 2000 "election" of Bush II? The "liberation" of Iraq? Clear Channel's growing monopoly over the airwaves? The shrinking of the record biz? Our fucked economy? For anyone at all familiar with Zappa, it's a safe bet that his take on all these issues would have us peeing our pants with laughter while simultaneously savoring the increasingly rare sound of a public figure speaking the truth.

It's hard to fathom that nearly 16 years have gone by since Zappa passed away, succumbing to prostate cancer at age 52 on December 4, 1993. Because he was so hardworking and prolific during his lifetime, we've been continually blessed with posthumous releases of brand-new Zappa music in the years since his death. But what we've been sadly deprived of is the benefit of Frank's intelligent, highly original take on the phenomenon we call reality, and his tireless crusading against stupidity in all its infinite manifestations. No wonder the world is in such a sorry mess.

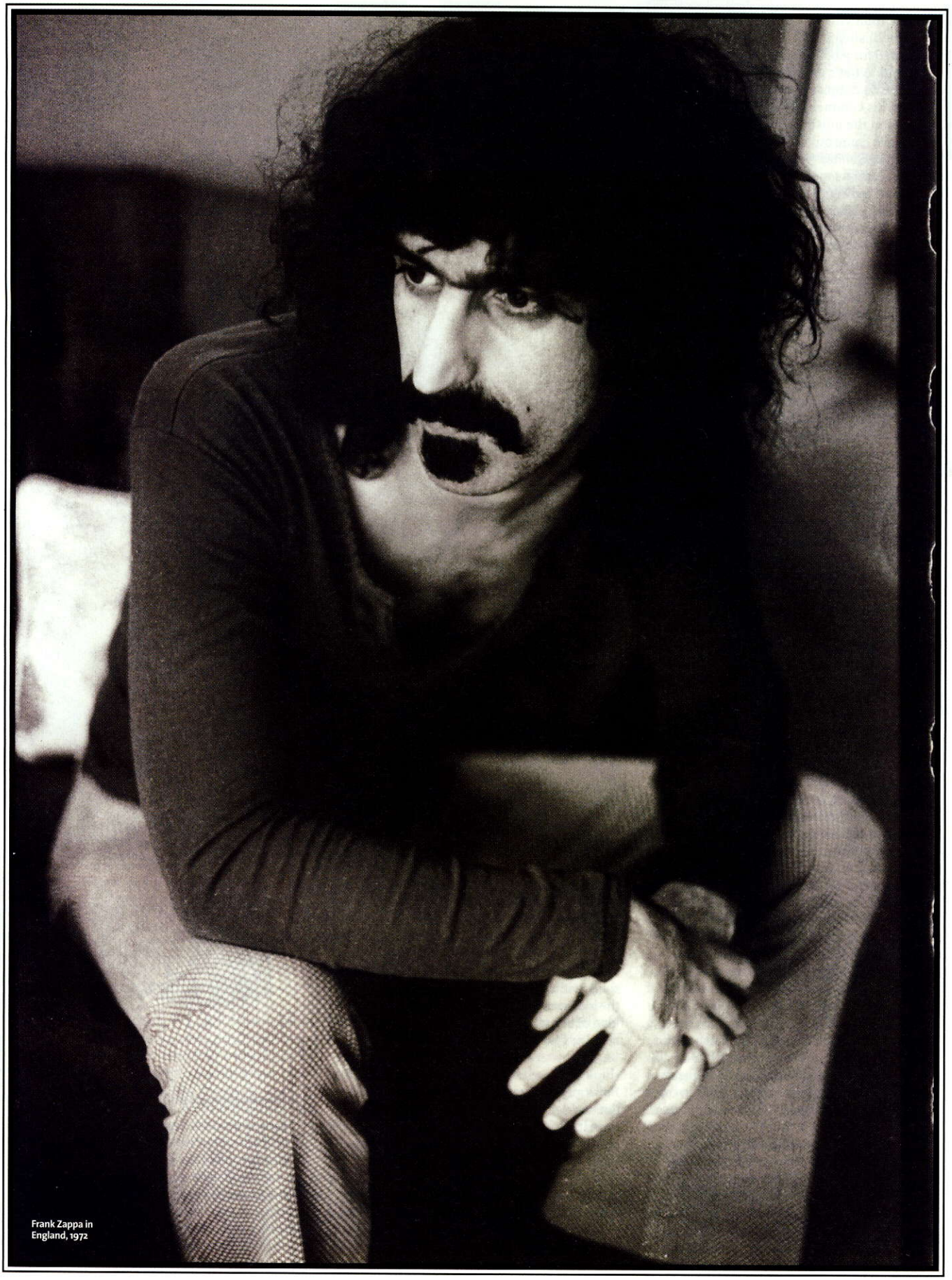
Frank Zappa was one of the smartest people ever to play rock and roll, and one of the most influential musicians of the 20th century. First emerging in 1966 as the leader of the Mothers of Invention, he stood out as a fiercely iconoclastic and innovative artist in what was arguably rock's most wildly creative era. The very term and concept "to freak out" entered the English language and worldwide collective consciousness via Zappa and the Mothers' 1966 debut album, *Freak Out!* Raunchier than the Stones, more experimental than the Beatles, more dangerous than the Velvet Underground, uglier than sin, Zappa and his hirsute cohorts blended populist forms such as doo-wop and blues with highbrow art tactics like Dadaism and *musique concrète* [*the art of capturing and manipulating raw sounds on tape—Ed.*], dramatically expanding rock's musical lexicon. Early Mothers of Invention albums lambasted the mainstream American society of the Sixties, with its racial tensions, imperialist aggression (the Vietnam war was raging), sexual hang-ups and boozy hypocrisy. But Zappa was equally hard on the emergent Sixties counterculture, suggesting that maybe hippies weren't any brighter than their parents. Resolutely drug-free all his life, a clear-headed champion of independent thinking, Zappa never joined anyone's movement, party or fashion parade.

As the Sixties bled into the Seventies, it became increasingly clear that Zappa was far more than the proprietor of rock's strangest freak circus. A serious disciple of the 20th century composers Edgard Varèse, Anton Webern and Igor Stravinsky, Zappa's own considerable compositional prowess came to the fore on soundtrack albums like *Uncle Meat* (1969) and *200 Motels* (1971). At the same time, Zappa established himself as a guitar hero par excellence, via solo discs like *Hot Rats* (1969). He was one of the most accomplished and distinctive guitar soloists that rock has ever produced—a player who possessed an equally brilliant command of 20th century avant-garde modalities and the lowdown, greasy blues.

Several generations of rock musicians have learned to count weird time signatures by listening to Frank Zappa records. But he also cultivated a bizarre and controversial brand of gross-out humor that made Zappa standards like "Don't Eat the Yellow Snow" and "Dinah-Moe Humm" concert favorites for fans who wouldn't know an ostinato from horseradish. Zappa's perversely fecund imagination extended beyond music into other media such as film. Long before the MTV era, Frank was experimenting with cutting-edge video techniques, searching for a visual equivalent to his music's cut-and-paste, dream-logic discontinuity in cult movie faves like the aforementioned *Uncle Meat*, *200 Motels* and *Baby Snakes* (1979).

Long before Nirvana and others started the ongoing campaign for artists' rights, Zappa was battling against corporate control of music, splitting acrimoniously with Warner Bros. in 1977, and setting up his own Barking Pumpkin record label and merchandising operation in 1980. This was long before the internet made it easy for artists to reach the public directly. One of the first things Zappa did was release 1981's *Shut Up 'n Play Yer Guitar* series, three albums consisting of nothing but guitar solos, culled mainly from live concerts. Meanwhile, Zappa's orchestral and chamber compositions began to be performed and recorded with increasing frequency by such prestigious ensembles as the London Philharmonic, Los Angeles Philharmonic, Aspen Wind Quintet and Ensemble Modern. Indeed, the Eighties saw an avalanche of Zappa releases in an abundance of styles and formats—concert albums and pristine studio discs featuring the work of noted players like guitarists Steve Vai and Adrian Belew and drummers Terry Bozzio and Vinnie Colaiuta.

For Zappa, music was not a career but a calling. He possessed a work ethic unlike anything that exists in current music. And while we'll never know precisely what Frank would have said about today's issues, we do



Frank Zappa in England, 1972

MICHAEL PUTLAND / RETNA LTD.

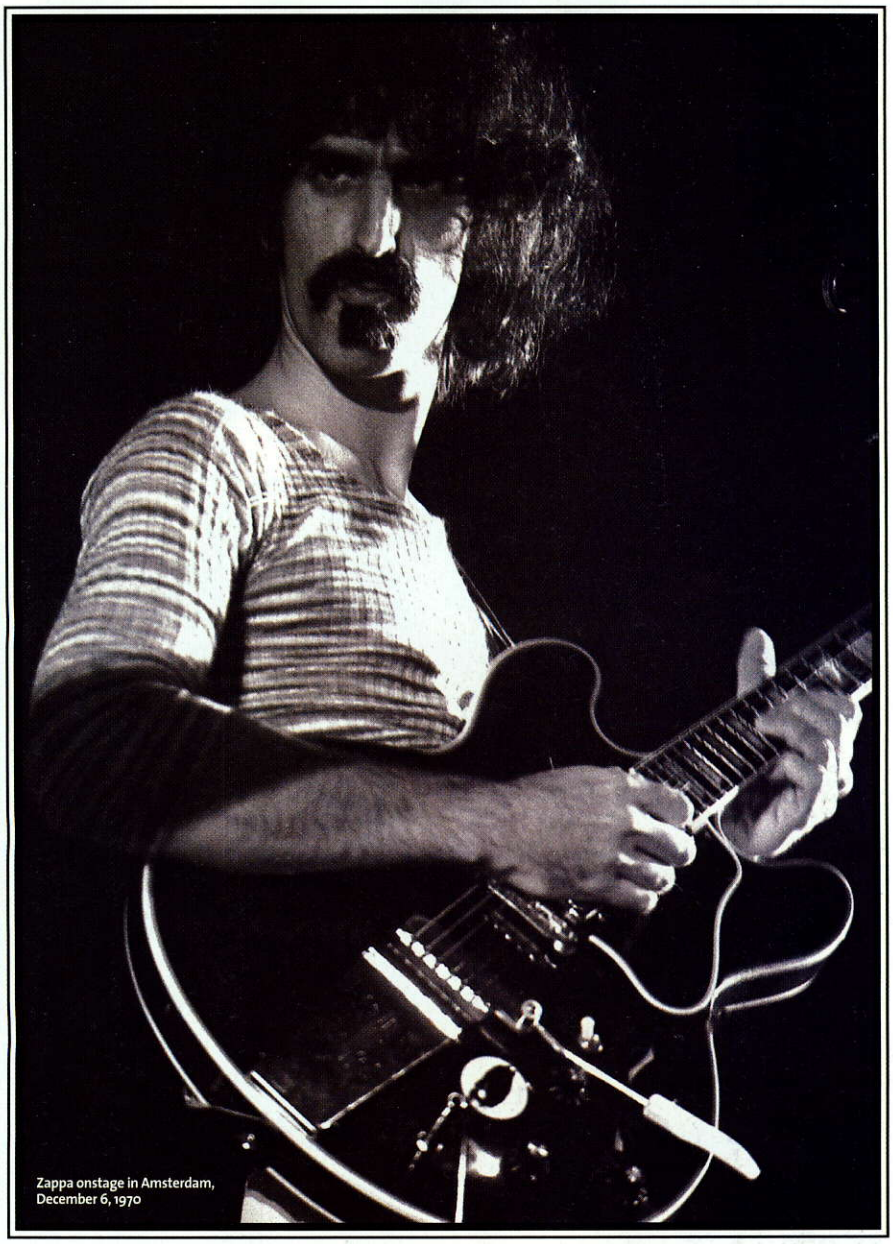
have the following interview from 1988. Never before published in full, it was originally conducted for a brief prose piece in *Musician* magazine. What's most remarkable about this document is Zappa's uncanny prescience. Many of his comments about American society and the music business sound like they could have come out of this week's *Billboard* or *New York Times*.

The interview took place at a time when Zappa had redirected his attention to playing *the electric* guitar, following a four-year period devoted almost exclusively to the Synclavier, an early digital workstation. His *Guitar* album, a continuation of the "all guitar solos, all the time" format of the *Shut Up 'n Play* series, had just been released, giving guitar lovers everywhere ample cause for celebration.

I spoke with Frank at his home on Woodrow Wilson Drive, just off L.A.'s storied Laurel Canyon Blvd. There, a path bordered with dense greenery led to the entrance of Zappa's home studio, the Utility Muffin Research Kitchen, located on the ground floor of the house. A door opened into the studio's lounge and video room, which was bestrewn with an amazing collection of Zappa memorabilia and other bric-a-brac. A large, Day-Glo yellow shark (later immortalized on the orchestral album of the same name) rested against the brick wall also containing a video screen. *Food and Wine* magazine and other periodicals covered a large end table and part of the leather sofa next to it, in the center of the room. There was a grand piano behind the sofa and a rocking chair to the right. The room was littered with photographs, stereo components and—most of all—videocassettes in every conceivable format, lined up on the floor, the walls...everyplace. The cassette boxes were all neatly labeled "Baby Snakes," "Dub Room Special," etc.

In short, the scene was quintessential Frank, with its sense of methodical, highly productive work taking place amid gypsy domestic disarray. And this is arguably what was at the heart of all Zappa's best work—the confluence of his obsessively organized habit of mind with the messy, chance occurrences of his immediate situation. Frank loved to conduct chaos—carefully orchestrating random noises, belches, rude jokes and the stoned ruminations of band members into Dadaist constructs of beguiling fascination.

In 1988, when the following interview took place, Bush the First was in power, hair metal and bland pop ballads ruled the charts, the economy was tanking and Zappa had recently emerged as an eloquent defender of our Constitutional right to free speech in the Congressional "porn rock" hearings that had followed in the wake of a concerted effort by the religious right to censor and suppress rock music. That was the year Zappa retired from touring, disgruntled by interband feuding that broke out during his final outing, the Broadway the Hard Way tour. In '88, Frank was still two years away from being diagnosed with the illness that would take his life in '93. But one would never have guessed Zappa had just five years to live. Barefoot, dressed in a bright yellow shirt and black running pants, he looked trim and fit. Never a lover of the rock press, Zappa was nonetheless cordial and generally patient in answering the journalistic queries posed for him.



Zappa onstage in Amsterdam, December 6, 1970

LAURENS VAN HOUTEN/FRANK WHITE PHOTO AGENCY

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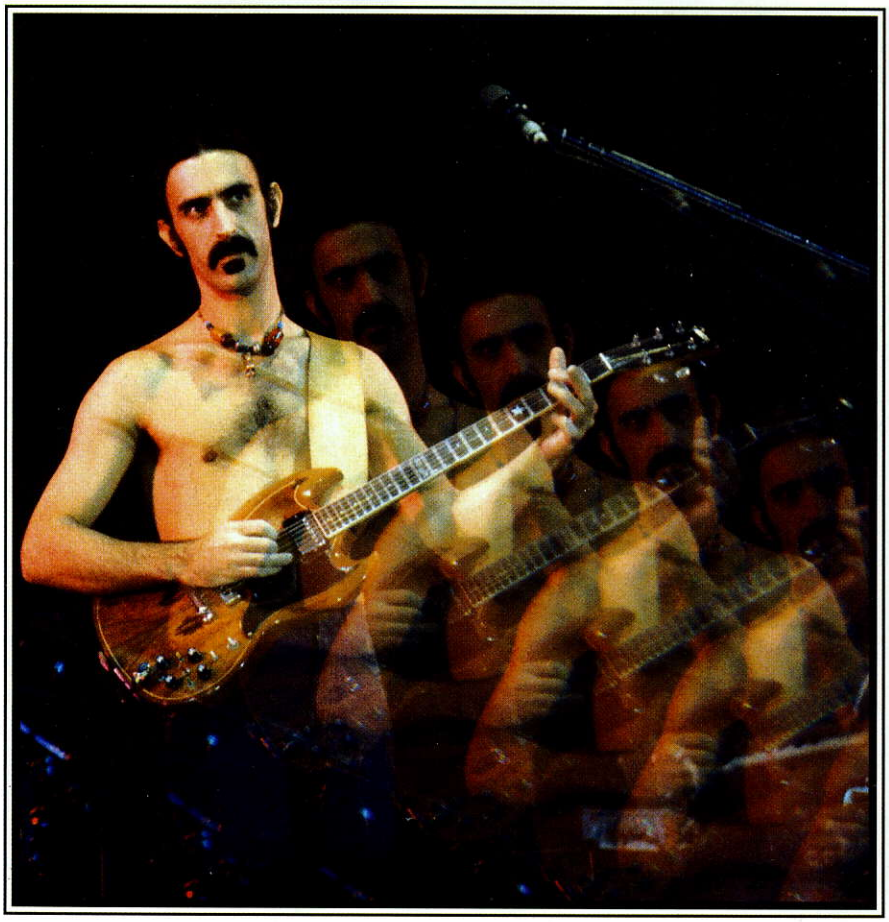
GUITAR LEGENDS When you first started releasing albums comprised exclusively of guitar solos, with *Shut Up 'n Play Yer Guitar* in '81, did the idea give you any trouble? Didn't it seem kind of like taking all the sex scenes out of a good novel or film and stringing them all together?

FRANK ZAPPA Well, in a way, yeah. But I think that's what the market really wanted. For a guy who really likes guitar solos, and doesn't need an excuse to have a guitar solo, here it is—boom. And there have been enough customers for these albums over the years to prove that those listeners exist out there.

GL So it doesn't bother you that people are taking a sort of one-dimensional interest in your music? It's kind of a prurient interest at that, just focusing on the guitar solos and ignoring the rest of the composition.

ZAPPA I don't find that especially objectionable. In a way, it's niche marketing. I've constructed it for those people who want that. Also, the solos themselves are constructed in such a way that they're like little set pieces. They have melodies, development sections and recapitulations, just like compositions. See, the way I think of a guitar solo is as an instant composition. You have a certain amount of time in which

"THE U.S. SCHOOL SYSTEM HAS BEEN TURNED INTO A KIND OF ASSEMBLY LINE FOR REALLY IGNORANT LITTLE CONSUMER CLONES."



PETER MAZEL/LONDON FEATURES

you're going to be making up a piece of music, and you hope that the people who are working with you onstage are also interested in inventing music on the spot. When it works, which is not very often, that's one of the reasons why I'm glad I have a recording truck. You can snag it. Because it's gone after that. That's the only time it exists.

GL Unlike other forms of composition you do—on the Synclavier or with manuscript paper—a live guitar solo gives you the advantage, or disadvantage, or instantaneous feedback from the audience.

ZAPPA I don't even know the audience is there. It's nice if they are, but I'm paying attention to the instrument.

GL But in other ways, one always thinks of you as an artist with a real firm grasp on who his audience is and who will be interested in what. Do you do marketing surveys?

ZAPPA No, I don't do marketing surveys. Come on, do I look like a yupster? What I do is this: When we're on the road, there are kids who come to the concerts and follow us from town to town. And if we see some of those same faces when we arrive at a venue in the afternoon for soundcheck, we bring them in and they sit in on the soundcheck. And you know, I talk to these people They're always very explicit about what they like and what they don't like on the albums. So that's the closest I would come to a marketing survey. I mean nobody's going to tell me what to do and what not to do. But at least I have some information that I'm basing my decisions on. And they're nice kids, too.

GL I just noticed that you have a tendency to localize what you do to certain segments of the audience.

ZAPPA Well, there's no one ideal listener out there who likes the orchestra music and the guitar music and "Dinah-Moe Humm" and the whole thing. That's why sometimes there will be an orchestra album and the people who like the guitar stuff can't stand that. And then a guitar album comes out and the people who liked the orchestra album can't stand that. You know they're all my friends in their own way, so why not accommodate their interests?

GL What about targeting the "youth market"?

ZAPPA Well, the problem with the youth market is the fact that they go to U.S. schools. And the United States' school system has been turned into a kind of assembly line for really ignorant little consumer clones. I was lucky. I got out of school back when they were still teaching kids to read and write. The market you're talking about now is basically people who can't spell, can't count, don't know anything about economics and think the most important thing in the world is dressing properly and having a party. So your guess is as good as mine as to what sort of music will fulfill the emotional needs of those people. I just think they've been cheated by the government. They're talking about yet another budget cut for education. And things are ugly enough already.

GL So I suppose they'll just buy into whatever type of music is advertised best.

ZAPPA Yeah, well, what they're being taught in school is how to respond to advertising. The enemy of advertising is logic. Anybody with

I HAPPEN TO THINK YNGWIE MALMSTEEN CAN REALLY PLAY."

logic or common sense has got to look at what you see on television and say, "This is bullshit." But nobody is providing these kids with the criteria by which to judge between anything with any quality, or even to help them spot bullshit. They just don't know. They come into the whole thing completely unprepared for the tricks that are being played on them by the car companies and everybody else. They're just being used. It's really not fair.

GL You're one of the few guitarists who really use the low strings to their full potential. You do a lot of really rich harmonic things on the low strings. What's involved in getting those sort of tones?

ZAPPA What you do is touch your [*low*] E string right at the G fret, and away you go. There are four or five harmonics in that little range between the F fret and the G♯ fret—different points in there will give you some strange things. And the same thing will happen on the A string, and all your other wrapped strings. You get...stuff.

GL So many rock guitarists seem more concerned with squealing on the high strings.

ZAPPA Well, I think most guitarists have a tendency to play in the same way they talk. And since I'm not much of a squealer—I happen to be a baritone kind of guy—to play on the low strings is a little more in phase with my reality.

GL You often pick way up by the neck. Why?

ZAPPA Well, there are a couple of reasons for that. If you rest your palm on the Floyd Rose, it puts the strings out of tune. And I like to have some support for my right hand, so the easiest way to do it is to move farther up toward the neck and rest your hand there. That way, you keep your hand off the bridge tailpiece and you get better intonation. To me, the most hateful thing about the Floyd Rose is the fact that, when you bend a high string, everything else on the guitar travels out of tune. So if you've got any other strings ringing when you bend up the pitch, you get stuff that you don't want. So to use that instrument you have to learn a whole new hand position technique to try and obliterate the bad things you don't want to hear, and get the stuff that you do. Also, picking closer to the bridge gives you the kind of tone that I don't like to use very often. It's twinkie. The tone gets a little bit rounder the more you go toward the fretboard.

GL Who are some of your all-time favorite guitarists?

ZAPPA I like Wes Montgomery, Johnny "Guitar" Watson, Allan Holdsworth, Jeff Beck, Guitar Slim and Walter Gerwig—he plays the lute. I'm sure there are a few others, but that's who comes to mind first.

GL Is there anyone on the current scene who you particularly enjoy?

ZAPPA In spite of the negative things that

Zappa (left) with the Mothers of Invention in 1966

"THE SPIRIT OF 'LET'S JUST GO PLAY' DIED A LONG TIME AGO. I DON'T EXPECT THAT IT'S EVER COMING BACK."

are said about him, I happen to think that Yngwie Malmsteen really can play. I saw some videos when I was in Europe that they were playing on Sky Channel. I was really impressed. And of course Eddie [*Van Halen*] is unbelievable. And this guy in Ratt, Warren Di Martini, he's pretty unbelievable too. And the guy that played with Ozzy Osbourne on the album with the red eyes coming out the front. I can't remember his name. He was great. [*Jake E. Lee—Ed.*]

GL You listen to a lot of metalish guitarists?

ZAPPA No, but my son Dweezil does. And in the case of that Ozzy album, I heard it when Ozzy brought it over to play it for me. That was right around the time that some guy was trying to sue him because the guy's son committed suicide. Ozzy was over here talking about that and he had a cassette of his new album with him. I can't remember the name of the album, but it was real good.

GL Most of the *Guitar* album was done on a custom Strat, according to the liner notes. What did that consist of?

ZAPPA The only thing that is "Strat" about this Strat is the shape of the body. I think that the original body was a heavy Fender Stratocaster body. And I had a neck custom made for it at [*Hollywood custom shop*] Performance Guitar, and it has custom electronics in it and Seymour Duncan pickups.

GL What kind of electronics are involved?

ZAPPA It was a circuit that was designed right here in the Utility Muffin Research Kitchen. It's got a gain stage and two parametric EQ circuits built into it. It's set up so that you can have either EQ or gain, or gain plus both of these concentric [*EQ*] pots. The pots give you variable frequency selection and variable boost and cut at the different frequencies. And then there's a screwdriver adjustment for the Q [*resonance point*] of the filter—how peaky it will be. This allows you to tune right into the feedback point of the room. You can find out where it's going to squeal, locate it and then that's it.

GL Hence, a lot of that really controlled feedback in your soloing.

ZAPPA Exactly.

GL Are the pickups just stock Seymour Duncan Strat pickups?

ZAPPA Seymour has wrapped some special pickups for me from time to time. I believe that what lives in that Strat now are pickups that have an 8k boost.

GL What about amps? Signal processing?

ZAPPA What I've been using on the road on this tour was a pair of Carvin heads for the clean sound. And that clean sound was processed through a Roland GP-8, or whatever you call it. It's an effect box that has the whole assortment of effects—compression, flange, bladdy blah. That was on a separate footswitch so that I could either turn it on or off. And the rest of the dirty sound was made by four Marshall amplifiers: two 100 watts and two 50 watts. Most of the speaker cabinets were hidden underneath the stage and miked. And that's what's going to the P.A. At the end of the tour, I started using one Marshall cabinet onstage, powered by one of the 50-watt heads, just so I could have a little more presence right behind me.

GL Looking back, if you had to locate a couple of real turning points in your development as a guitar player, are there any epiphanies that stand out?

ZAPPA Yeah, when I first heard the guitar solo in "Three Hours Past Midnight" by Johnny "Guitar" Watson. That's probably one of the most important musical statements I ever heard in my life. And also the guitar solos on "I Got Something for You" and "The Story of My Blues" by Guitar Slim. And "Lover Man" by Wes Montgomery.

GL What about your own work? Are there any points for you where you said "Oh yeah, I really...

ZAPPA I really got down there?

GL Or, "I really took off in a new direction."

ZAPPA Yeah. There was this guy who used to be a drummer in one of my bands. His name was Jim Gordon. He's in jail for murder right

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Zappa in London in the Eighties

MICHAEL PUTLAND

now. But he showed me how to do that thing on the neck of the guitar with a guitar pick [*i.e., using the pick to do hammer-ons—Ed.*] I certainly put that to good use for a number of years. And at that time, I wasn't playing guitar with a whammy bar. So the other important thing would be when I changed over and started using Strats instead of Gibsons.

GL A lot of your older things were done on Les Paul Juniors and SGs—guitars like that.

ZAPPA I didn't use a Strat until the Floyd Rose came along. The old Strats were just so out of tune I could never stand to listen to them.

GL One thing I had in mind was the period right after the Mothers disbanded, when you started doing heavy guitar solos like "Magic Fingers," on *200 Motels*.

ZAPPA Well, the reason I was able to go in that direction was because of the drummer who was in the band at that time, Aynsley Dunbar. Remember, in the earlier Mothers of Invention we had an assortment of drummers who were okay for keeping a beat, but when I played a guitar solo with them, there wasn't much interaction. That changed with the arrival of Aynsley Dunbar, who played on *200 Motels*. We used to sit here in my basement and jam. His drums were set up right over there and I had an amp here. We would play in the afternoon. But it's been a long time since I've known any drummers who just like to play drums in that way. You know, without looking at the clock and wondering when the next paycheck was arriving. That's pretty much a result of the Eighties, with everybody being career-oriented and so forth. The spirit of "let's just go play" died a long time ago. I don't expect that it's ever coming back.

GL Is there a reason why you've been so active lately in releasing live concert recordings that you've done over the years, and reissuing your older albums?

ZAPPA The reason we are releasing those older albums is that people want them on CD. I've got one major problem in life, which is the bootleg situation. Every time I step out the door, somebody is bootlegging what I do. I'm finding discs of interviews that I've done that have been bootlegged. CDs of interviews going years back! And concerts all over the place are bootlegged. So rather than just give up and let the bootleggers handle my musical output, I feel I should release something. Hardcore fans are already buying these bad-quality recordings of the live concert material. The best thing I can do right now is give them the best versions and the best recording quality I can provide.

GL So has reissuing all this stuff prompted you to go back and reevaluate the early phase of your career?

ZAPPA Well, you can't help but think something about it when you're remastering it. Most of the time, I'm just glad I don't have to do that anymore: don't have to play with those musicians; don't have to work in those studios, under those budgets; don't have to deal with the business people I was dealing with in that period of the time. The general experience that I had was not pleasant at all. It's not fun to redo those things.

GL What's your opinion of the music, though?

ZAPPA Well, some of it's good and some of it's not. The problem with all recordings during that period of time was that you were stuck with a fixed budget to make an album. Which meant that you might want to perfect a performance or a mix, but you could not. When the dollars were gone you were out of the studio and whatever stage the record was in, that's what got released. That's the thing that's most troublesome for me about listening to the stuff. I know what it could have been. But there are a lot of people who love those albums. So there they are.

GL I think they're among the best records that came out in that era.

ZAPPA Just imagine what they would have sounded like if I would have had the same budget as some of the supposed "big" groups had at that period of time. For all the early Warner Bros. albums, the total budget for the whole thing was $27,500, maximum. And [*dripping with sarcasm*] the really "important" groups had budgets four and five times that amount. And my middle period Warner Bros. albums had budgets of $65,000 to $80,000. Again, the big groups were spending half a million to $750,000. So it's a little different situation now that I have my own company and I have a pressing and distribution deal. I just keep working on something until it's done. Hopefully I can sell enough units on the thing when it comes out to pay off what it cost to make it.

GL So what are you working on right now? Any new compositions? Synclavier stuff?

ZAPPA Oh, there are tons of those. I work every night on that. Synclavier hours are usually about 11:00 at night until 7:00 in the morning. There are maybe 500 compositions sitting on floppy discs. I just work on them at random until they're done.

GL Right now, the idea of combining what you do on Synclavier with playing guitar doesn't really interest you?

ZAPPA Playing the guitar along with a sequence you mean? One of these days I'm going to try that. Because bands have become incredibly expensive to maintain. And with all the inevitable personality problems, I'm not all that enthusiastic about sticking another band together.

GL Do you think that's a reason why guitar is becoming less of a prominent instrument in pop today? Do you think other people are experiencing what you're experiencing?

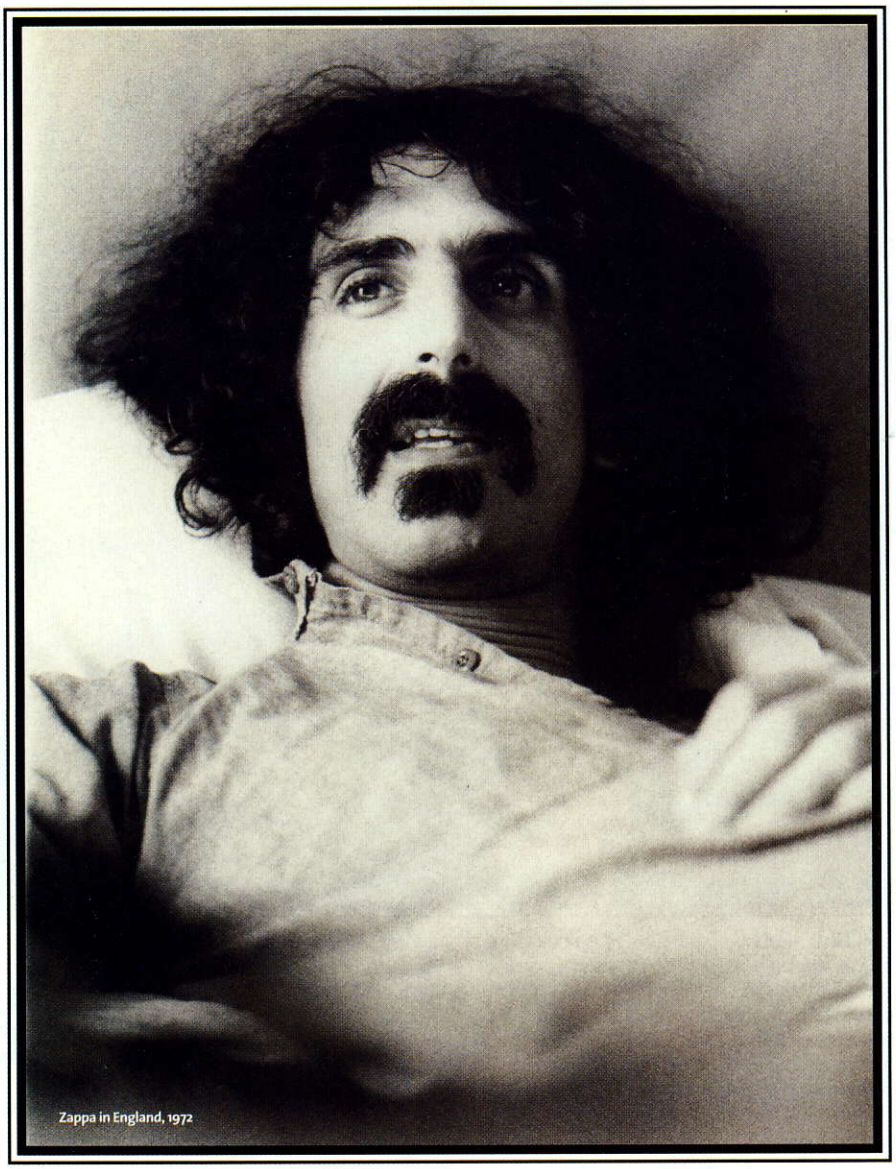
ZAPPA Well, pop music is not the end of the world. There's a whole substructure of what they call pop music which is heavy metal, in which the guitar rules. And that's never going to change. That's a style that's probably going to be with us until hell freezes over, to use a rock and roll term. But if you're talking about Whitney Houston, that other kind of pop music, they try to keep those blasphemous elements out of it. There's nothing [*radio format*] AOR [*Album Oriented Rock*] or MOR [*Middle of the Road*] about a fuzz-tone guitar. They try to make the orchestration on those songs as neutral and comfortable as possible. And I think the listening public is, to a certain extent, deceived by what is broadcast. Because what is broadcast is not necessarily an accurate indication of what people are writing or recording. Now, what usually goes on the radio is the most banal product that every record company can manage to put together. In the United States, radio truly is a cultural embarrassment. The only creative radio you can listen to is what they call shock radio, where people are talking and making things up. There's a little spark of creativity there. But most of the music that's broadcast is harmful to your mental health.

GL Even college radio is formatted these days.

ZAPPA Well, that's because everybody wants to make The Buck. That takes us back to the career orientation we were talking about before. Everybody is looking at their watch and thinking about their pension. And they forgot how much fun it is just to get out there and play. So that's where the problem starts. If all musicians loved music so much that they'd play it no matter what happened, then all records would be terrific. Then what would go on the radio would have to be wonderful. But the radio is showing us that people don't love music all that much, but they have a tremendous idea about how their career should go. It's kinda sad, kinda boring and kinda true.

GL There was plenty of AOR and MOR pap in the Seventies as well, but a lot of it was still guitar music.

ZAPPA Yeah, but not like the guitar music of today. The Seventies stick out in my mind as the years when corporate rock was invented. And the people decided that that's the only kind of rock the human race would ever hear from then until the end of time. Except for the heavy metal bands, who were doing their vision of beauty. But then that pretty much became a formula too. Heavy metal took a real downturn when videos came in. It wasn't so much how well you could play as how tremendous you looked in front of a camera. So obviously the most important member of every heavy metal band is the hairdresser, the unsung hero of rock and roll.



Zappa in England, 1972

MICHAEL PUTLAND / RETNA LTD.

"NOBODY WILL EVER HEAR THESE SONGS ON THE RADIO."

GL But right from the beginning, metal quickly asserted itself as a pretty stylized genre.

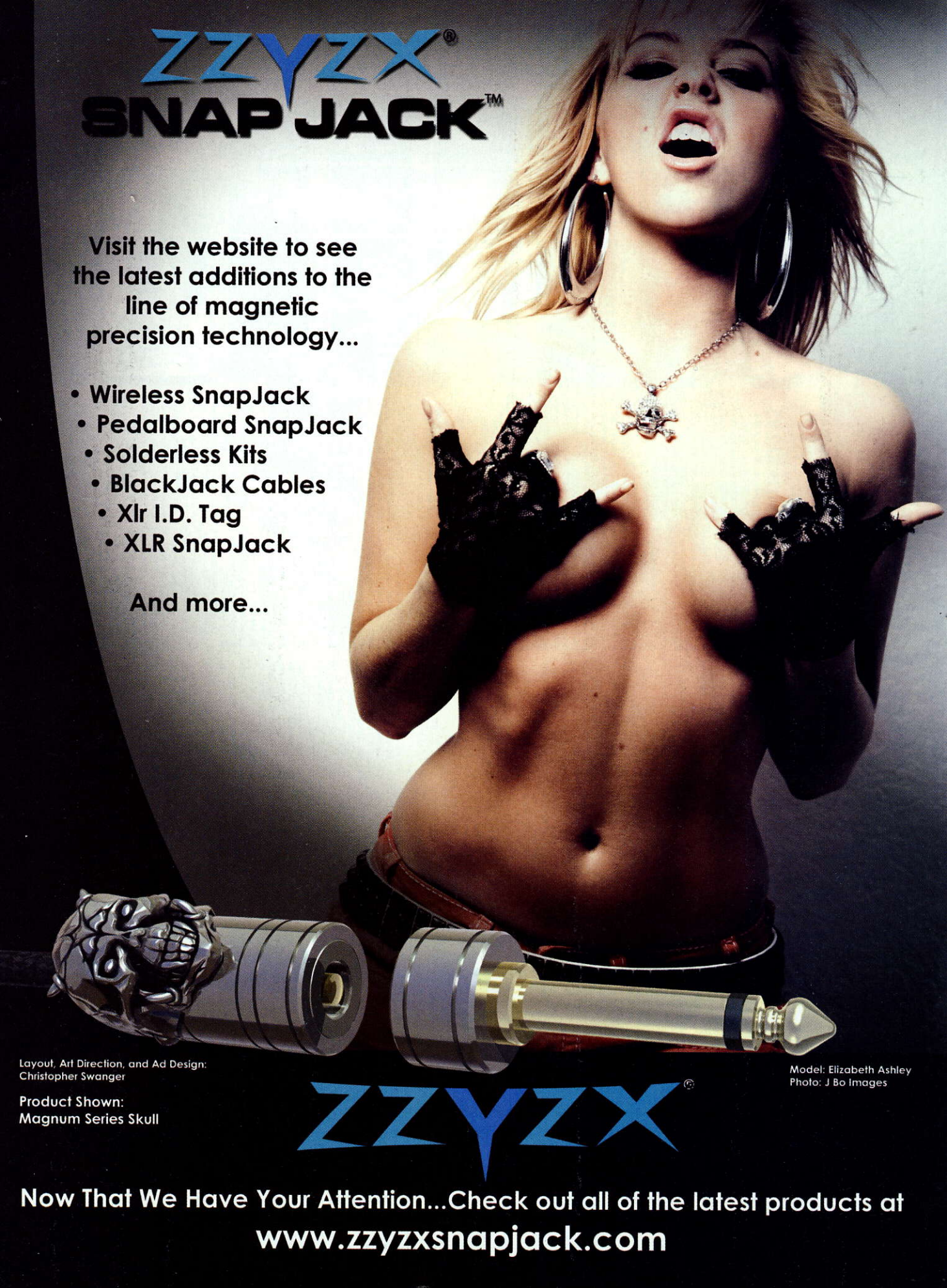
ZAPPA It's been around a real long time, though. And I remember a time when people frowned on it, the early Black Sabbath and all that kind of stuff. When I say "people" I'm talking about rock writers and the kind of people that think they know. But the people who bought concert tickets, they always liked it, even though it doesn't get played on the radio. I don't think Ozzy is going to the poorhouse anytime soon.

GL What you do seems to exist in its own cubicle, apart from all of this—certainly in the conception and recording of the music. But also, now that you're marketing it on your own, it really seems to exist independently of anything else.

ZAPPA That's the only way it can exist. There is no way that what I do fits a corporate format. And unless there's a miracle of evolution that takes place at the radio broadcast level, nobody will ever hear these songs on the radio. And certainly MTV would never show a video that I would make.

GL If you had come along today as a brand-new, 20-year-old artist doing what you did when you were a brand-new, 20-year-old artist...

ZAPPA I wouldn't get a contract. ♦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LUST FOR LIFE

HE CALLED HIS BAND DEATH, BUT CHUCK SCHULDINER LOVED LIFE, FAMILY AND THE MOST BRUTAL METAL IMAGINABLE. AS WE APPROACH THE EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS PASSING, *GUITAR LEGENDS* CELEBRATES DEATH METAL'S PIONEER AND SPIRITUAL GUIDE.

BY CHRISTOPHER SCAPELLITI

IT WAS EARLY 2001 WHEN CHUCK Schuldiner's headaches returned. Over the past year, he had begun to feel like his old self again—remarkable, considering that, just one year before, the death metal guitarist had nearly died. In early January 2000, doctors in New York City had managed to remove more than half of a cancerous tumor dangerously nestled at the base of his brain. Months of physical therapy followed while he recovered at home, in Altamonte Springs, Florida. Chuck had never liked being far from home, away from his family and the Orlando suburb where he'd grown up with his sister Beth and brother Frank. This was where he thrived, where he drew inspiration for the melodies that tempered the jagged shards of music he had crafted for Death, the band with which he pioneered the ferociously manic sounds of the death metal genre in the mid Eighties. And indeed, back home following surgery, Chuck had begun to craft a fresh batch of songs for his new group, Control Denied.

"We spent the summer of 2000 rehearsing and recording demos of the new songs," recalls Richard Christy. "It was fun, and Chuck was doing really well." Though familiar to many as a cast member of the *Howard Stern Show* since 2004, Christy is also a professional drummer who is best known for his work with Iced Earth, Death and Control Denied. At the time of the 2000 recording sessions, Christy had known Chuck for only a few years, but the two men were as close as brothers. "We were both passionate about metal, and we loved to go to the same bars in Orlando and hang out," he explains.

"But basically what it came down to was that we made each other laugh. We would do prank calls together in the middle of practice. He had this dog that used to make this weird face when it was happy, and it would snort like a pig. So when me and Chuck were happy, we'd snort like pigs."

> **CHUCK'S GOAL WAS TO "BASH OUT THE MOST BRUTAL RIFFS EVER, WITH THE MOST BRUTAL GUITAR SOUND EVER."**

As the end of 2000 approached, there was much to be happy about. Chuck was strong and back at work on his music. His new songs sounded great and continued to build upon the technical and progressive metal of Control Denied's 1999 debut, *The Fragile Art of Existence*.

"And then we went into the studio," recalls Christy. "And his health problems started coming back."

For the next 11 months, Chuck battled against his deteriorating health, trying to win time to work on his music. On good days, and often on bad ones, he could be found writing new songs, or entrenched in the studio, still at work on the album.

"He drove himself unmercifully that last year," says his mother, Jane Schuldiner. "We worried so much about him and begged him to rest. As the perfectionist he is, he said it was just okay and that wasn't good enough for him or his fans. He would go on until he couldn't anymore."

"Music was Chuck's focus. It was the thing that gave him strength," says Christy. "It was inspiring to see somebody going through something so hard and still playing guitar and writing music. Chuck was just so committed. He gave it everything he had."

Calling your band Death is either tongue-in-cheek insolence or a proclamation of utter sincerity, and Chuck Schuldiner was not given to flippancy where his music was concerned. Next to his family, music was most important to him, and this clarity drove him. To call his band Death was to equate his life's purpose with the most unimaginable end to which we all will go: it was predestined and non-negotiable. With Death, Chuck affirmed his life.

That he found his way there at all seems prophetic. When Chuck began making music, death metal didn't exist as a genre but as a virile, yet negligible, strain of heavy metal practiced most evidently by Britain's Venom. Low tunings, guttural vocals and extreme speed were the musical ingredients, topped off by lyrical praises of the devil, hell and inglorious black deeds. By the time Chuck appeared with his first group, Mantas, in 1983, scattered pockets of growling dark lords were plying their brand of metal in parts of the U.S., chiefly in Tampa and Orlando, the Bay area and Chicago. Chuck came to this music with a goal "to bash out the most brutal riffs ever, with the most brutal guitar sound ever," he told *Guitar School*, but almost immediately, he set his sights higher. "Though things were very crude back then, I still had a vision of becoming a very musical death metal band."

The vision was everything. It pushed Chuck to create Death, in 1984, and through Death he came to define at last the genre of metal infesting the underground. The release of Death's full-length debut, *Scream Bloody Gore*, in 1986, gave the scene a united front and furthered the awareness of death metal as a genre. Although the music's standards had

PHOTO COURTESY OF JANE SCHULDINER

Death at the Airport Music Hall in Allentown, Pennsylvania, January 1988. (from left) Terry Butler, Rick Rozz and Schuldiner

long been established, Chuck raised the bar with his technical and melodic riffing, while he upped the horror quotient with lyrics that drew colorfully from gore movies like *Make Them Die Slowly* and *Re-Animator*.

The death metal scene grew, and as the audience for established acts grew, a host of new bands emerged, each trying to out shock its predecessor. By the early Nineties, the scene was overpopulated by speed-riffing Satan-worshipping metalheads. "Death metal has now become exclusively about being evil, Satanic and playing full speed ahead," Chuck complained to U.K.'s *Metal Forces* in 1991. "It's not what I'm into at all." By then, Chuck had tackled topical subject matter that included abortion ("Altering the Future"), the struggles of the terminally ill ("Suicide Machine") and the right to die ("Pull the Plug").

Committed to his vision, Chuck gave shape to death metal, then took it to new heights. But it was not without its costs. His demands of himself and his band frequently led to acrimonious partings between him and his musicians. Business dealings left him feeling overwhelmed and depressed: "The biggest frustration with the music business for Chuck were the labels," says Jane Schuldiner. "He told me that if he could bypass the labels and just play for the fans, he would be a happy man." And in the spirit of all pioneers, Chuck could be recklessly impulsive, as when he pulled out of a European tour just days before it was to begin.

But humility tempered his character. "He was always surprised when people would come up and say they were such a huge fan," says Christy. "He was the most humble guy. I don't know if he ever realized how important he was to the metal scene, because he looked at *himself* as a fan of it."

> **"CHUCK TOLD ME THAT IF HE COULD BYPASS THE LABELS AND JUST PLAY FOR THE FANS, HE WOULD BE A HAPPY MAN."**
>
> —JANE SCHULDINER, CHUCK'S MOTHER

And so it was, in 2000, during Chuck's brief recovery, that he and Christy were attending a King Diamond show in St. Petersburg, Florida. The corpse-painted thrash metal singer was a favorite of Chuck's, and Diamond's guitarist, Andy LaRocque, had even briefly performed with Death, on 1993's *Individual Thought Patterns*. With LaRocque's assistance, Chuck and Christy were escorted backstage.

"I just remember us being so nervous to meet King. Chuck was in awe," says Christy. "And for me, it was just so weird: there I was, a Chuck Schuldiner fan since I don't know when, and I'm watching *him* get tongue tied in front of his hero. But Chuck was just like any other metal fan. That's what made him and his music so great."

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He was born Charles Schuldiner on May 13, 1967, in Long Island, New York, the youngest of three children born to Malcolm and Jane Schuldiner. Malcolm was a Jew of Austrian decent; Jane was born and raised in the bible belt South. Raising their children, they exposed them to the practices and customs of both parents' faiths, "including the holidays," says Jane. "They ended up being the best of both."

When Chuck was one, his parents moved their brood to the budding suburb of Altamonte Springs. Jane calls Chuck's childhood "a *Leave It to Beaver* life." Altamonte Springs was largely undeveloped at the time, and the Schuldiner home was nestled in forests where Seminole Indians once hunted. "Chuck and his brother [*Frank*] and sister [*Beth*] grew up playing in those woods, building forts in the trees and seeing quite a lot of wildlife there also," says Jane. "Chuck and Frank camped out in the backyard with flashlights and snacks lots of times, and there were many of the children in the neighborhood at the house most days."

Chuck's childhood was, by all accounts, happy and traditional. Family photos from the time give some clues to his preteen interests: young Chuck dressed up as an Indian scout, displaying the catch from a fishing trip and posing in his soccer outfit. His artistic streak

FRANK WHITE

Performing in Florida, April 1988

CHRISTOPHER LEE HELTON / RETNA LTD.

displayed itself early. Says Jane, "Chuck was interested in art and sculpture from a young age and loved both equally."

Although Frank was seven years older than Chuck, the two were close companions. One day, while returning home from a visit to an out-of-state uncle, Frank was killed in a car accident. He was 16. His death was devastating for Chuck, and the sobering reality of the loss haunted him. "He never really came to terms with it," says Jane. "He always missed Frank."

In the months after Frank's death, Malcolm and Jane began looking for a way to help Chuck deal with his grief. He had begun to take an interest in music, and the guitar had aroused his curiosity. "We discussed it with him, and an acoustic guitar seemed the best," says Jane. "It was portable, something he could carry with him when we went on vacation or camping, to a friend's house or wherever."

Chuck signed up for classical guitar lessons, but the tedium of study quickly wore down his enthusiasm. "I took two lessons, and [*the instructor*] showed me 'Mary Had a Little Lamb,' " Chuck recalled to *Pit* magazine's Brook Everitt in 1999. "I said screw it and went on my own."

"Chuck found the acoustic guitar lessons and his teacher boring," says Jane. "He didn't like the repetitiveness of it all." It's possible that Chuck would have abandoned the guitar entirely had his parents not made yet another attempt to indulge his interest. While at a yard sale, Chuck spotted an electric guitar, a pointy knockoff in the spirit of B.C. Rich, whose guitars Chuck would later employ. Once it was in his hands, his old acoustic guitar was completely forgotten. "The first time he played the electric guitar, it was as if a switch was turned on in him," says Jane. "And it never turned off."

His enthusiasm was in large part fueled by his love of Kiss, who by this time in the late Seventies had reached their commercial zenith. For years, they were Chuck's favorite group, as evidenced by a family photo in which a very young Chuck is dressed up like Paul Stanley. At the age of 13, he was treated to his first Kiss concert, courtesy of his mother.

By then, he had discovered metal through New Wave of British Heavy Metal acts, including Raven and, his favorite, Iron Maiden, whose guitar tandem of Dave Murray and Adrian Smith were critical to forming his love of heavy, but melodic, guitar lines. In lieu of guitar lessons, Chuck had begun to teach himself to play by ear, listening to the songs he loved and, with uncommon determination for an adolescent, sounding them out on the fretboard of his guitar. "He had a very good ear for music early on, and what he listened to he taught himself to play," says his mother. "He absolutely loved doing that."

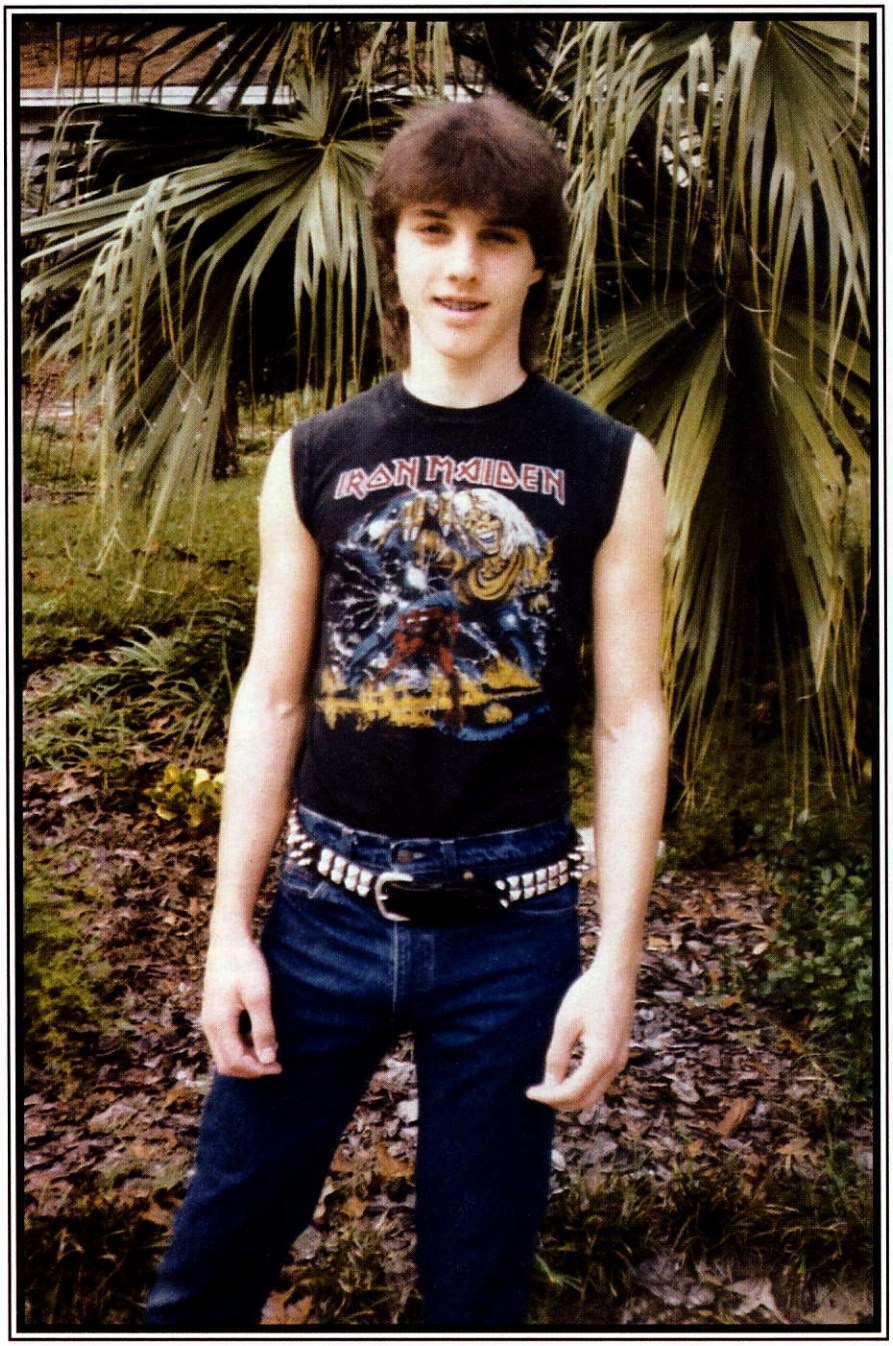
In the metal-intensive years of the early Eighties, Chuck found no shortage of fresh inspiration. In addition to U.S. bands like Van Halen, he was captivated by Scandinavian metal acts such as Hellhammer and Mercyful Fate, and Britain's Venom, who would inform his growing death metal sensibilities. In 1983, the arrival of thrash acts like Metallica, Possessed and Slayer introduced him to music heavier and more brutal than anything he heard before. By then, he was 16 and coming into his own as a guitarist. "I was lucky to start playing guitar in the Eighties," he told *Pit*, "when so many great players were around to inspire me, like Yngwie Malmsteen, Van Halen and especially Dave Murray and Adrian Smith of Iron Maiden."

Chuck's growing fondness for extreme metal was no cause for alarm around the Schuldiner household. Malcolm and Jane had always been supportive of their children's interests, and Frank's death only brought the family closer. "There is always fear involved when a child dies, and I watched diligently, afraid it could happen again," says Jane. "Chuck's father worked and had tennis and other hobbies, so I was more involved with Chuck and his interests, as I was with my other children."

And so when Chuck decided to form a band with two local high schoolers, the garage was given up to the group's rehearsals. They called themselves Mantas, a pseudonym first adopted by Venom guitarist Jeffrey Dunn. Chuck's cohorts in this venture were guitarist Frederick DeLillo, rechristened Rick Rozz, and drummer/singer Barney "Kam" Lee. The band had no bassist. Chuck wrote most of the band's material and occasionally shared vocal duties with Lee. Shortly after forming, Mantas released a five-track cassette called *Death by Metal*, recorded in Schuldiner's garage. Its cover photo featured the three band members in front of a sign that reads "Danger High Voltage."

Public reception to the group was anything but electric, however. That, combined with internal band tensions, led to Mantas' breakup in late 1984. For the first of many times to come, Chuck found himself searching for new band members. Not surprisingly, given the uncommon nature of his music, he found his options within the Orlando area limited. Within weeks of Mantas' breakup, Chuck had reconciled with Rozz and Lee. The old lineup reconvened but with a new lead singer—Chuck—and a new name: Death.

If ever Chuck's music had alarmed his parents, they did not try to deter him. Even now, as he rubbed against the still-fresh wounds of Frank's untimely death, they kept silent. "I always thought that the name of the



"I WAS LUCKY TO START PLAYING GUITAR IN THE EIGHTIES WHEN SO MANY GREAT PLAYERS WERE AROUND TO INSPIRE ME, LIKE YNGWIE, VAN HALEN AND DAVE MURRAY."

—CHUCK SCHULDINER

band derived from the death of his brother," says Jane. "And while the word had such painful memories, I did not object."

Under Chuck's leadership, Death began to find its distinctive voice. As the writer and, now, singer of the group's lyrics, he turned the focus of Death's songs away from Lee's preferred devil imagery and toward gore. The group released the five-song cassette *Reign of Terror* in October 1984, and the three-track *Infernal Death* tape in March 1985. Both were sold in the underground cassette-trading market. Response to Death's music was good, but shortly after issuing *Infernal Death*, the trio broke up again. While Lee and Rozz joined Massacre, another death metal act that had formed the previous year, Chuck weighed his options.

By now, he was nearly 18 and close to graduating high school. Though he'd been a good student, Chuck was bored by school and anxious to pursue a record label contract. As always, he turned to Malcolm and Jane for guidance. "We talked with his school counselor, who urged us to let Chuck pursue his dream," says Jane. "Which we did after getting his promise that if, after a year, he did not get that contract, he would finish school and go to college."

Though he had only a handful of independent cassette releases to his credit, Chuck clearly felt ready for a professional career. He'd been practicing at every possible opportunity, and on increasingly better instruments. At some point in the early Eighties, Chuck switched from his yard-sale electric to a Peavey T25, a two-humbucker model manufactured in 1982 and 1983. A photo from this time shows him posing with the guitar, a young teen practicing his attitude for the camera. Eventually, he would move on to a B.C. Rich Mockingbird before choosing the B.C. Rich Stealth model, a rarity offered through the company's Custom Shop. This became his main guitar throughout most of his professional career.

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Chuck's first act as an emancipated musician was to head for San Francisco and its burgeoning pool of metal musicians. His search was unsuccessful, but in January 1986, shortly after returning home, he was invited to join the Canadian thrash act Slaughter. He accepted and moved to Toronto but left two weeks after arriving, having recorded just one track with the band. By now it was clear to Chuck that he had to follow his own musical goals.

"Of course, his father and I were involved the first year, from afar mostly," says Jane. "After that, Chuck discussed his plans, but his decisions were always his own. We trusted him to do what was best for the band, with the inferred promise that it would, above all, be the best for himself, also."

That March, back in San Francisco, he met drummer Chris Reifert and struck up a friendship. The following month, the duo entered a Bay Area studio to record the three-song demo *Mutilation*, with Chuck doubling on bass. *Mutilation* was by far the most professional sounding of Death's demos, and like its predecessors, it was circulated through the underground tape-trading circuit.

Which is how writer Don Kaye first came to hear it. "I was big into trading tapes on the underground scene, and I had been aware of Chuck's music since the first Mantas tape was released. The Mantas tape was pretty primitive, but right from the start with Chuck, you could tell that he had talent on the guitar and with writing pretty catchy stuff within that genre. There were so many bands coming out of that scene, but as always, the problem was that they were trying to be as heavy and brutal as possible and weren't able to write anything that sounded like a reasonably coherent song. Chuck was good, and he just

PHOTO COURTESY OF JANE SCHULDINER

got better as he moved closer to making the first album."

At the time, Kaye was dividing his time as a journalist for metal magazines, including *Kerrang!* and working part time as a publicist for Combat Records in New York City. The heavy metal record label had formed in 1984 and quickly found success when it signed Megadeth and released their 1985 debut, *Killing Is My Business...And Business Is Good.*

Aware that Death had a good buzz on the underground scene, Kaye urged Combat's chief, Steve Sinclair, to sign them. "I said, 'They'd be perfect for the label. They're definitely a band that's getting a lot of attention from people.' He was very hesitant, but I just kept badgering him to do it. Until, finally, he agreed."

That summer, following an abortive attempt to record their debut in Florida, Chuck and Reifert nailed down a dozen tracks in five days at the Music Grinder in L.A. The band, such as it was, still didn't have a bassist, and Chuck once again handled four-string duties. Titled *Scream Bloody Gore*, Death's debut was released upon an unsuspecting public in May 1987. Its songs were little more than an extension of the pile-driving riffs and blood-and-gore lyrics that had populated Death's demos. But the professional production, coupled with Combat's extensive distribution capabilities, allowed *Scream Bloody Gore* to have an impact that Death's home-brewed releases never could achieve.

Slowly, the metal community was beginning to buzz about Chuck Schuldiner, the wild death metal guitarist from Orlando, Florida. Don Kaye had been proven right about Death's potential for success, but his victory was anything but sweet. Recalls Kaye, "When Steve Sinclair agreed to sign Death, he said to me, 'Somewhere in the credits, I'm gonna put, "This record is Don Kaye's folly." That way, if it's a big bust, I'm gonna blame you.' And I said, 'Okay,' thinking he was joking.

"But Steve was a ball breaker. And sure enough, when we got copies of the album in the office, right there on the inside sleeve, under the lyrics and credits, it said, 'This record is Don Kaye's folly.' I just thought, Oh god."

Kaye's reaction was nothing compared to Chuck's. "Now Chuck was a guy who was very passionate and very serious about what he did, and he could be a little bit abrasive," recalls Kaye. "But he saw this, and he called me, and he was just livid. He said, 'Who's gonna take this record seriously when it says it's somebody's folly?' He was really pissed off.

Onstage at the Milwaukee Metalfest, July 1987

FRANK WHITE

"But it showed me that, although sometimes to his detriment, Chuck took his music really seriously. He was really interested in death metal and going as far as he could with that." Any animosity Chuck felt was short lived. "Death certainly had a good run with Combat. They did five records with them."

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Two years of traveling between coasts had convinced Chuck to make his home in Florida, near Altamonte Springs. His family welcomed the decision. "Chuck moved out on his own to a town near us and saw us when he wasn't touring, inviting us over for dinner and visiting us often," says Jane. Chuck had invited Reifert to return to Florida with him, but the drummer declined, preferring to stay in California. Their separation was amicable, and Chuck wished him "good luck in the future" in the credits of Death's second record, 1988's *Leprosy*. Once settled in Florida, Chuck went about creating a new Death lineup, a process complicated by his demanding standards. Henceforth, he would be the group's only consistent member.

"I think he was a perfectionist," says Kaye. "He really had a high standard and maybe that made it harder for some people to work with him and meet those demands. And as the band went on, the music just got more complex. It was easy to play that kind of music poorly, but it was very hard to keep up with someone like Chuck."

On *Leprosy*, Chuck turned for studio support to Massacre, the death metal band Rick Rozz and Kam Lee had joined in 1985. By this time, Lee had left the group, replaced by Bill Andrews. With Massacre bassist Terry Butler onboard, Chuck was freed from four-string duties. Recording was, by various accounts, a happy experience. Chuck's old friends proved they were up to his standards, and *Leprosy*'s polished production puts their contributions to good display. Musically, Chuck was continuing to grow, his philosophical side emerging in "Pull the Plug," a song about life support and the right to die.

The group reconvened for 1990's *Spiritual Healing*, with virtuoso metal guitarist James Murphy replacing Rozz. The album marked a breakthrough in Chuck's music and lyrics. Turning his attention to the daily headlines, he found everyday America a place of tuneworthy horrors. "Living Monstrosity" spoke to the crack epidemic and the drug's affect on unborn fetuses, while "Altering the Future" laid out what he saw as the implications of abortion. With their focus on real-life problems, the new songs seemed more morbid and pessimistic than Chuck's previous songs. While it was appropriate to the genre, Chuck wasn't simply mining topics for their suitability; he believed in what he sang. He was, says Jane, a "deep thinker, a ponderer, and his lyrics came from his feelings about life happenings...and things he felt was wrong in the world. He was a very concerned person for the wronged people in this world, and it saddened him."

Musically, the album showed Chuck continuing to grow as a songwriter and guitarist. "I started practicing more and came up with the idea that, for this band to move forward musically, we'd need a cleaner approach, something real dry and in your face," he told *Guitar* magazine. At a time when death metal was in danger of becoming a grunting, Satan-glorifying parody of itself, *Spiritual Healing* showed that death metal was important and that Chuck Schuldiner was undeniably the person to show the way forward.

Ironically, Chuck had been cast out of his own band. In the weeks after the album's completion, personal and business problems had begun to overwhelm him, and Chuck pulled out of the European tour that had been lined up. "I came to a point [*at*] which I thought everything was doomed to fail," he told Arno Polster, without elaborating on the details, in the March 1991 edition

of Germany's *Rock Hard* magazine. To his surprise, his band members decided to go without him. It was an unforgivable mutiny, made worse by their denunciations of Chuck onstage and in the media. Butler told *Rock Hard* that Chuck was home, mowing the grass. In response to their actions, Chuck hired an attorney and gained the rights to the name Death. "After all, Death is still my band," he told Polster. "I thought they were my best friends, but I was wrong. At all times, musicians are replaceable. Friends are not."

Chuck had never needed an excuse to fight for his music. Now handed one, he responded with devastating force. *Human*, his followup to *Spiritual Healing*, was a calculated retaliation to his former bandmates, who claimed he was washed up; to the media, which painted him as a narcissistic monster; and to anyone deluded enough to believe his detractors. "This is much more than a record to me," he told *Metal Hammer*'s Robert Heeg in the December 1991 issue. "It is a statement. It's revenge."

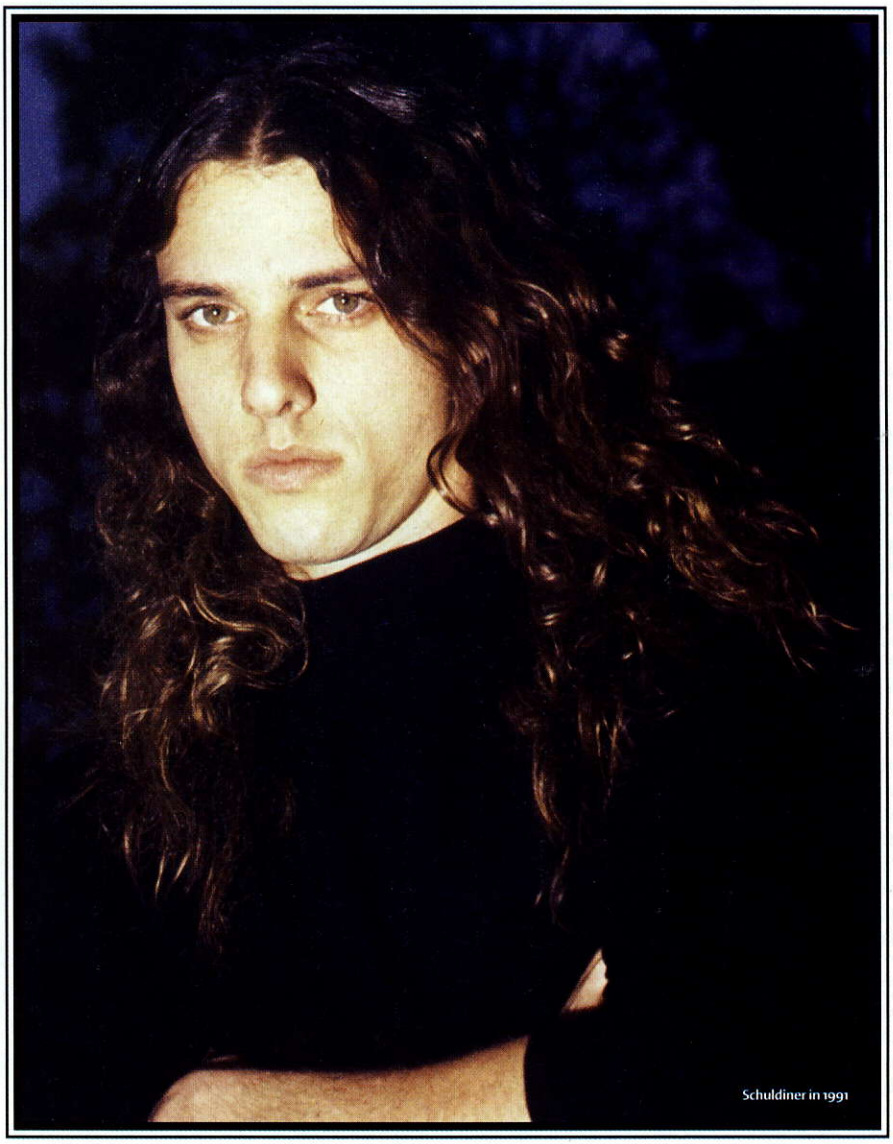
Shedding the gory trappings of his past lyrics, Chuck now wrote in a manner that seemed wholly introspective and personal. It's not hard to imagine him addressing Butler in "Secret Face," where he sings of "a mask / That covers up one's true intentions," or in the opening lines of "Lack of Comprehension": "A condemning fear strikes down / Things they cannot understand / An excuse to cover up weaknesses that lie within / Lies."

Certainly, the intricacy and nuance of Chuck's songwriting make it clear he had not spent the past year lying around. He had been striving to give Death a more technical sound, and on *Human* he succeeded, in part due to his choice of musicians. Guitarist Paul Masvidal and drummer Sean Reinert were recruited from Florida's progressive tech-metal band Cynic, while bassist Steve DiGiorgio came from California's highly technical thrash band Sadus.

Chuck's musical growth continued with Death's next two albums, *Individual Thought Patterns* and *Symbolic*. But by 1997, he was beginning to tire of his role as guitarist and frontman. As early as 1993, he had told *Guitar School*, "In the future I plan to do a more melodic, straightforward metal side project with a singer in the Rob Halford style." Now he planned to set Death aside to develop just that sort of group with Control Denied.

"Chuck wanted to have a band in which he did no singing, that was the main reason," says Jane. "Singing was really hard on his voice." Adds Richard Christy, "He just wanted to try something with a more traditional metal singer, because he was a huge fan of bands like Iron Maiden, Manowar and bands like that. I don't think he ever wanted to stop doing Death full time, because he knew how much that band meant to people. But he was ready for a break."

Christy was among the first people Chuck selected for Control Denied. The two had met by chance in 1996. Christy had just moved to Orlando with his band, Burning Inside, and was shopping at Altamonte Mall with his guitarist when they spotted Chuck at a B. Dalton bookstore. "We walked in to check out some metal magazines, and there's Chuck reading a magazine! And we were like, Oh, should we say hi? So we said hi, and he was super nice. We told him we were huge fans, and—I'll never forget this—he took the time to talk to us. We talked to him for like 15, 20 minutes about metal. And it was just so cool. We couldn't believe that in a mall in Orlando, Florida, we were meeting Chuck Schuldiner."



Schuldiner in 1991

Soon after, Christy and Chuck began bumping into one another. "Pretty much everybody in the metal scene in Orlando would hang out at the same places," says Christy, "the same shows, the same parties." By coincidence, when Chuck was in need of a drummer for Control Denied, a mutual friend suggested Christy. "They got me in contact with Chuck," the drummer recalls, "and I was so nervous just calling him to set up an audition. I remember taking my drums to Chuck's rehearsal space and playing four of the most complicated Death songs right in a row, without stopping or any mistakes. Right then, it just clicked. It just felt awesome, because I had been playing along to those songs on CD for years. And to be there playing them with Chuck was mind blowing."

Christy got the job and, with it, a little surprise: though Chuck was ready to move ahead with Control Denied, he decided to accommodate his new label, Nuclear Blast, with one more Death album. "I was super excited about that because I was a huge Death fan," says Christy. With Scott Clendenin on bass and Shannon Hamm on guitar, Chuck quickly began recording *The Sound of Perseverance*, Death's most aggressive, progressive and technically challenging album. Opening with the savage blast of "Scavenger of Human Sorrow," the album was relentless in its fury and musical virtuosity, culminating in a blistering cover of Judas Priest's "Painkiller." Released in 1998, *The Sound of Perseverance* was Death's seventh album and, in the opinion of many fans, their best.

Christy recalls the subsequent tour as a happy time. "In Italy, our bus pulled up to this club in Milan, and there were hundreds of kids waiting there. We got out and headed to a restaurant, and these kids started following us down the street, like it was a parade, and chanting Chuck's name. We get to the restaurant and start eating, and all those kids had their faces pressed against the windows, watching us eat. It was like a zombie movie! Chuck got such a kick out of that. He was so humbled, too."

TONY MOTTRAM / RETNA

With the *Sound of Perseverance* tour completed, Chuck and his new group went to work on Control Denied's debut in early 1999. The sessions were well underway that May when Chuck began to experience pain in his upper neck, which he believed was caused by a pinched nerve, possibly from strain. An MRI exam proved he was right about the pinched nerve; unfortunately, it was caused by a tumor growing at the base of his brain. On May 13, his 32nd birthday, Chuck was diagnosed with pontine glioma, a rare type of brain stem cancer that typically affects children. Says Jane, "Chuck's doctors determined that he had that tumor from childhood, with no symptoms at all to alert us through the years."

The tumor's sensitive location made it inoperable, and Chuck underwent radiation therapy to control its growth. Alternative treatments were sought as well. Because he had no medical insurance—a common situation for many musicians, even those signed to label contracts—Chuck's treatment was paid entirely out of pocket. In all, his family spent some $90,000 for his therapies. During that time, Beth put her real estate deals on hold to take care of Chuck and raise funds for his treatment. "I told Chuck as a joke, 'You are a full-time job,' " Beth told MTV. "Every single dime has been for him, but Chuck would do it for me 1,000 times over."

November brought the release of Control Denied's debut, *The Fragile Art of Existence*. By then, fans knew of Chuck's condition and many assumed the band's name and the album's title were a reference to his illness, though both had been chosen before his illness was known.

In the first days of 2000, Chuck and his family learned of an experimental surgical procedure that could treat his condition. Within just one week, they managed to assemble a team of five medical specialists to perform the surgery, and to do so quickly: the head surgeon declared that Chuck's life was "in imminent danger" and scheduled his surgery for January 19. Although the procedure was expensive, the doctors had agreed to waive their fees. Unfortunately, the hospital hosting the operation, New York University Medical Center, would not waive its fee, estimated at $70,000 to $100,000. Although the hospital was willing to accept as little as $5,000 as a down payment, Beth was also asked to sign over Chuck's future royalties to pay the balance. She refused.

Still, the surgery went ahead as planned. Nearly half the tumor was removed, and Chuck's life had been saved. Soon after, he began physical therapy to help him recover from the effects of the tumor and surgery. Within two months, he was telling MTV News, "Everything looks good. I'm moving pretty quick through physical therapy, and we're seeing good results." Chuck said he was especially buoyed by the financial donations from his fans and from fellow musicians who put together benefit shows. "When this sort of stuff happens, it really brings people together. It's incredible how people aggressively organized for this. It's very uplifting."

Chuck had good reasons to be optimistic. Though the tumor had not been entirely removed, it had reportedly necrotized; the tissue was effectively dead. In addition, if the tumor had been with Chuck since childhood, as his doctors said, then it was most likely a low-grade glioma, which is slower to grow and less aggressive than a high-grade variety. In any case, Chuck's prognosis for a full recovery looked good.

Work went ahead on a new Control Denied album, tentatively titled *When Man and Machine Collide*. But when Chuck's symptoms recurred in early 2001, his worst fears were realized. The tumor had begun to grow once again, invading areas of the brain too sensitive for surgery. Having been once abated, the cancer now returned with a devastating vengeance. "Chuck lived on his own until early in 2001," says Jane, "when I went to his house to stay with him during the day and eventually full time."

SELLING OUT WAS AN UNKNOWN CONCEPT TO CHUCK—HE WAS INCAPABLE OF DOING LESS THAN FOLLOWING HIS HEART.

By May, his doctors believed surgery was possible and should be performed immediately. Once again, bureaucracy blocked the door to Chuck's recovery. Though he had obtained medical insurance since his first operation, his insurer refused to pay for the second surgery—estimated at $70,000 to $120,000—because the tumor existed before the start of his coverage. The Schuldiners, having exhausted their funds on his previous treatments, did not have the $30,000 down payment required for his surgery.

Responding to Chuck's dire condition, numerous artists—including Pantera, Disturbed, Red Hot Chili Peppers, Marilyn Manson, Korn and Slipknot—donated merchandise for an online auction to raise funds. Chimaira solicited donations while on the road, while benefit concerts were organized by metal acts worldwide. The outpouring of support was enormous.

Throughout Chuck's illness, Christy regularly visited, doing his best to keep his friend's spirits up. "We'd listen to metal together, make prank calls and goof around. We tried not to think about the bad things and just stay positive and think about music and happier things. We would just talk and reminisce and look forward to going on tour again."

"Chuck was the one who never gave up, who instilled hope and love in those all around him, and he never cursed fate," says his mother. "After losing Frank, he worried so about what it would do to the three of us—Beth, [*his nephew*] Christopher and myself—to lose him. I promised him we would do the best we could if he were to lose that fight."

Although Chuck's condition improved by November, his weakened state left him vulnerable to infections. Late in the month, he contracted pneumonia and was placed in the hospital. He was released on December 13 and returned home. One hour later, at 4 P.M., Chuck's body gave up. He died as one imagines he would have wanted, at home, surrounded by his family.

"At the end," says Jane, "he thanked me for the golden memories of his childhood."

The fate of the final Control Denied recordings has been a matter of contention since Chuck's death. In March 2003, Jane announced plans to make the unfinished songs available free for download but changed her mind the following month, saying it wouldn't do "any justice to Chuck's final music." More recently, the Schuldiners and Guido Heijnens, owner of the now-defunct Hammerheart Records, to which Control Denied was under contract, entered into a lawsuit, with each side claiming rights to the recordings. Heijnens has previously released some of those tracks, against the family's wishes, on *Zero Tolerance*, a two-disc compilation from 2004 that also featured Death demos and live recordings. Says Jane, "The legal battle continues with hope that all with be finalized soon. I can tell you that absolutely Chuck's last album will be released exactly as he told his sister and I he wanted it to be done. That was Beth's last promise to Chuck, and she will keep it."

It's not putting too fine a point on things to say the fight for Chuck's music is the fight for his soul. He lived for his music, and he died for it. Clearly, had he chosen a more lucrative occupation or sold out to play a more popular style of music, Chuck might have had the financial means and benefits to beat his disease. But selling out was an unknown concept to him; he was incapable of doing less than following his heart. In his life, Chuck gave not just his music, not just a genre of music, but also an example of how an artist lives his life: without compromise, and on his own terms.

"With regard to death metal, he contributed a standard of musicianship that people are still aspiring to," says Don Kaye. "He was a pioneer who tried to take the music in an interesting and progressive direction. And in that way, coming along when he did, he crystallized the genre."

"His music is timeless," adds Christy. "It still sounds as fresh as it did when it came out. Plus, Chuck's style on guitar is unmatched: it's the perfect mix of melody, technicality and brutality. I'm extremely lucky to have been not just part of the band but also a close friend of Chuck's. He inspired me, and he continues to inspire me, every day."

He is clearly not alone.

"I still receive so many emails from Chuck's fans," says Jane. "I know from them that Chuck is remembered not only as a great musician but as someone who made, and continues to make, a difference in their lives. He inspires them still." Not all those fans are adults who grew up with Chuck's music; many, says Jane, are as young as 11. "Just think: another generation is discovering Chuck's music. He would be so proud." ✦

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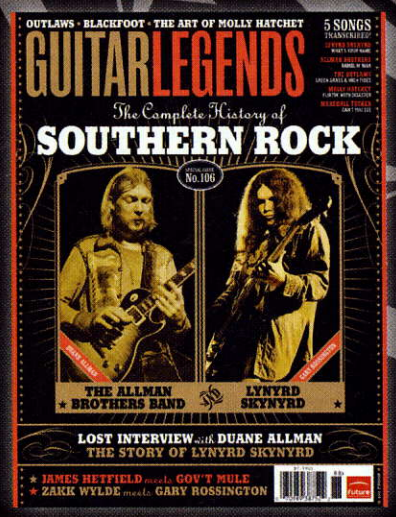
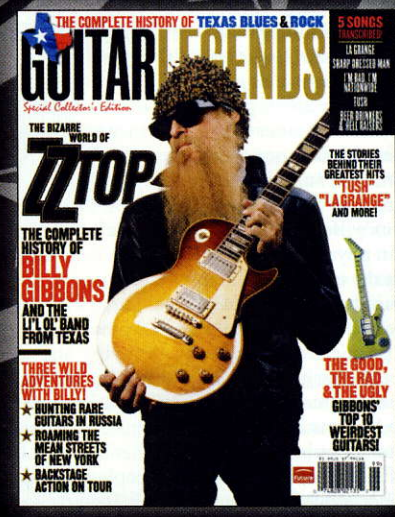


5 SONGS TABBED PER ISSUE.



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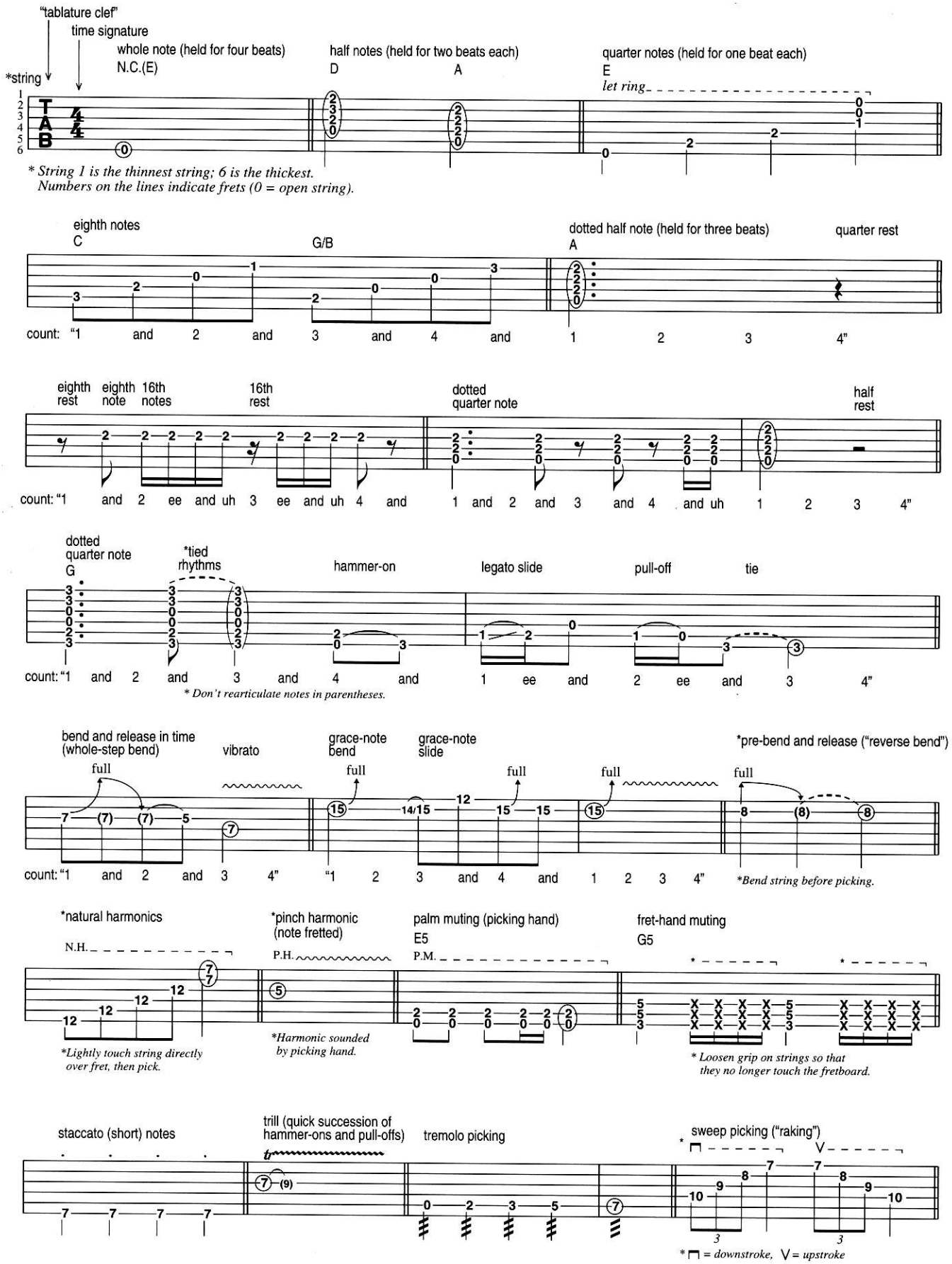
NOTATION GUIDE



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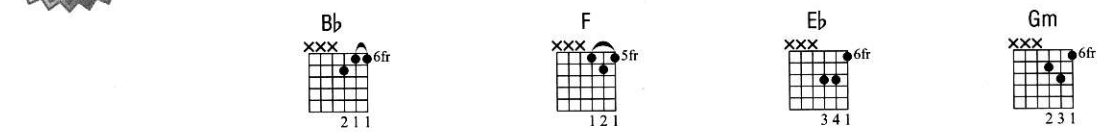
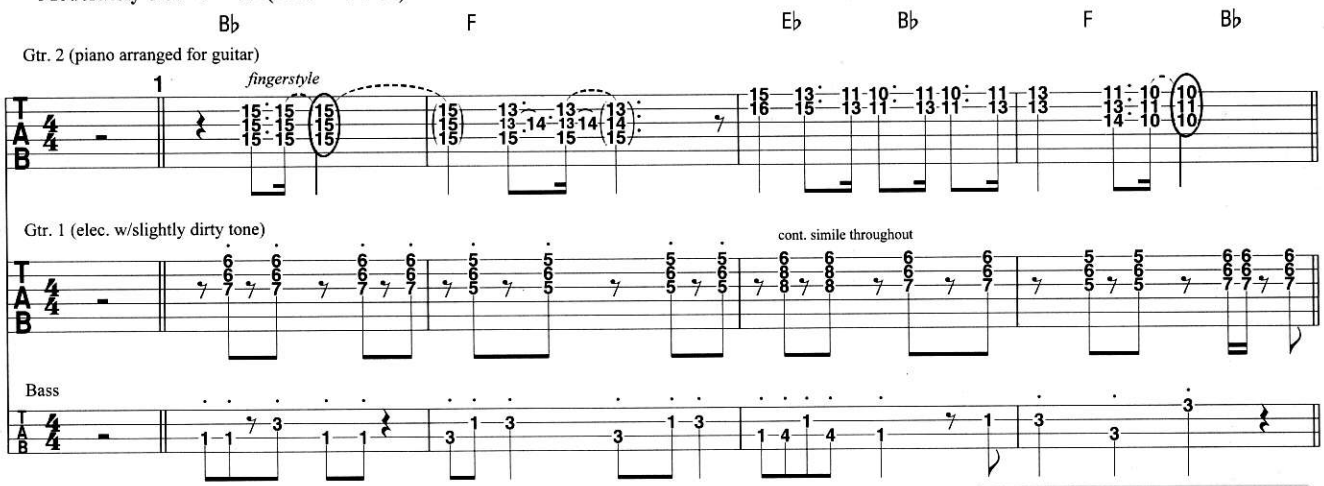
"ONE LOVE/PEOPLE GET READY" BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS

As heard on **LEGEND** (TUFF GONG)
Words and Music by **Bob Marley** ✶ *Transcribed by* **Jeff Perrin**



A **Intro** (0:00)

Moderately Slow ♩ = 76 (♩♩♩♩ = ♩♩♩♩)



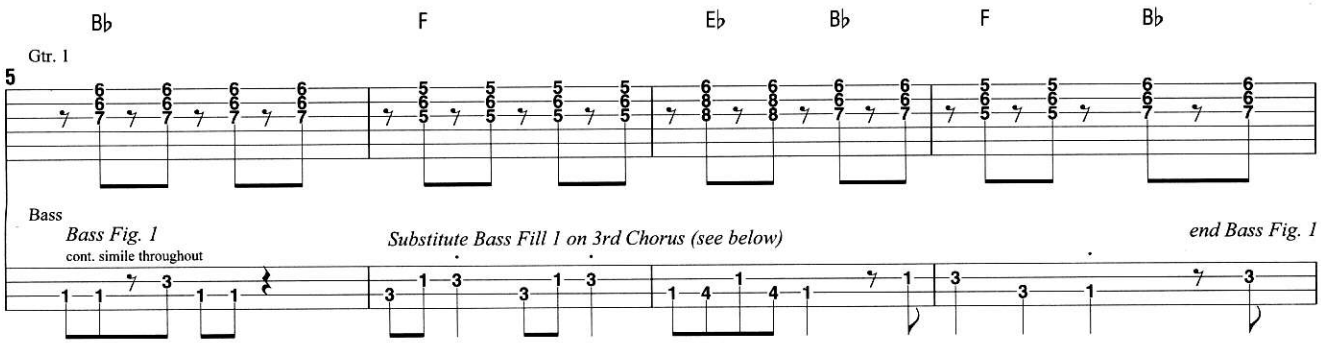
For more bass tips, check out
PLAY BASS DVD at www.guitarworld.com/store.

B **Chorus** (0:14, 1:11, 2:08)

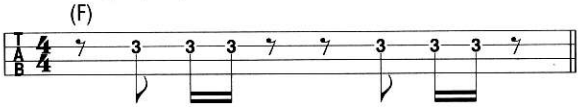
(1.) **One love one heart Let's get together and feel all right Hear the children**

(2.) **One love what about the one heart what about love As it was in the beginning**
(one heart) (Let's get together and feel all right)

(3.) **One love what about the one heart what about I'm pleading to**
(one heart) (Let's get together and feel all right)



Bass Fill 1 (2:11, 2:23)
(F)



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(1.) cryin' Hear the children crying sayin' give thanks and praise to the Lord and I will feel all right Sayin'
(One love) (one heart)

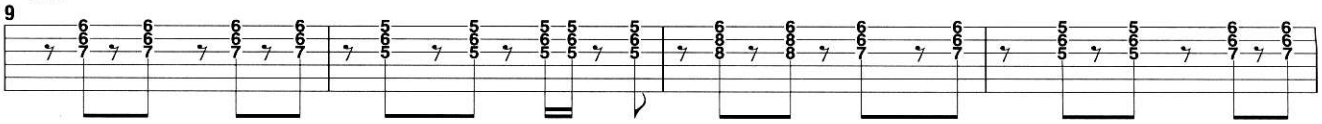
(2.) So shall it be in the end All right give thanks and praise to the Lord and I will feel all right
(One love) (one heart)

(3.) mankind Oh Lord whoa give thanks and praise to the Lord and I will feel all right
(One love) (one heart)

F E♭ B♭ F B♭

Gtr. 1

9



Bass repeats Bass Fig. 1 (see bar 5)

Bass substitutes Bass Fill 1 on 3rd Chorus (see previous page)

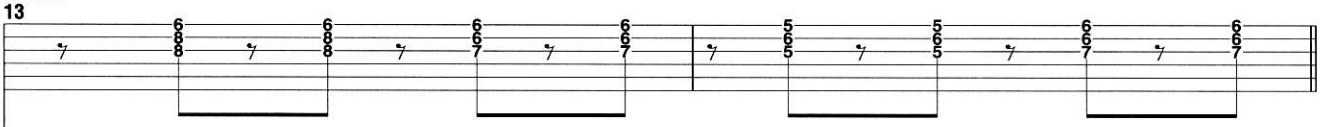
3rd time, skip ahead to D *Outro*

let's get together and feel all right wo wo wo wo
Let's get together and feel all right One more thing
Let's get together and feel all right Give

E♭ B♭ F B♭

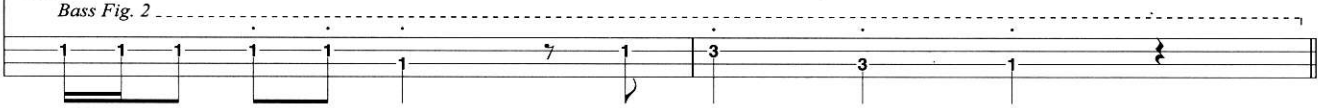
Gtr. 1

13



Bass

Bass Fig. 2



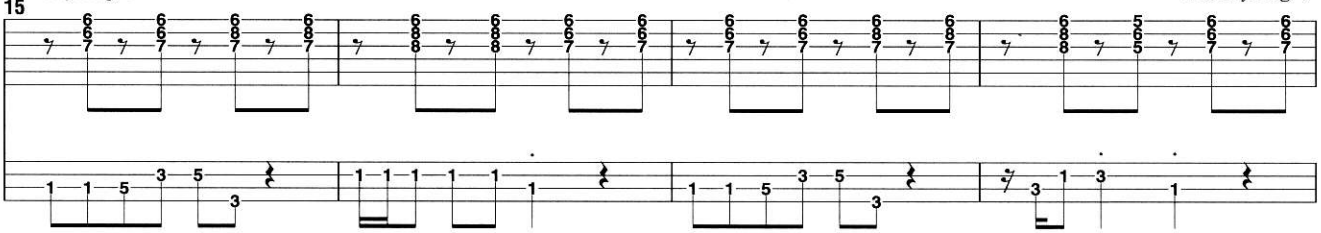
C **Verses** (0:46, 1:43)

1. Let them all pass all their dirty remarks (One love) There is one question I'd really love to ask (One
2. Let's get together to fight this Holy Armageddon (One love) So when the man comes there will be no no doom (One

B♭ Gm E♭ B♭ Gm E♭ F B♭

Rhy. Fig. 1 *end Rhy. Fig. 1*

15



go back to B *Chorus*

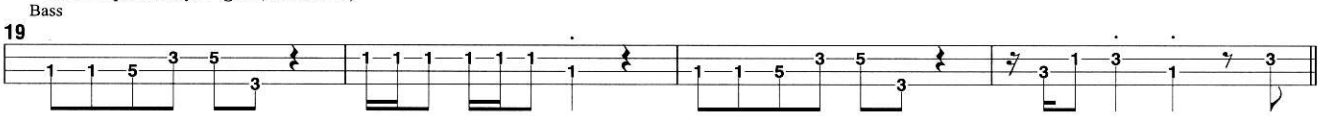
heart) Is there a place for the hopeless sinner who has hurt all mankind just to save his own beliefs
song) Have pity on those whose chances grow thinner There ain't no hiding place from the Father of Creation sayin'

Gm E♭ B♭ Gm E♭ F B♭

Gtr. 1 repeats Rhy. Fig. 1 (see bar 15)

Bass

19



D **Outro** (2:39)

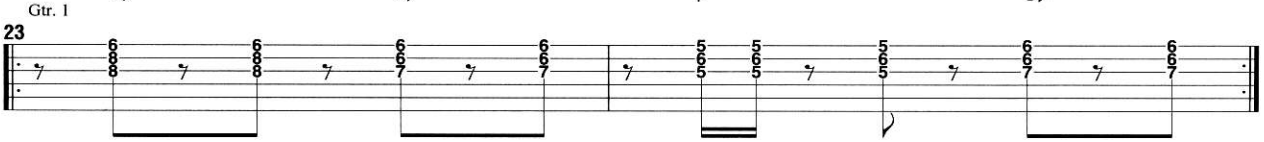
repeat and fade

thanks and praise to the Lord and I will feel all right
Let's get together and feel all right

E♭ B♭ F B♭

Gtr. 1

23



Bass plays Bass Fig. 2 simile (see bar 13)

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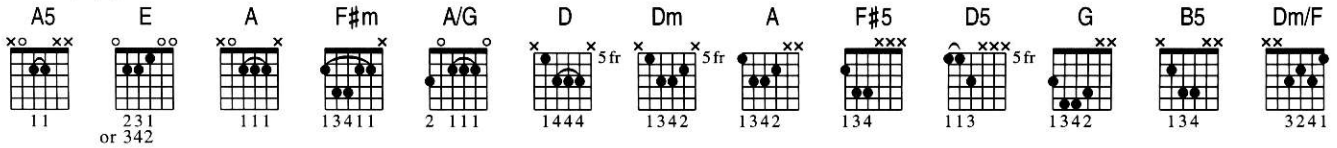
"IN MY LIFE" THE BEATLES

As heard on **RUBBER SOUL** (CAPITOL)

Words and Music by **John Lennon and Paul McCartney** ✶ *Transcribed by* **Andy Aledort**



A **Intro** (0:00)

Moderately ♩ = 104

B (0:05, 0:47)

1. There are
2. But of

A5 E A5 E

Gtr. 1 (clean elec.)
fingerstyle
let ring

let ring

Gtr. 2 (clean elec.)
w/pick

Bass
Bass Fig. 1

Substitute Bass Fig. 1 second time (see bar 1)

C **Verses/Keyboard Solo** (0:10, 0:51, 1:28)

(1.) places I remember all my life though some have changed Some for-
(2.) all these friends and lovers there is no one compares with you And these
3. *keyboard solo*

A E F♯m A/G D Dm A

let ring throughout

*Gtr. 2

*Bass

play simile on repeats

ever not for better Some have gone and some remain (1.) All these
mem'ries lose their meaning when I think of love as something new (2., 3.) Though I

E F♯m A/G D Dm A

let ring

fret-hand fing.: 3 4 2

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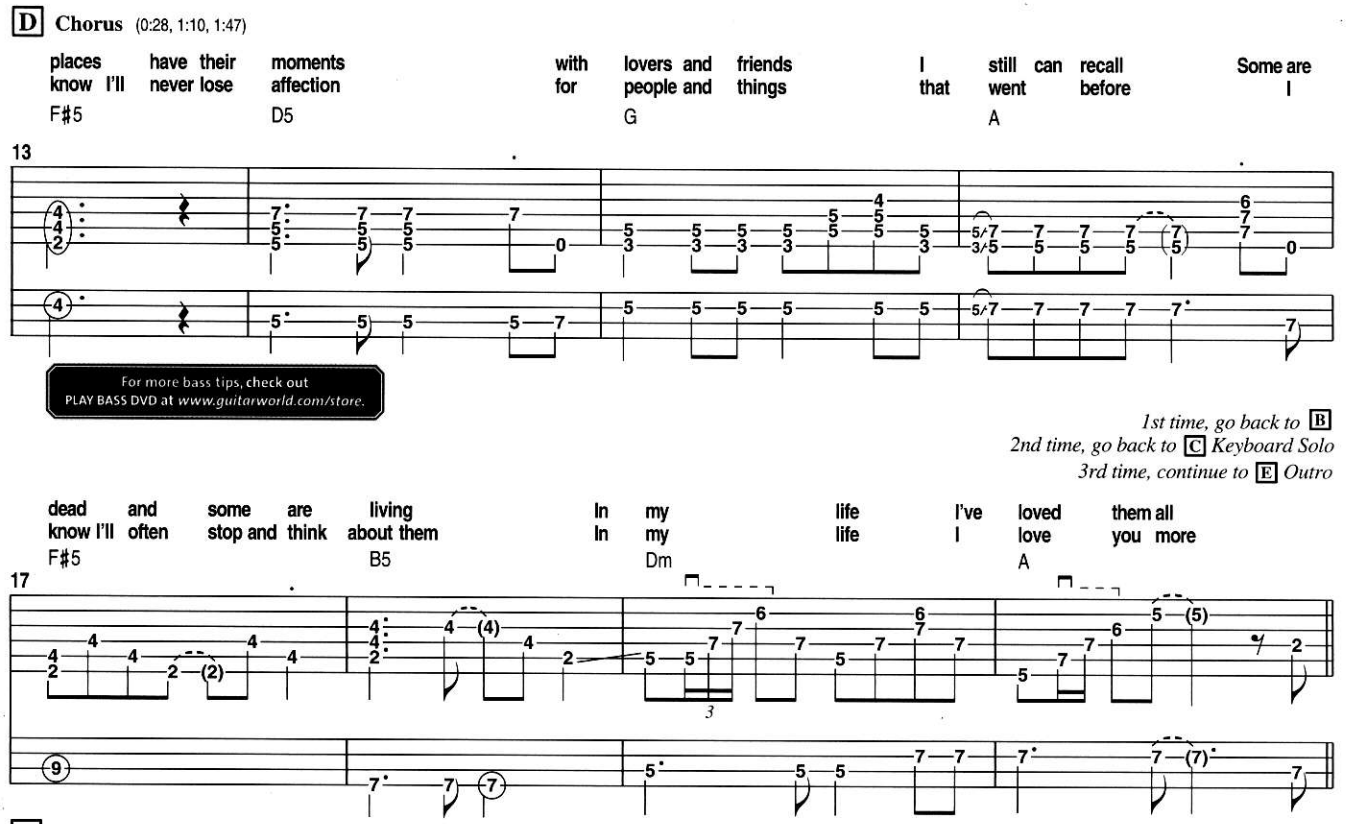
D Chorus (0:28, 1:10, 1:47)
places have their moments with lovers and friends I still can recall Some are
know I'll never lose affection for people and things that went before I
F#5 D5 G A
13
For more bass tips, check out
PLAY BASS DVD at www.guitarworld.com/store.
1st time, go back to B
2nd time, go back to C Keyboard Solo
3rd time, continue to E Outro
dead and some are living In my life I've loved them all
know I'll often stop and think about them In my life I love you more
F#5 B5 Dm A
17
E Outro (2:06)
Free Time
In my life I love you
A5 E Dm/F
Gtr. 1
let ring
21
Gtr. 2
Bass
(2:15)
more
A5 E A
let ring
25

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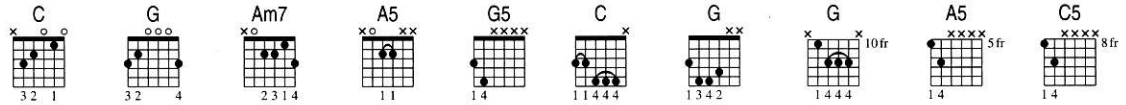
"SIMPLE MAN" LYNYRD SKYNYRD

As heard on **PRONOUNCED LEH-NERD SKIN-NERD** (MCA)

Words and Music by **Ronnie Van Zant and Gary Rossington** ★ *Transcribed by* **Hemme Luttjeboer and Matt Scharfglass**

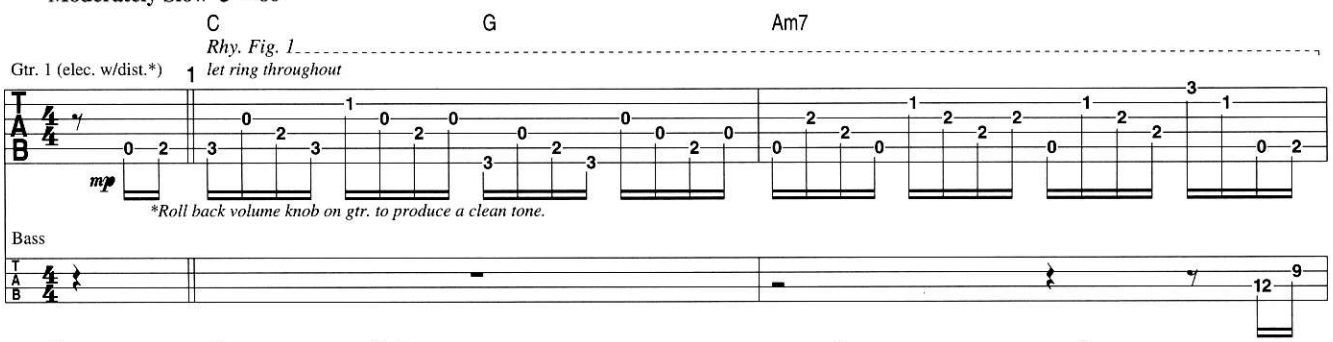
All guitars are tuned down one half step (low to high: E♭ A♭ D♭ G♭ B♭ E♭).
Bass tuning (low to high): E♭ A♭ D♭ G♭.

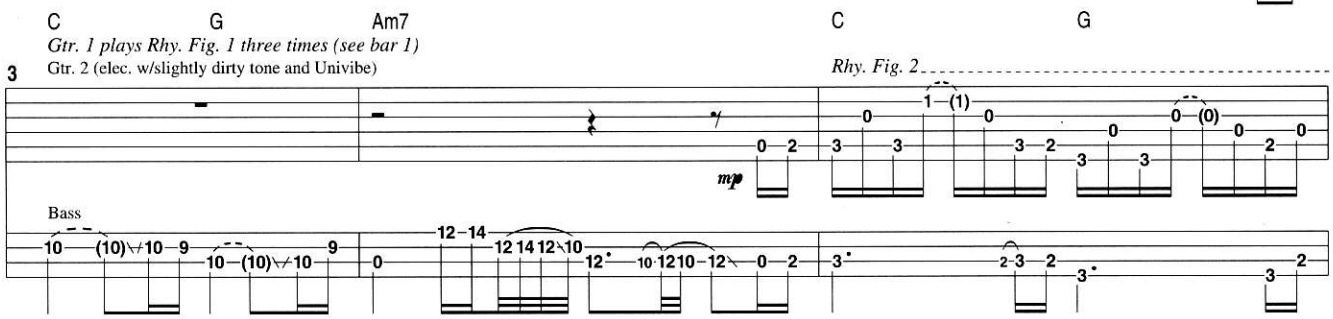
All music sounds in the key of A♭ minor, one half step lower than written.



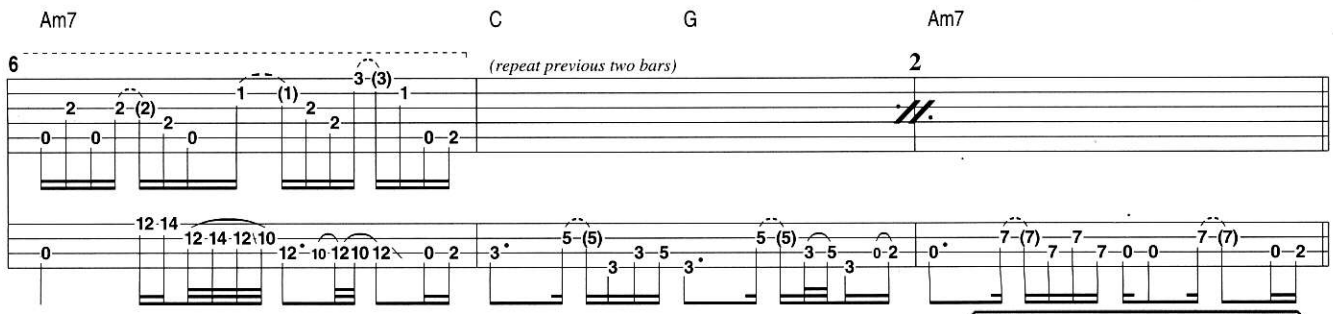
A Intro (0:00)

Moderately Slow ♩ = 60





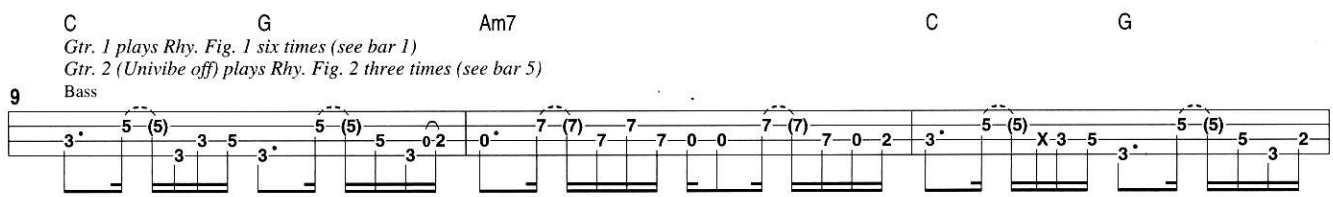
1. My mama



For more bass tips, check out
PLAY BASS DVD at www.guitarworld.com/store.

B 1st Verse (0:33)

told me when I was young Come sit beside me my only



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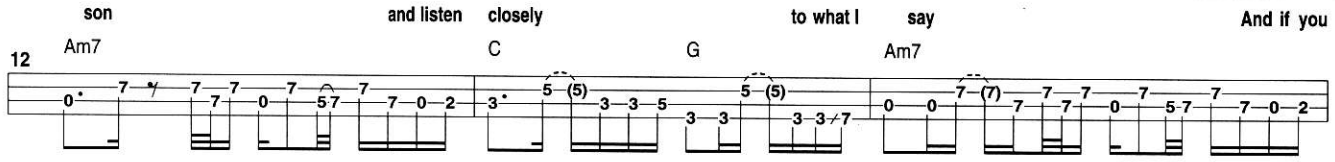
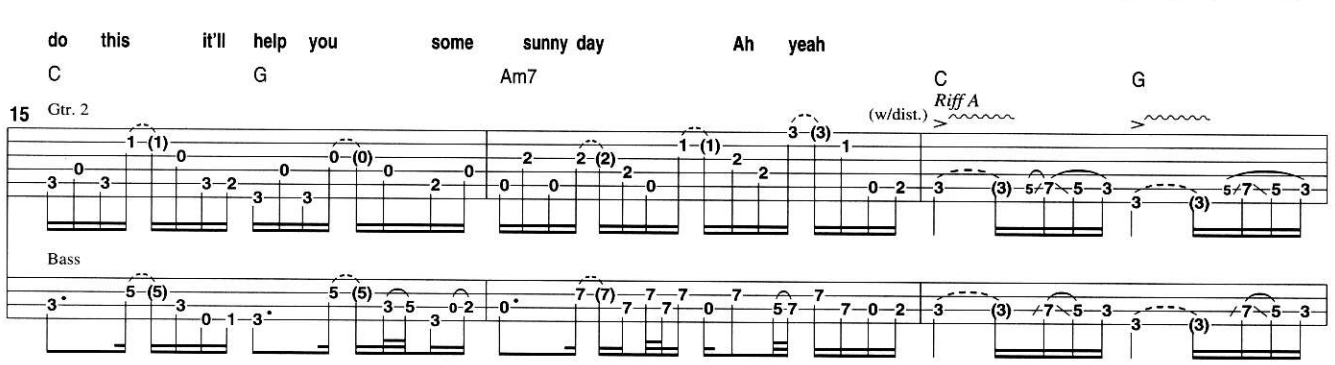
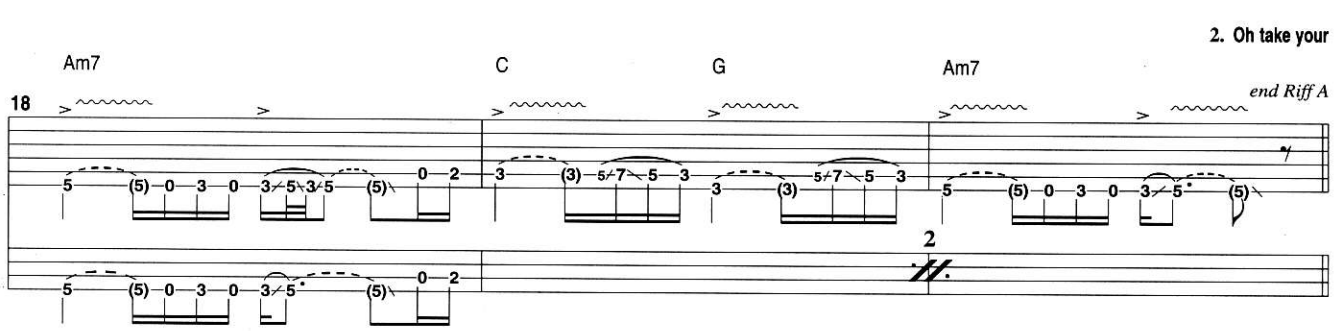
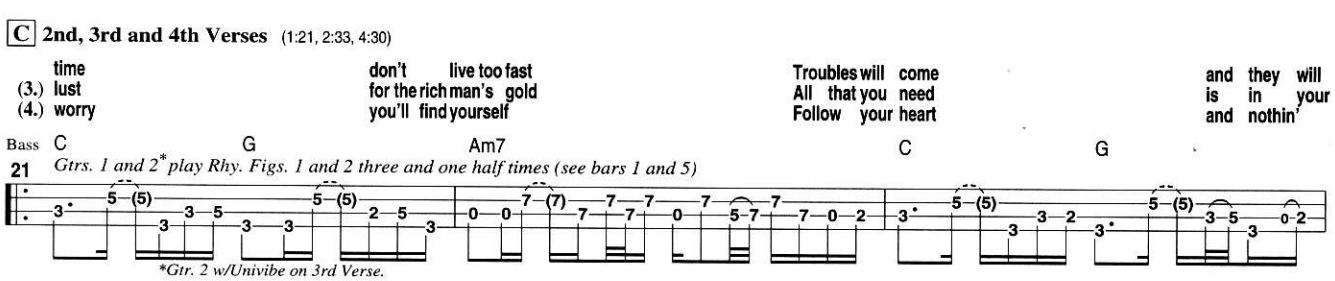
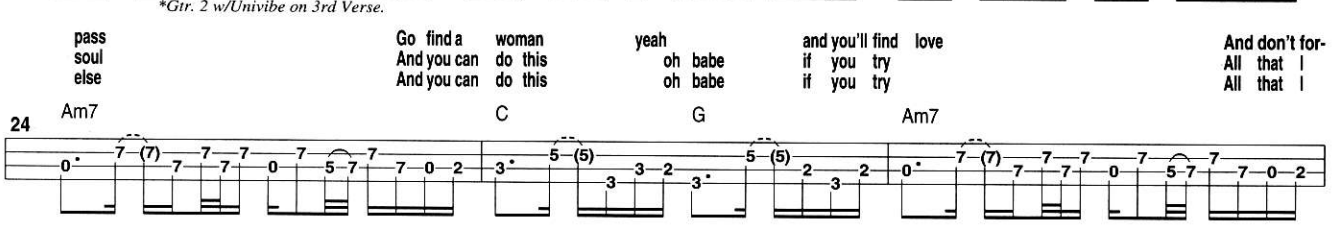




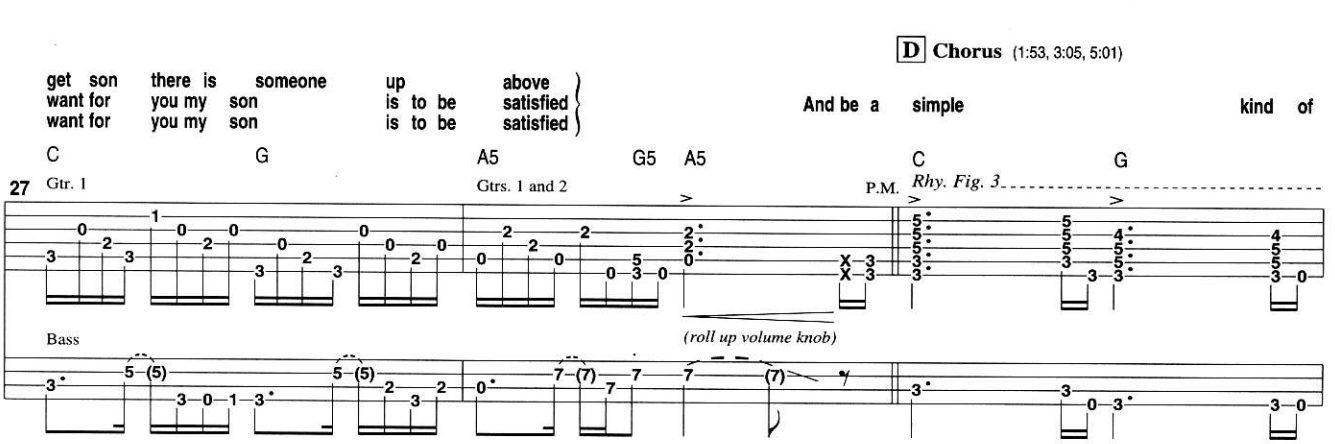


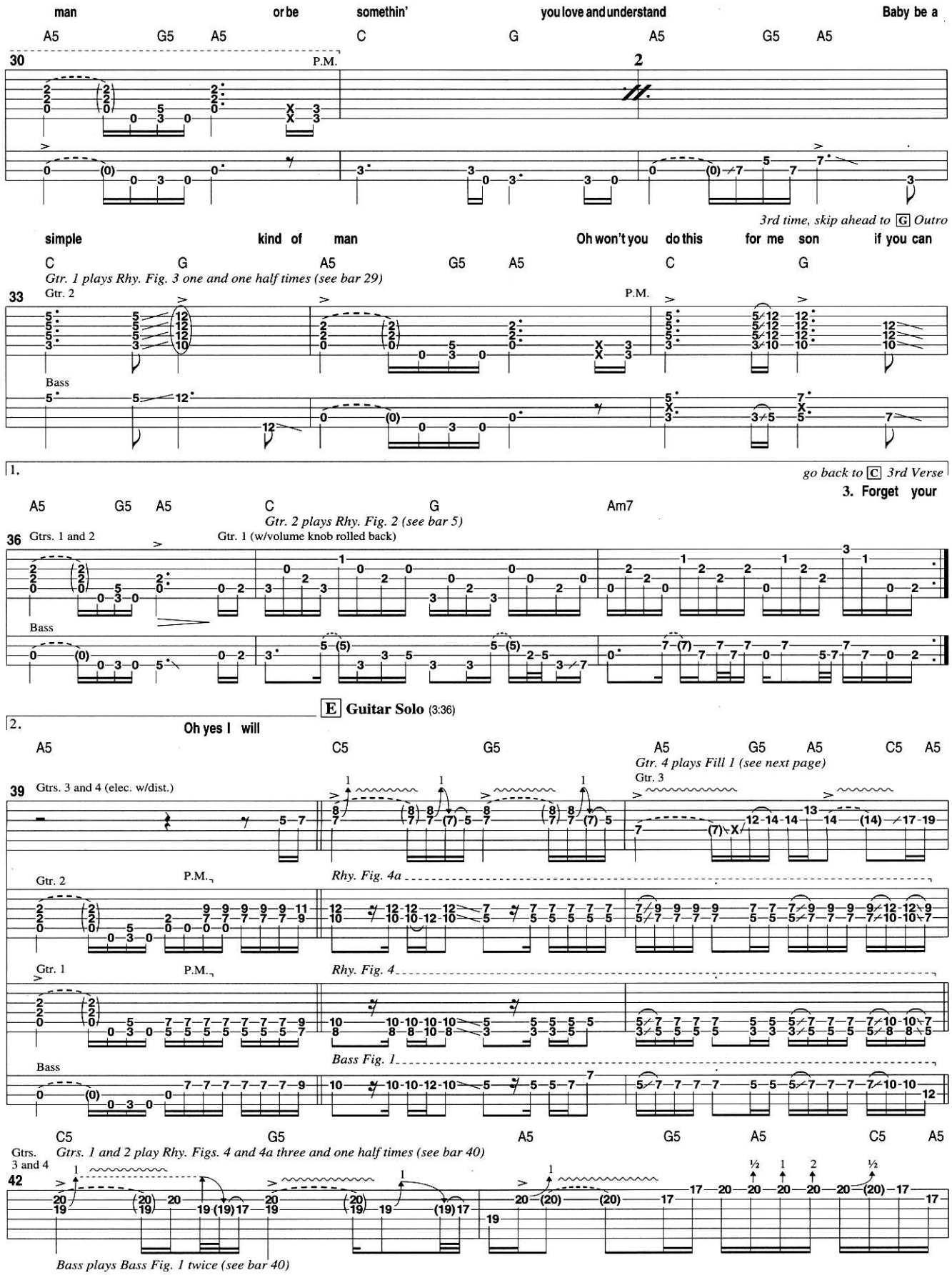
C **2nd, 3rd and 4th Verses** (1:21, 2:33, 4:30)

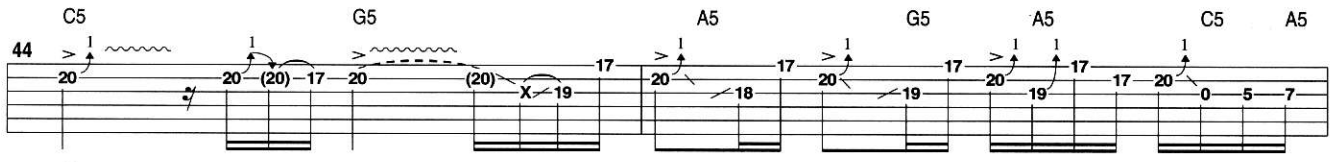


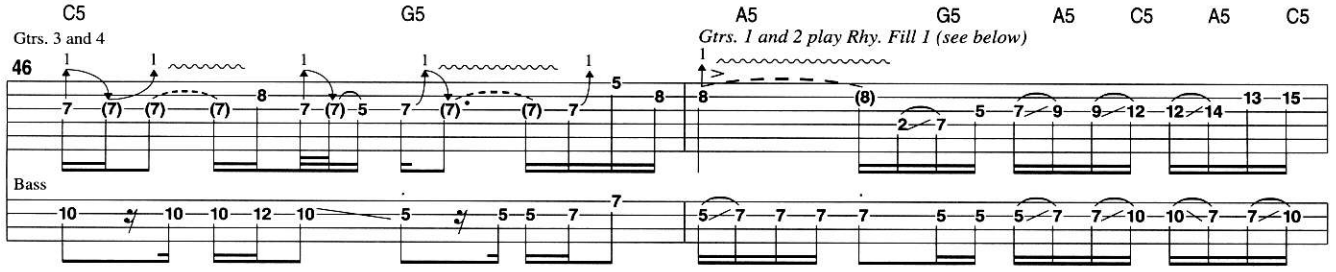


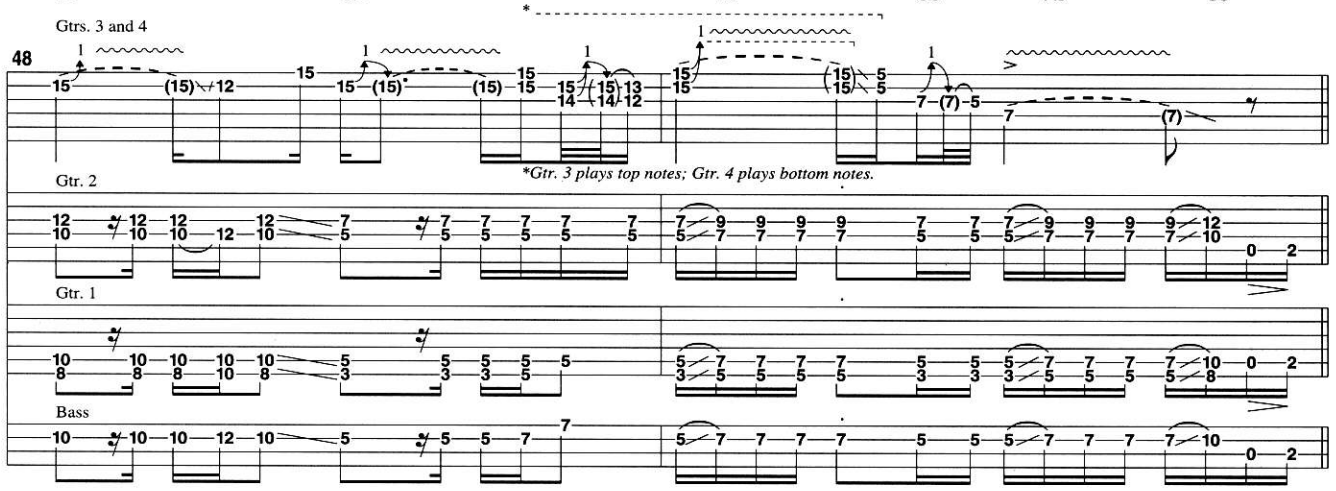
D **Chorus** (1:53, 3:05, 5:01)




man or be somethin' you love and understand Baby be a
A5 G5 A5 C G A5 G5 A5
30
P.M.
2
3rd time, skip ahead to G Outro
simple kind of man Oh won't you do this for me son if you can
C G A5 G5 A5 C G
Gtr. 1 plays Rhy. Fig. 3 one and one half times (see bar 29)
33
Gtr. 2
P.M.
Bass
1.
go back to C 3rd Verse
3. Forget your
A5 G5 A5 C G Am7
Gtr. 2 plays Rhy. Fig. 2 (see bar 5)
36
Gtrs. 1 and 2
Gtr. 1 (w/volume knob rolled back)
Bass
E Guitar Solo (3:36)
2.
Oh yes I will
A5 C5 G5 A5 G5 A5 C5 A5
Gtr. 4 plays Fill 1 (see next page)
39
Gtrs. 3 and 4 (elec. w/dist.)
Gtr. 3
Gtr. 2
P.M.
Rhy. Fig. 4a
Gtr. 1
P.M.
Rhy. Fig. 4
Bass
Bass Fig. 1
C5 G5 A5 G5 A5 C5 A5
Gtrs. 3 and 4
Gtrs. 1 and 2 play Rhy. Figs. 4 and 4a three and one half times (see bar 40)
42
Bass plays Bass Fig. 1 twice (see bar 40)



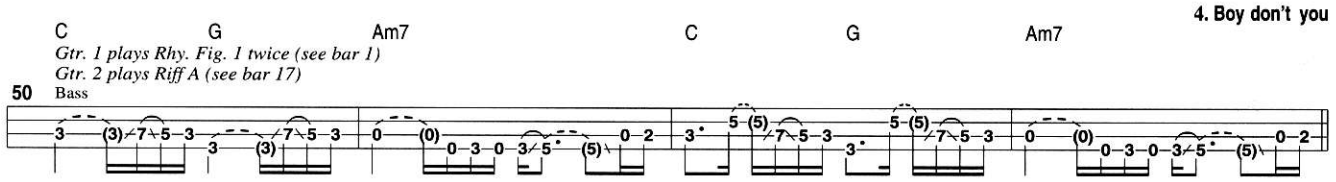




F (4:14)

go back to **C** *4th Verse*

4. Boy don't you



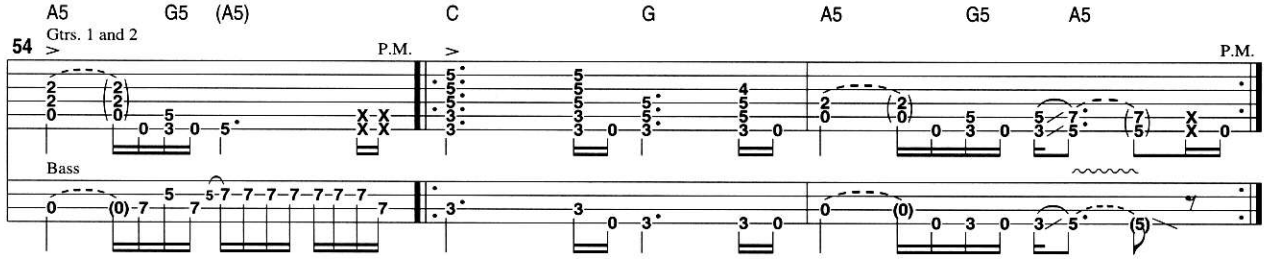
G Outro (5:28)

play 3 times and fade

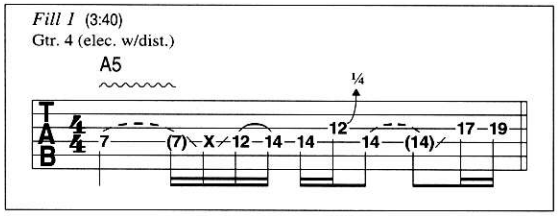
And baby be a simple somethin' simple

be a simple man you love and understand kind of man

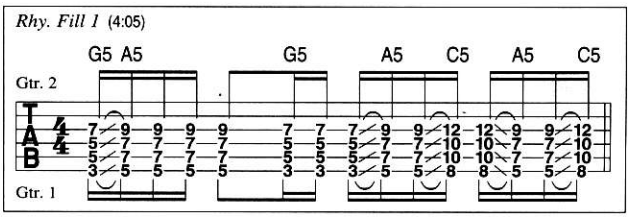
or be Baby be a



Fill 1 (3:40)
Gtr. 4 (elec. w/dist.)



Rhy. Fill 1 (4:05)



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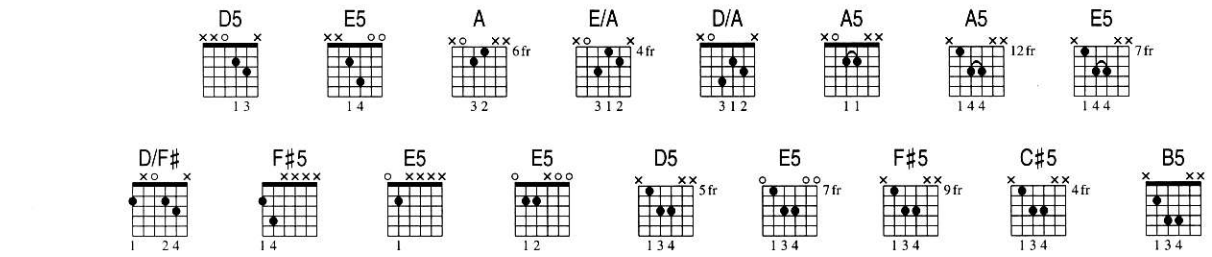
"CRAZY TRAIN" OZZY OSBOURNE

As heard on **BLIZZARD OF OZZ** (JET)

Words and Music by **Ozzy Osbourne, Randy Rhoads and Bob Daisley** ✶ *Transcribed by* **Andy Aledort**



A **Intro** (0:04)

Moderately ♩ = 138

All aboard ha ha ha ha ha ha Aye (aye) (aye) (aye) (aye) (aye) (aye)

N.C.(F♯5) (A) (E) (F♯5) (D) (E)

*Gtr. 1 (elec. w/dist.)

2nd time only

fdbk. *pick scrape

pitches: C E

*doubled

Bass

Bass Fig. 1 *end Bass Fig. 1*

An additional guitar part was overdubbed for this bar: Slide pick-hand pinkie along strings (in the direction of nut) while performing fast double pull-offs on G string w/fretting hand, producing random harmonics.

B (0:18, 3:12)

(F♯5) (A) (E) (F♯5) (D) (E)

Gtr. 1

(repeat previous two bars)

Bass

(F♯5) D5 E5 A E/A

P.M. P.M. P.M.

Bass Fig. 2

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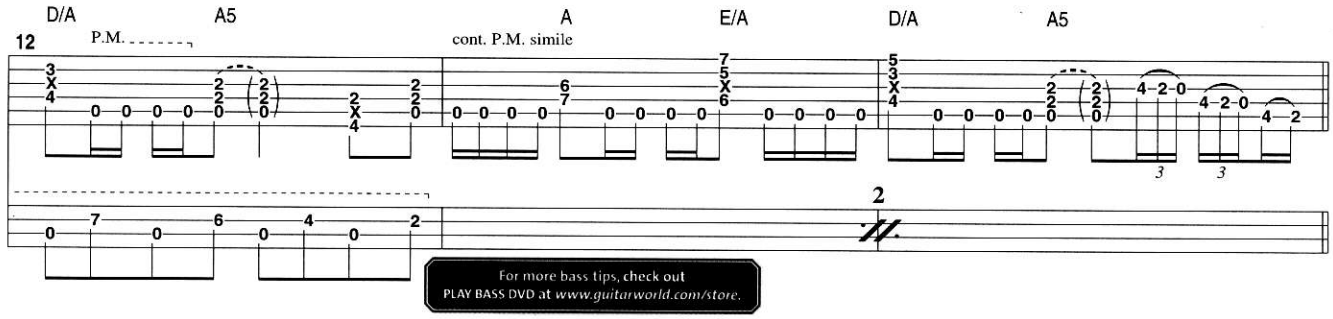


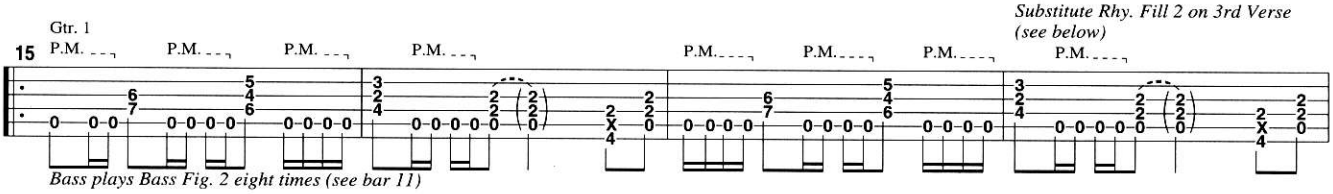
For more bass tips, check out PLAY BASS DVD at www.guitarworld.com/store.

C Verses (0:39, 1:38, 3:33)

1. Crazy but that's how it goes
(2.) listened to preachers I've listened to fools I've
3. Heirs of the Cold War that's what we've become In-

A E/A D/A A5 A E/A D/A A5

Substitute Rhy. Fill 2 on 3rd Verse (see below)

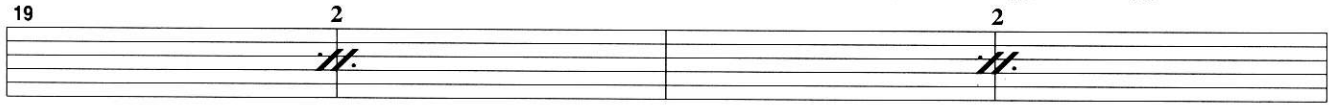


Bass plays Bass Fig. 2 eight times (see bar 11)

Millions of people living as foes One
watched all the dropouts who make their own rules
heriting troubles I'm mentally numb

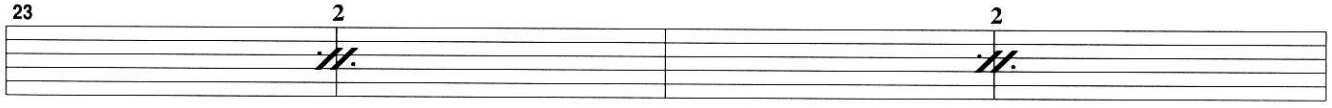
Substitute Rhy. Fill 1 on 2nd Verse and Rhy. Fill 2 on 3rd Verse (see below)

A E/A D/A A5 A E/A D/A A5



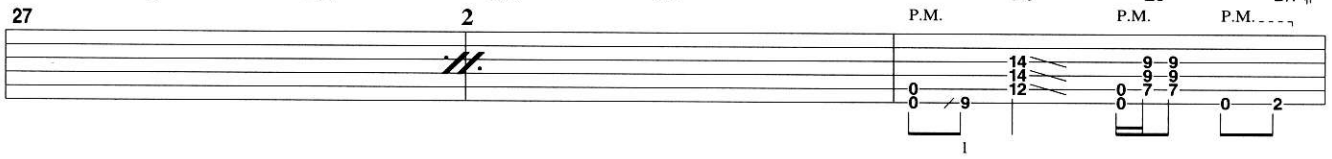
Maybe it's not too late to
person conditioned to rule and control The
Crazy I just cannot bear I'm

A E/A D/A A5 A E/A D/A A5

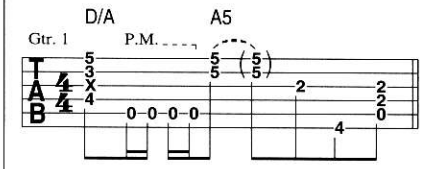


learn how to love and forget how to hate
media sells it and you live the role
living with something that just isn't fair

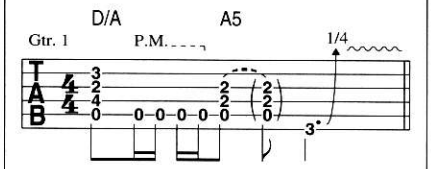
A E/A D/A A5 A5 E5 D/F#



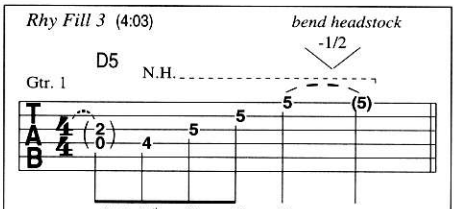
Rhy. Fill 1 (1:51)

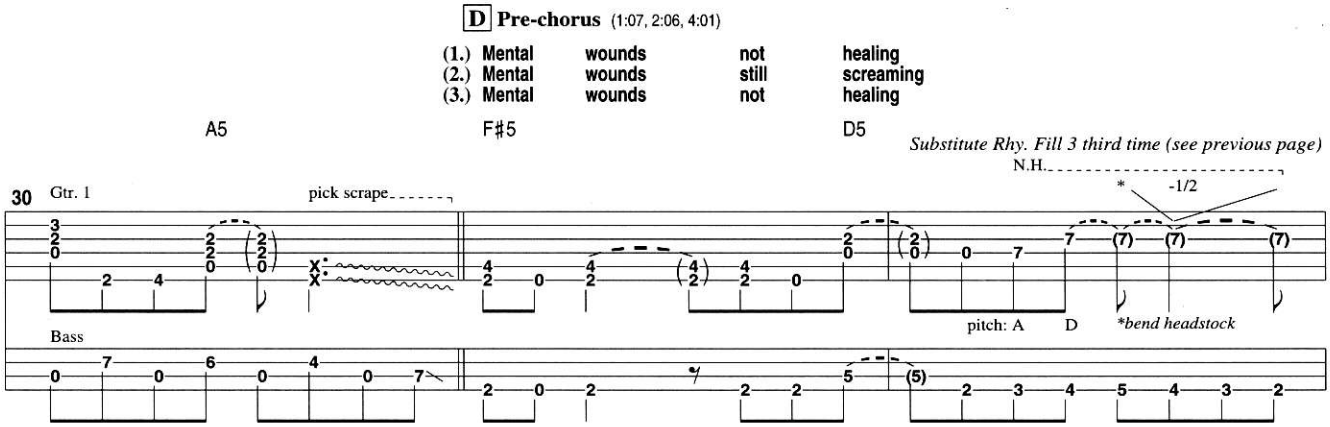


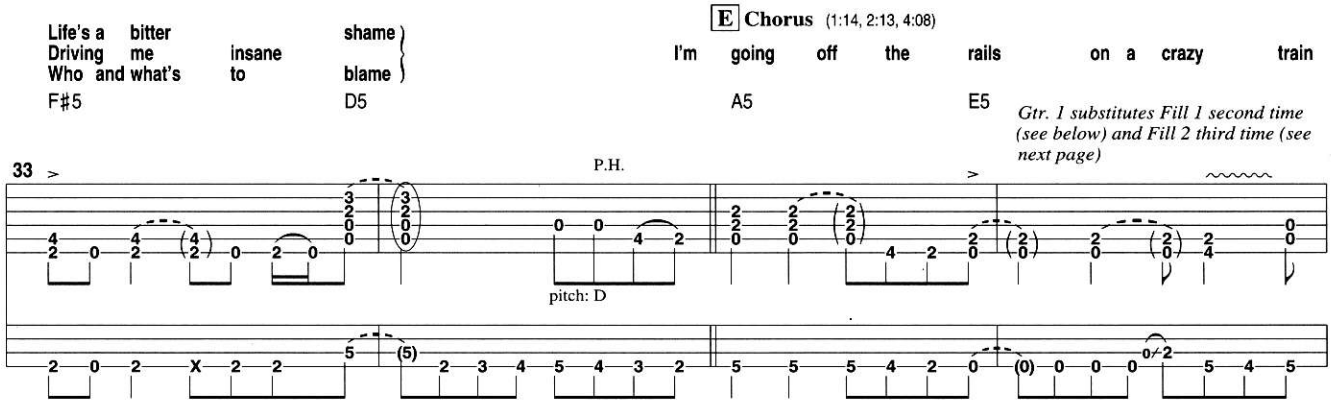
Rhy. Fill 2 (3:39, 3:45)

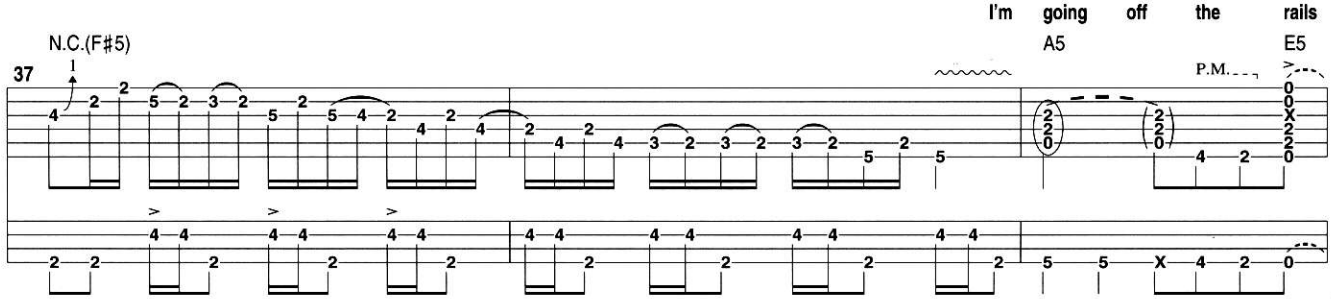


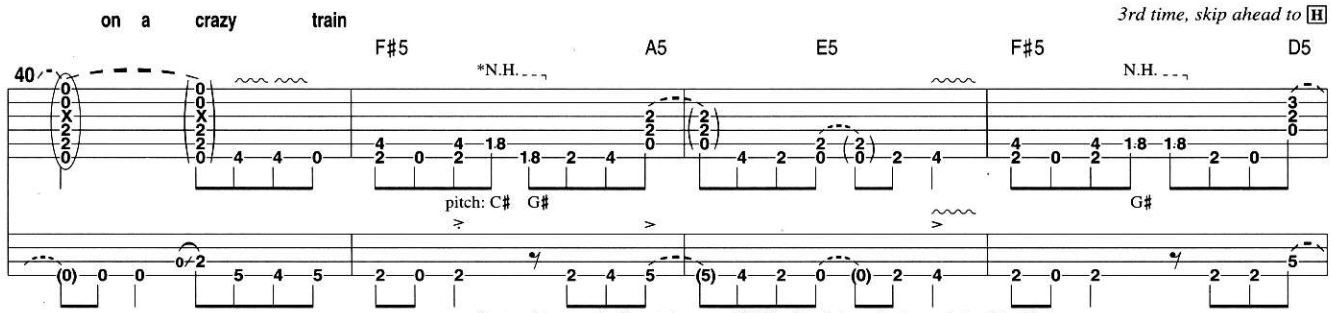
Rhy Fill 3 (4:03)



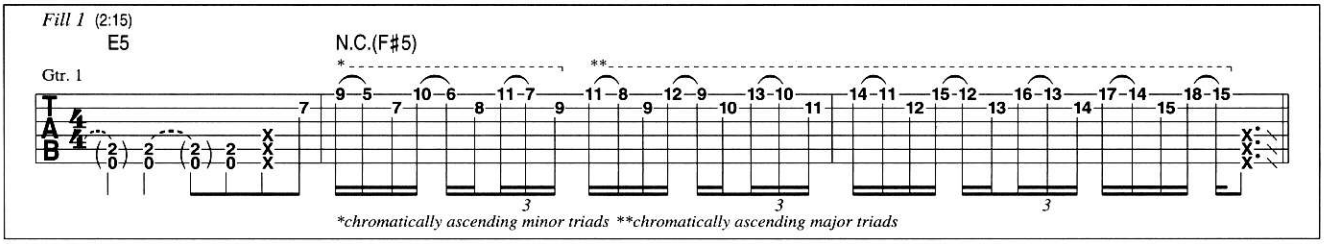


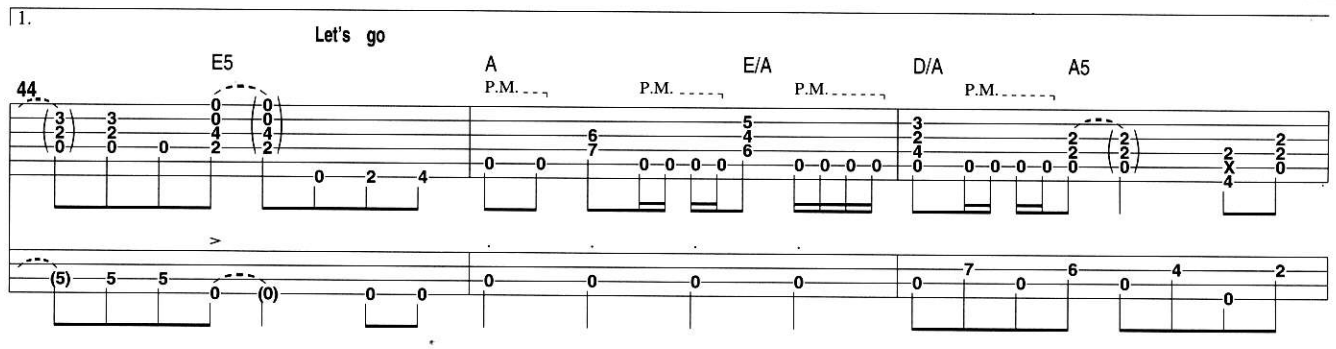


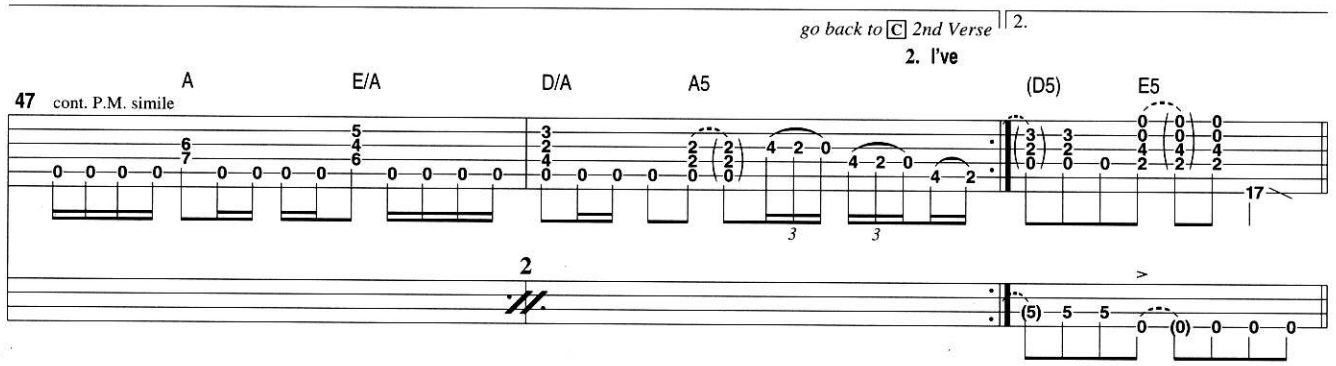




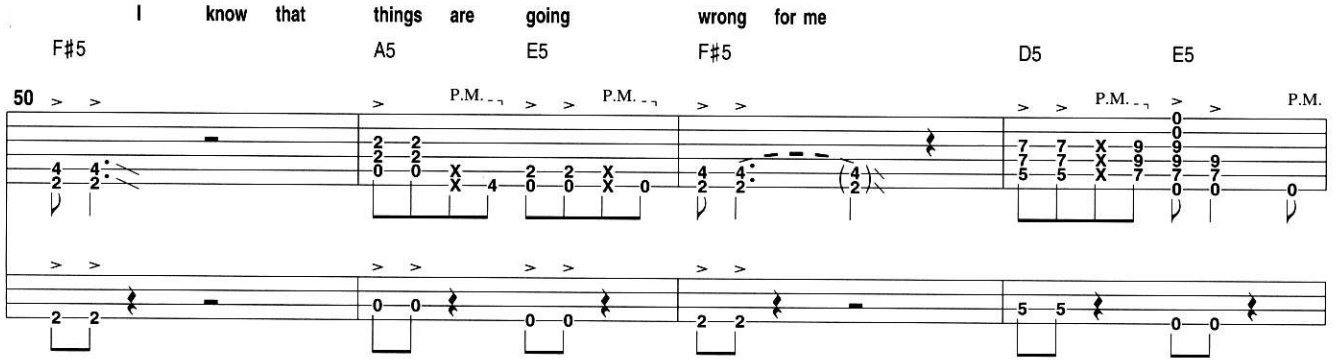
*natural harmonics located approx. 8/10ths the distance between 1st and 2nd frets

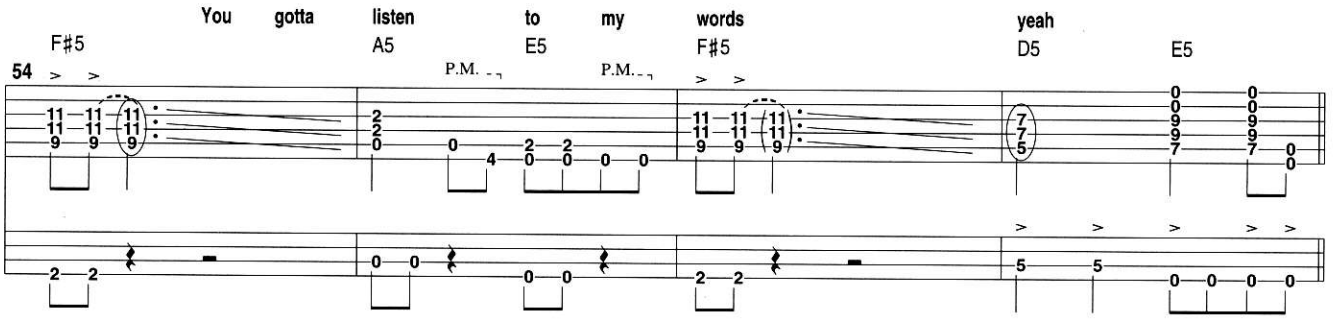


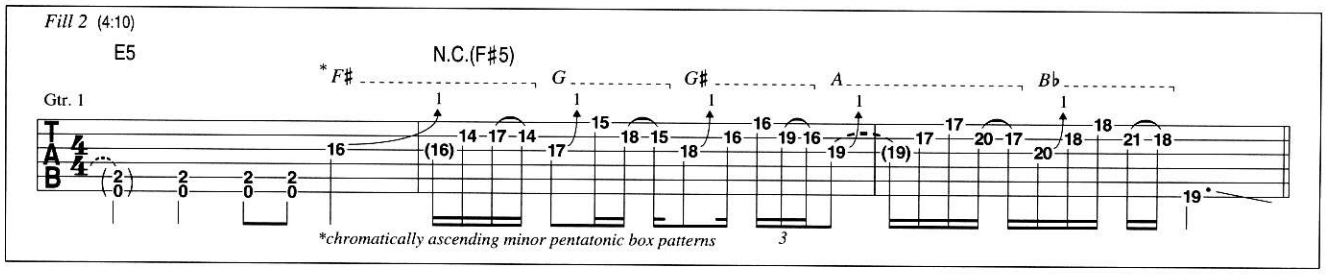

1.
Let's go
E5
A
E/A
D/A
A5
44
P.M.

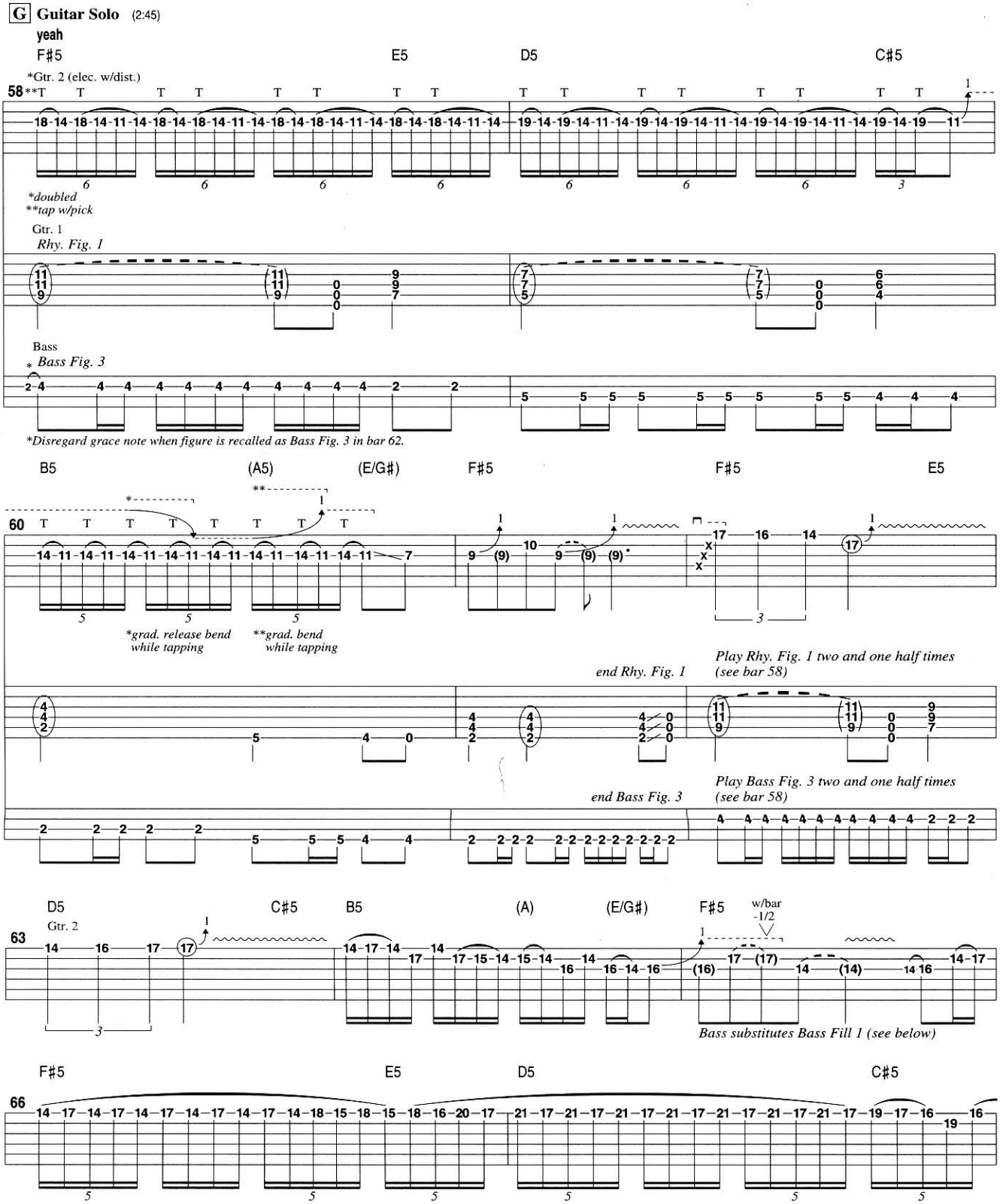

go back to C 2nd Verse
2.
2. I've
A
E/A
D/A
A5
(D5)
E5
47
cont. P.M. simile
2

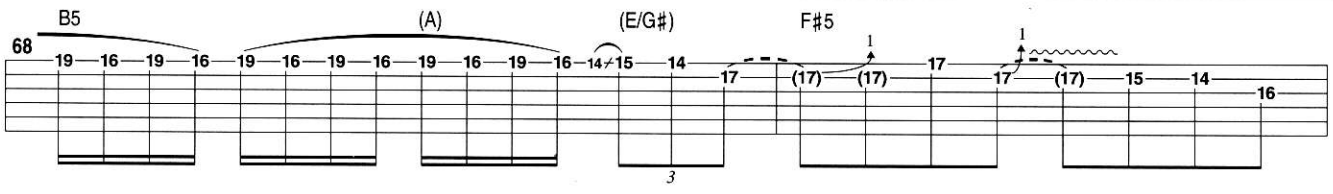
F Bridge (2:31)

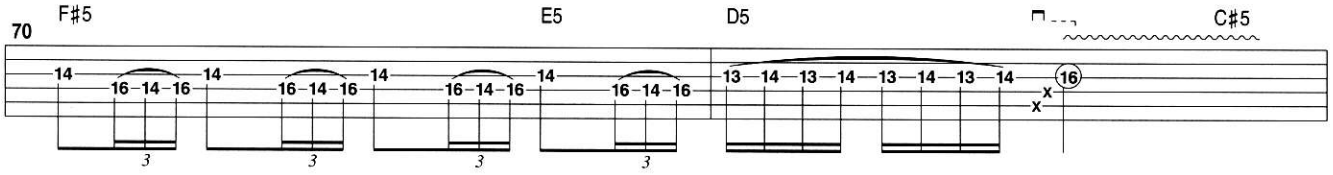

I know that things are going wrong for me
F#5
A5
E5
F#5
D5
E5
50
P.M.


You gotta listen to my words yeah
F#5
A5
E5
F#5
D5
E5
54
P.M.

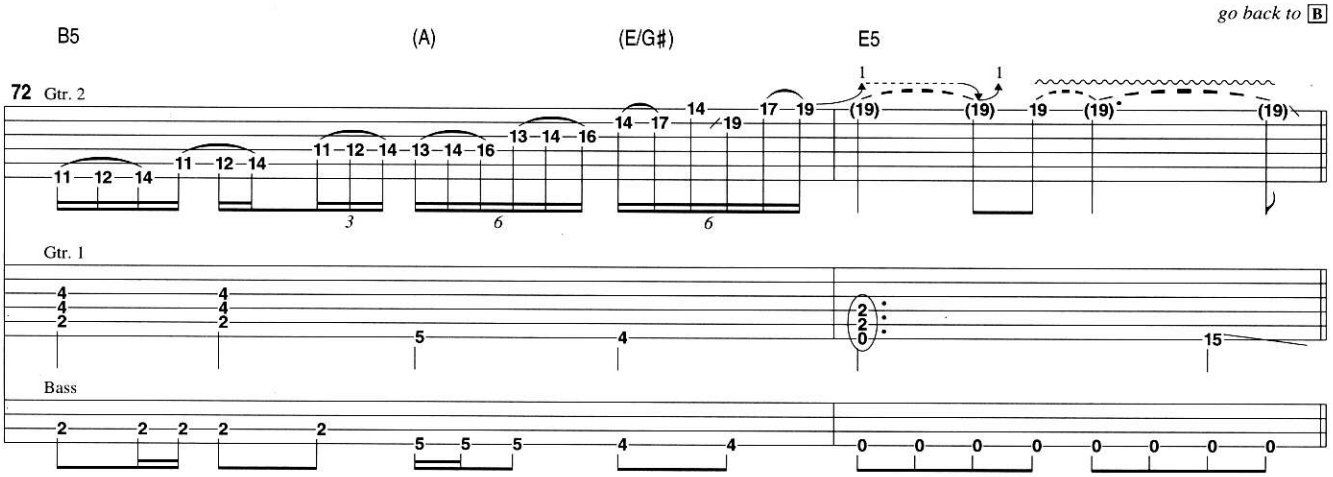

Fill 2 (4:10)
E5
N.C.(F#5)
*F#
G
G#
A
B♭
Gtr. 1
*chromatically ascending minor pentatonic box patterns

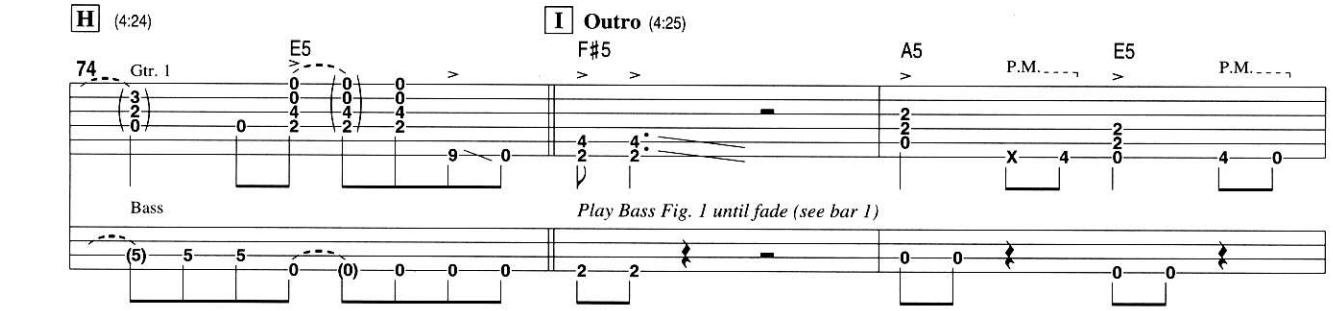

G Guitar Solo (2:45)
yeah
F#5
E5
D5
C#5
*Gtr. 2 (elec. w/dist.)
58
*doubled
**tap w/pick
Gtr. 1
Rhy. Fig. 1
Bass
Bass Fig. 3
*Disregard grace note when figure is recalled as Bass Fig. 3 in bar 62.
B5
(A5)
(E/G#)
F#5
F#5
E5
60
*grad. release bend while tapping
**grad. bend while tapping
end Rhy. Fig. 1
Play Rhy. Fig. 1 two and one half times (see bar 58)
end Bass Fig. 3
Play Bass Fig. 3 two and one half times (see bar 58)
D5
C#5
B5
(A)
(E/G#)
F#5
w/bar -1/2
63
Gtr. 2
Bass substitutes Bass Fill 1 (see below)
F#5
E5
D5
C#5
66
Bass Fill 1 (2:57)
(F#5)

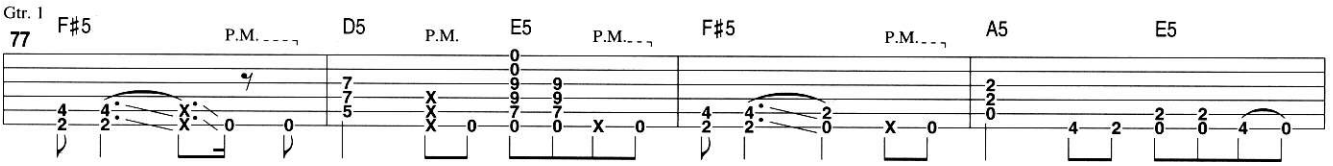




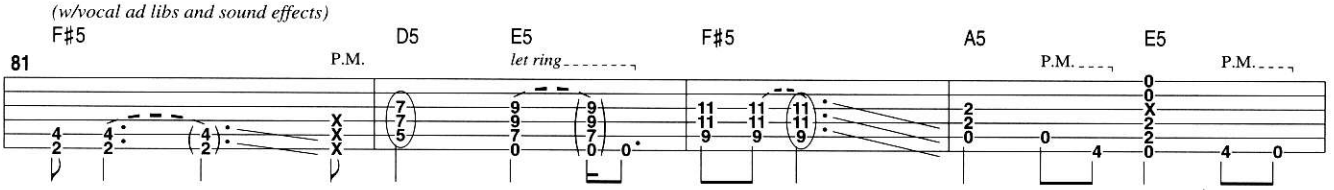
go back to B

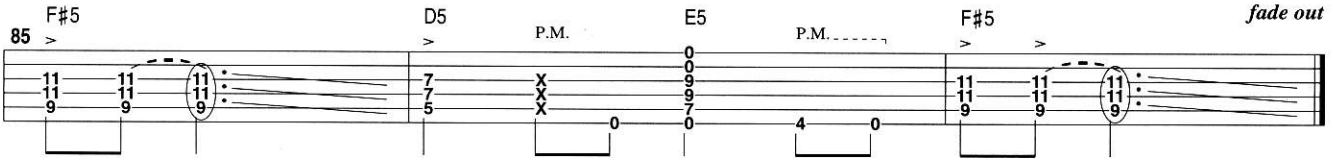






(w/vocal ad libs and sound effects)





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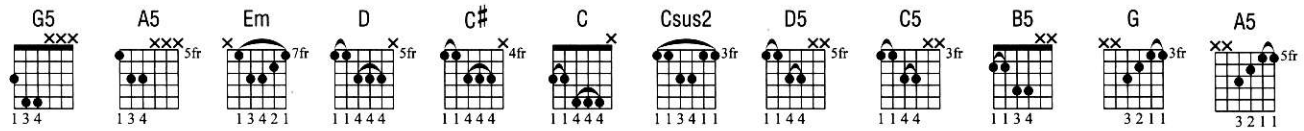
"APOSTROPHE'" FRANK ZAPPA

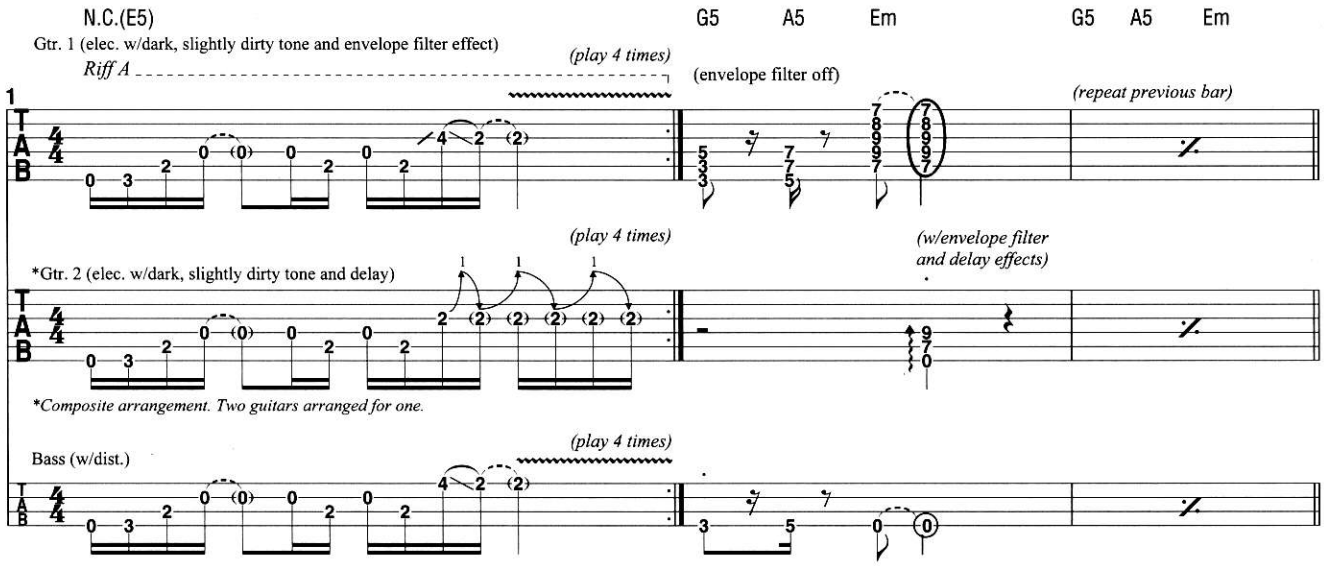
As heard on **APOSTROPHE (')** (RYKODISC)

Words and Music by **Frank Zappa, Jim Gordon and Jack Bruce** ✶ *Transcribed by* **Jeff Perrin**

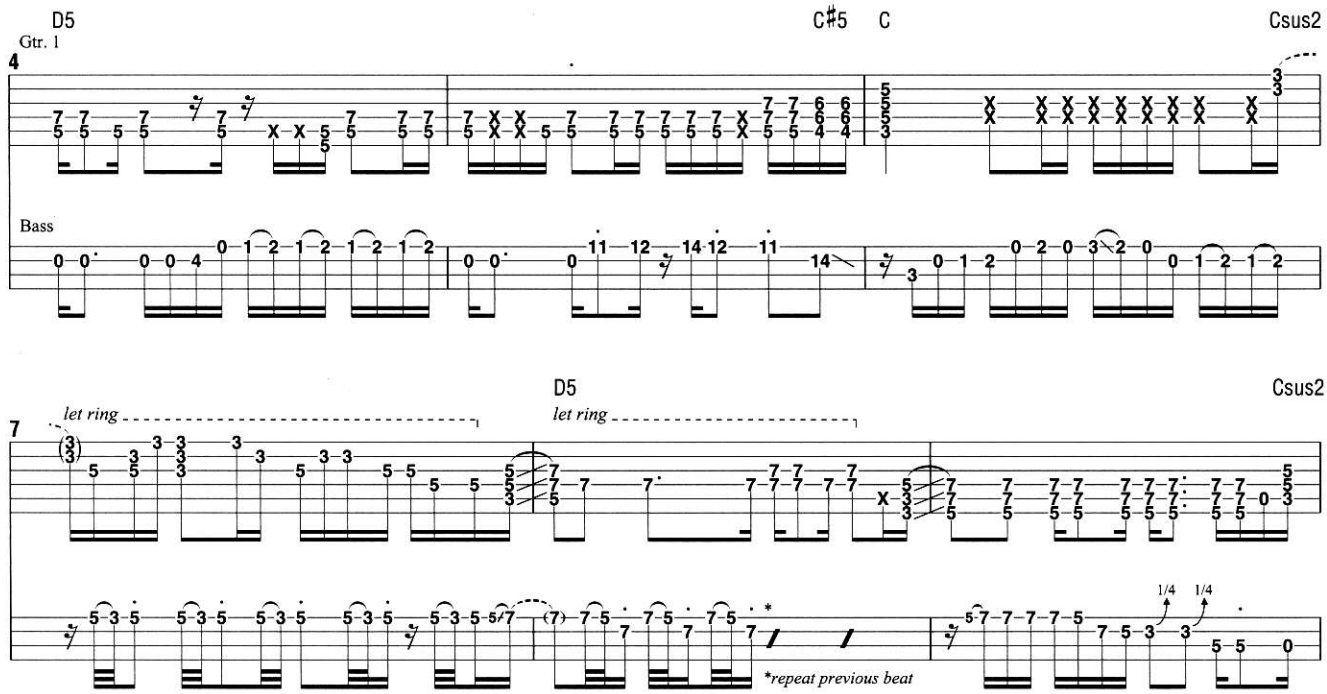


A (0:00)

Moderately ♩ = 86



B **Bass Solo** (0:17)



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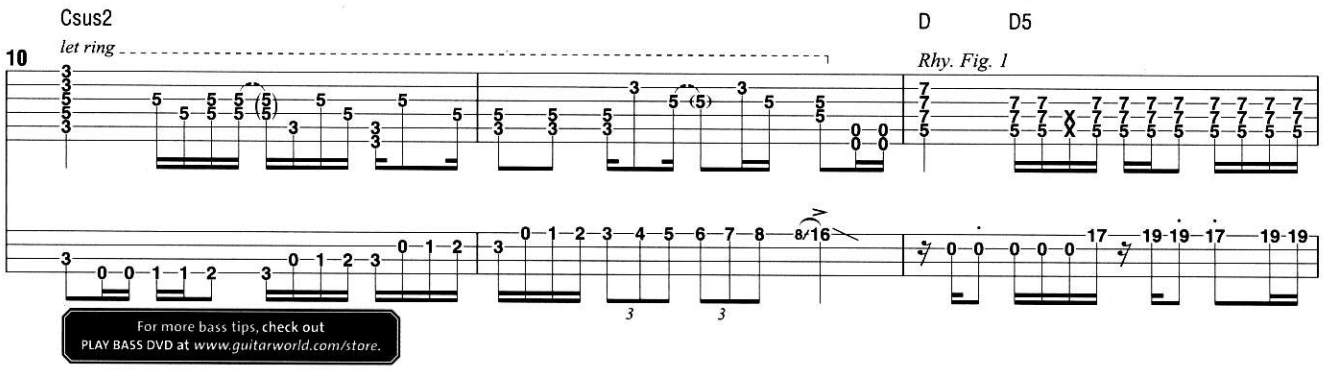
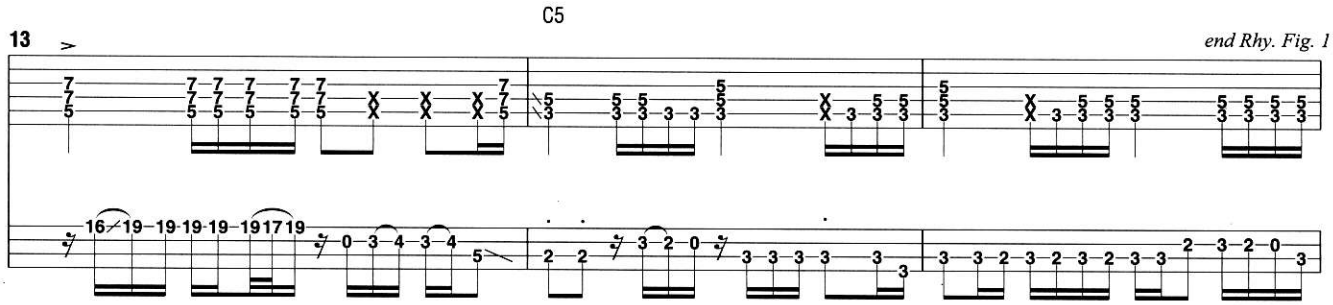
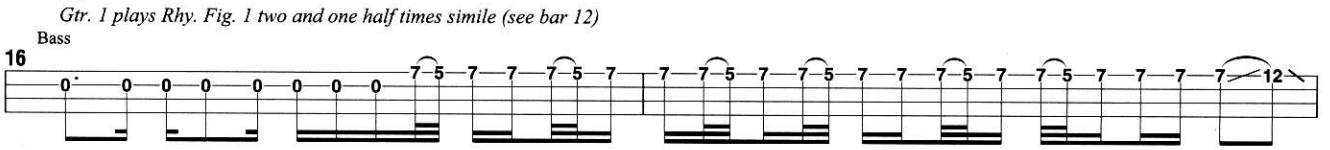
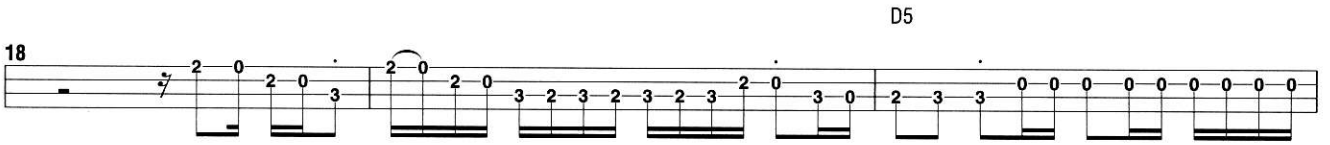
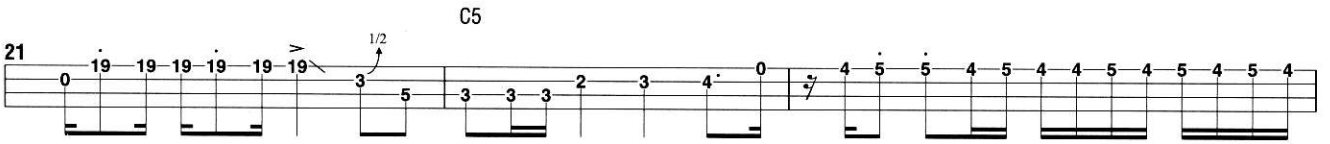
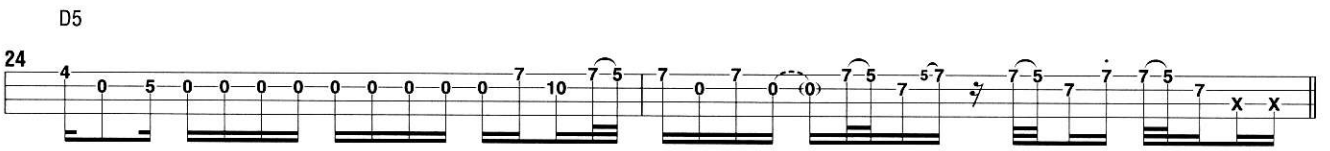

Csus2
let ring
D
D5
Rhy. Fig. 1
For more bass tips, check out
PLAY BASS DVD at www.guitarworld.com/store.


C5
end Rhy. Fig. 1

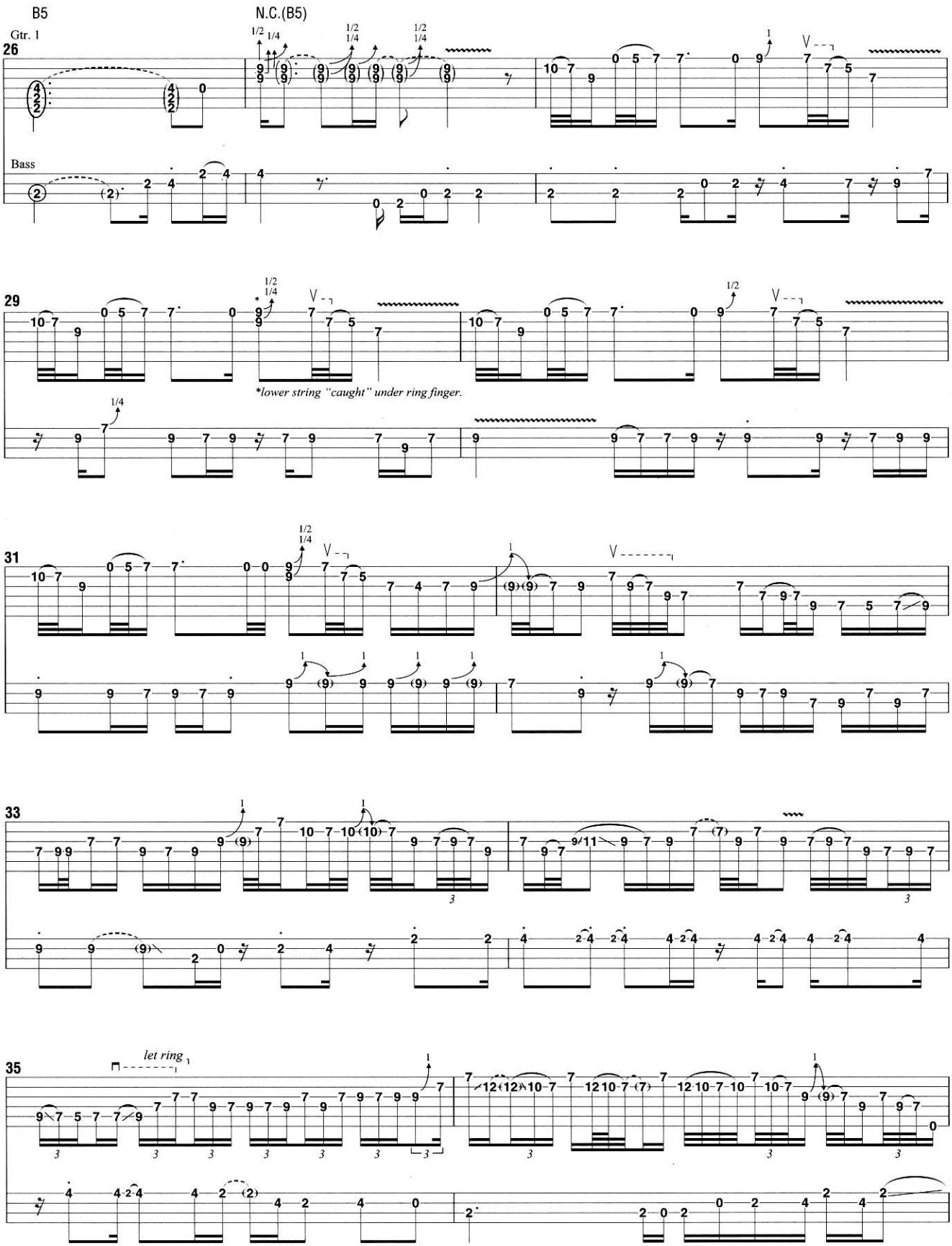

D5
Gtr. 1 plays Rhy. Fig. 1 two and one half times simile (see bar 12)
Bass

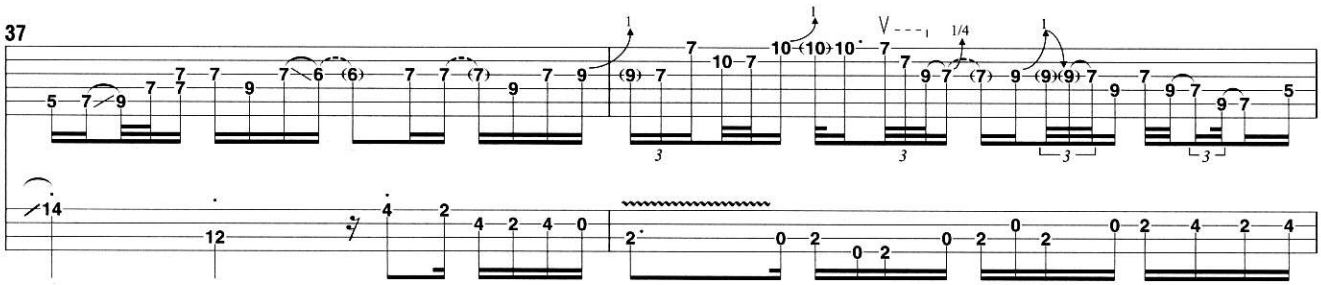

D5


C5
1/2


D5

C **Guitar Solo** (1:19)

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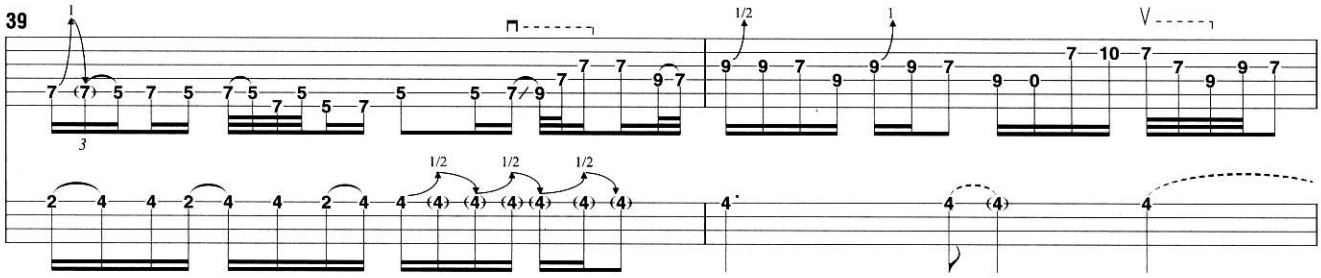
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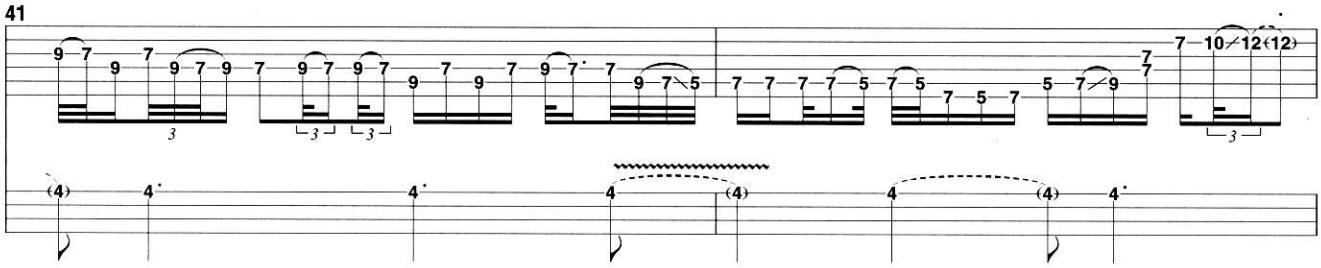
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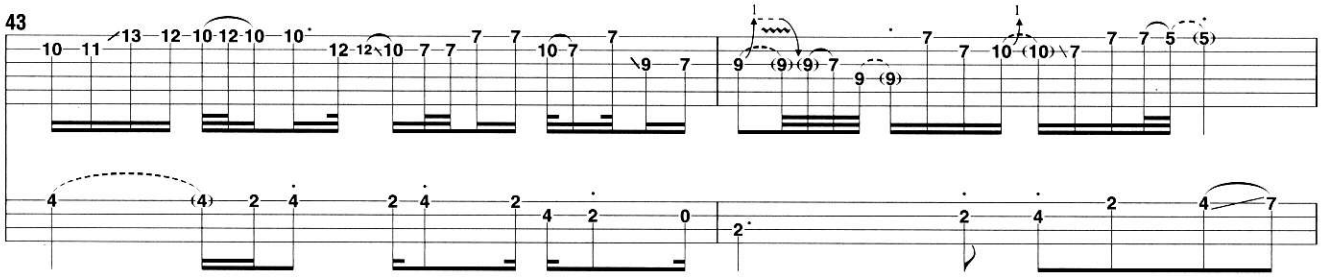
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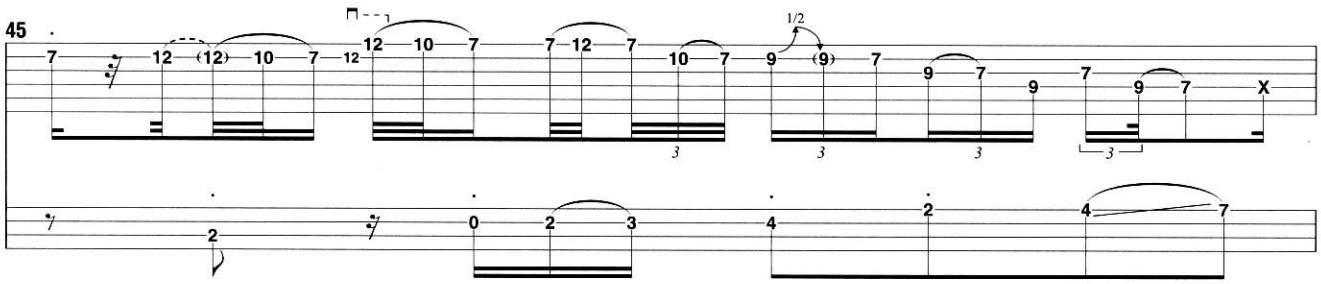
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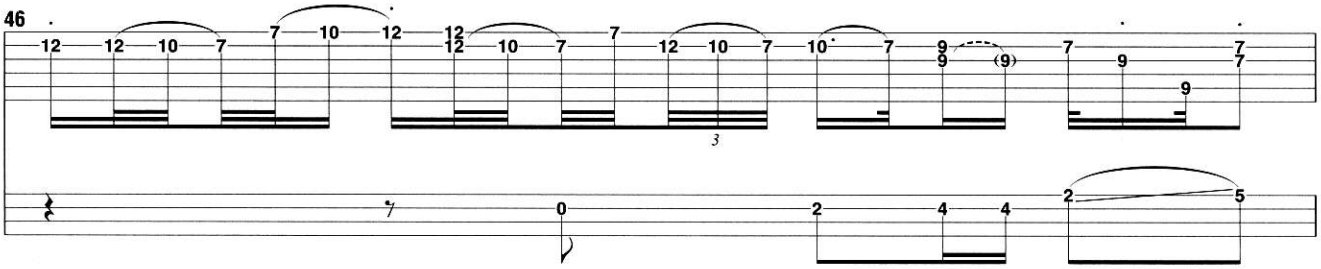

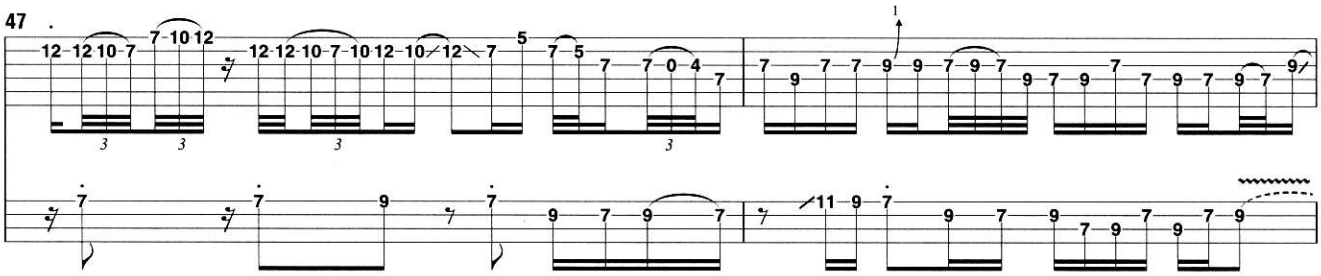

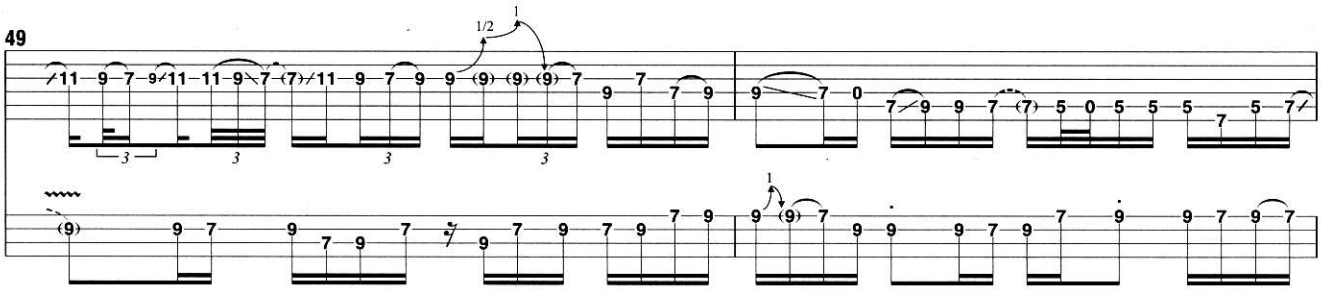

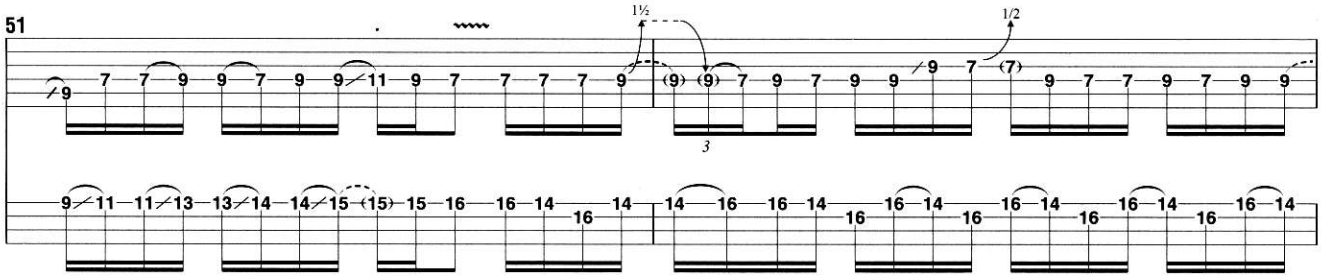

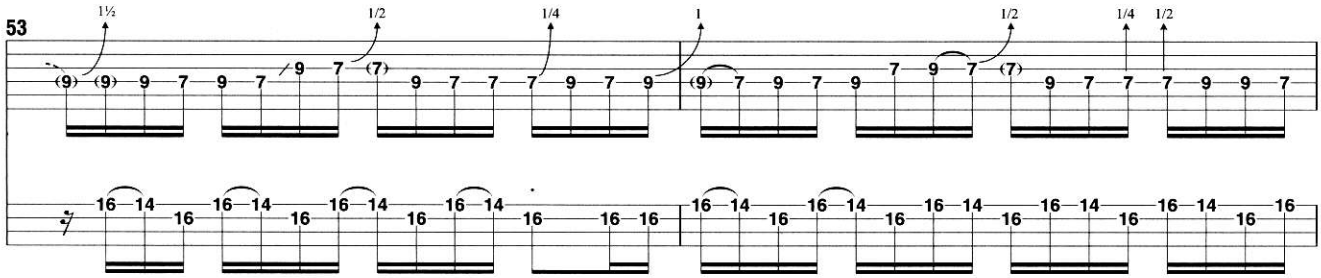

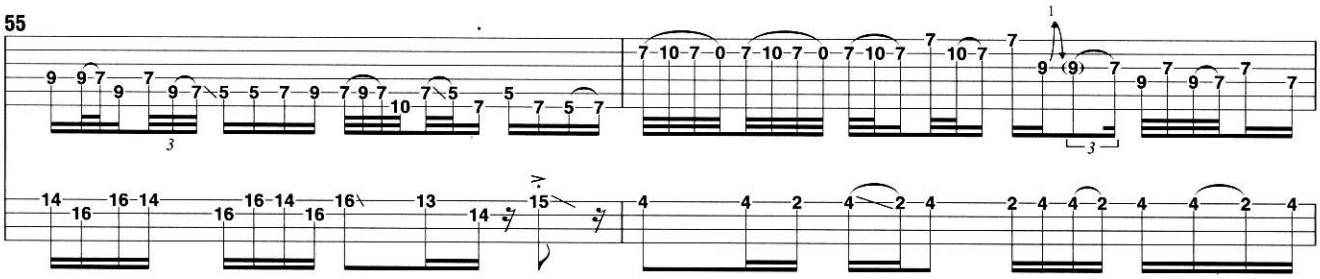
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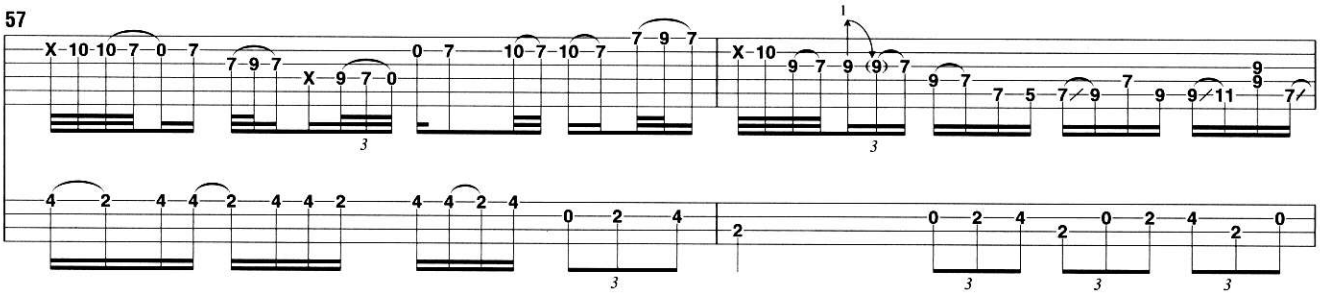
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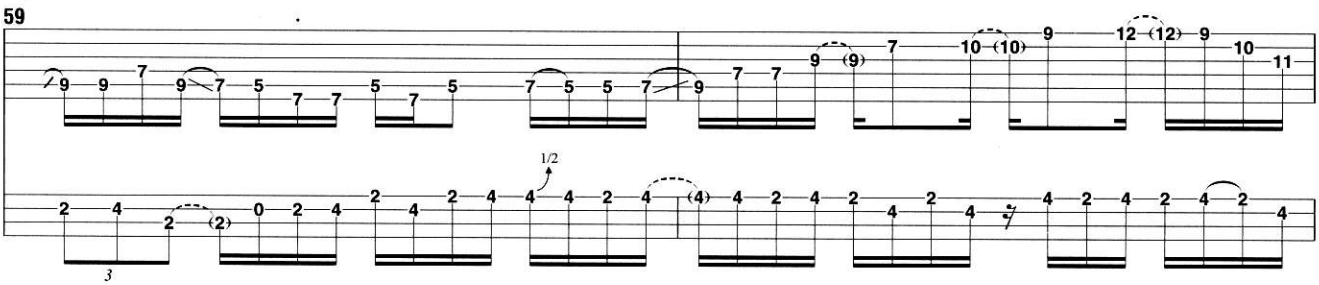
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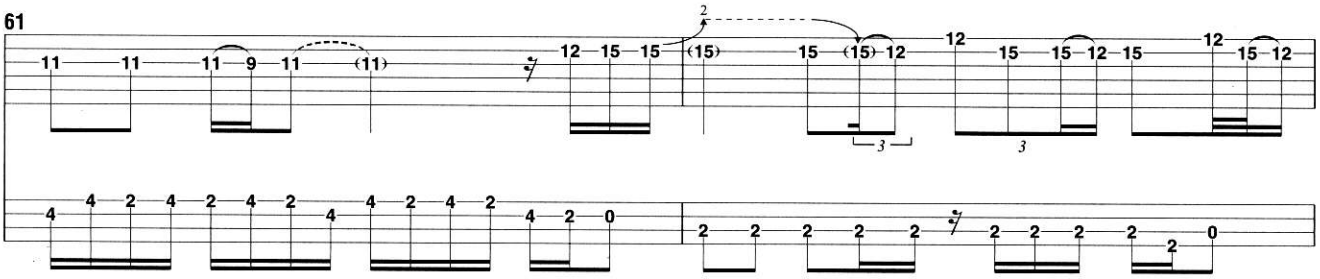
1/2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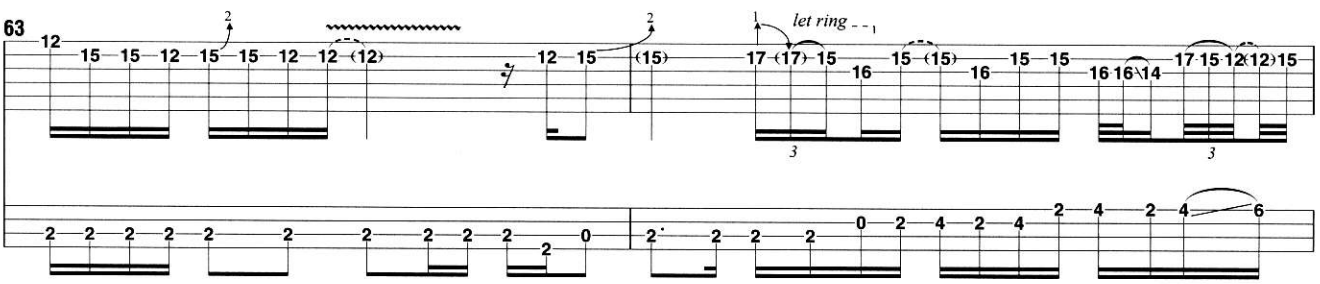
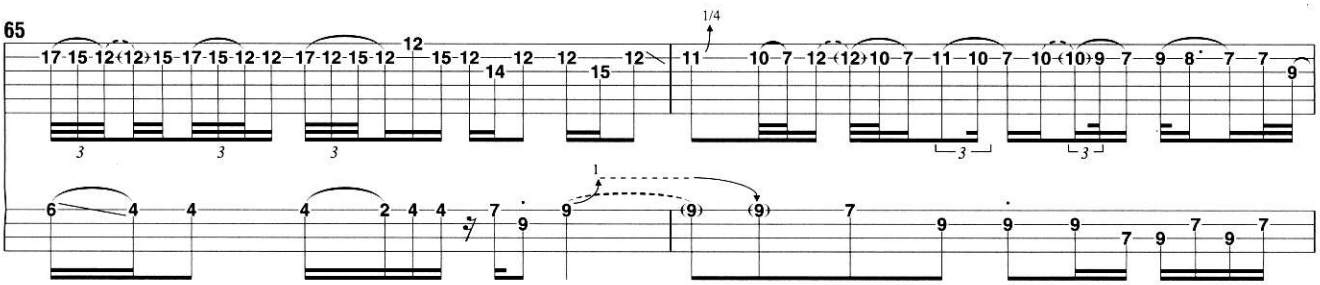
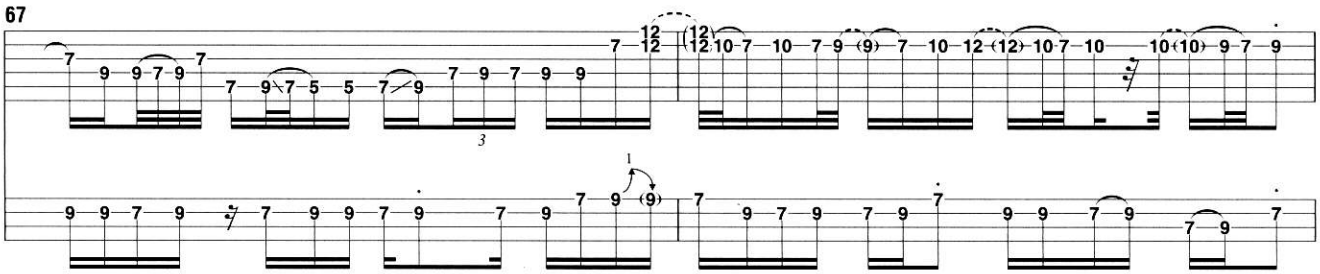
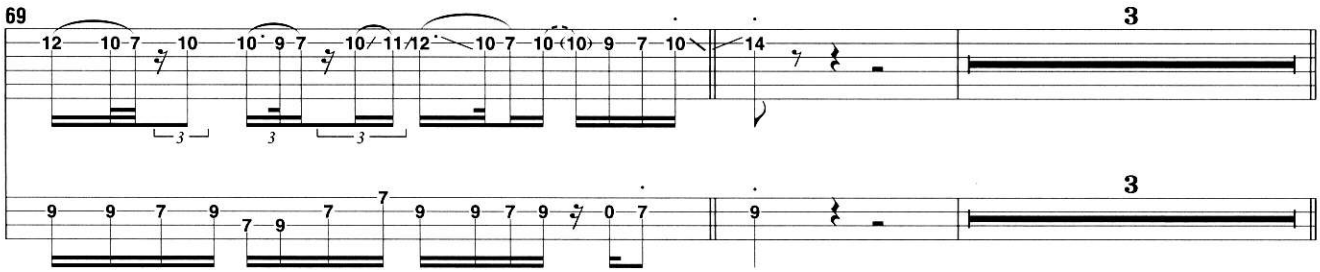

63
let ring





D **Drum Break** (3:22)



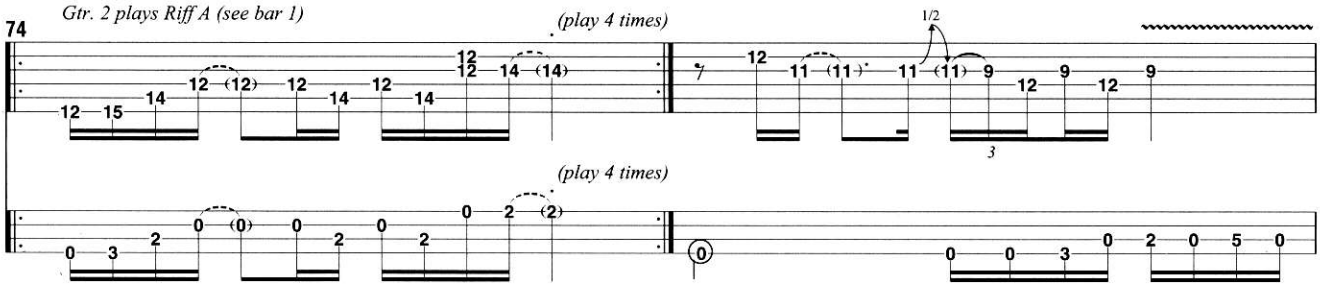
E (3:33)

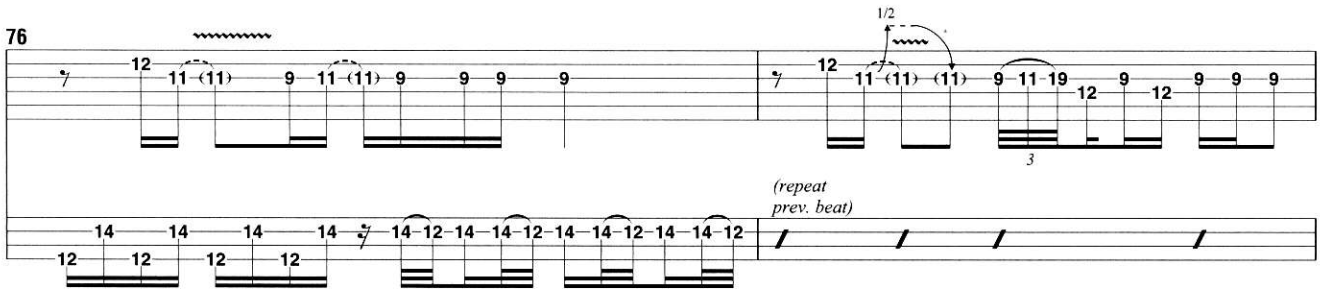
(E5)

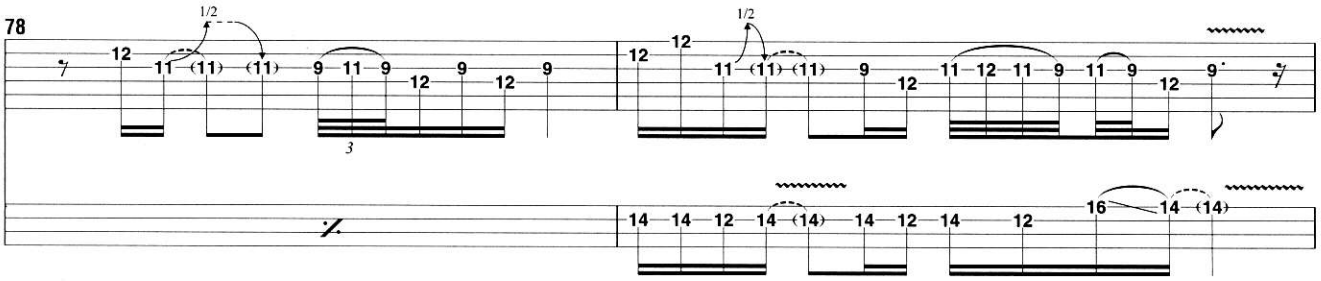
Gtr. 2 plays Riff A (see bar 1)

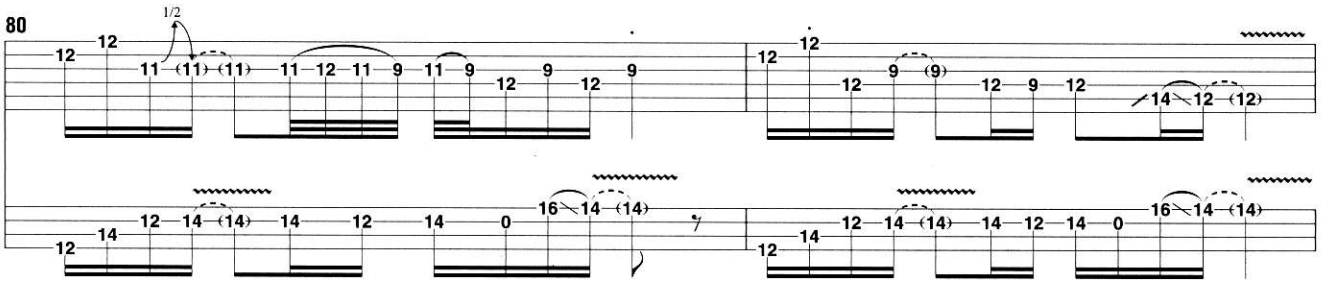
F (3:44)

Gtr. 2 plays Riff A 25 times simile (see bar 1)






78
1/2
1/2
3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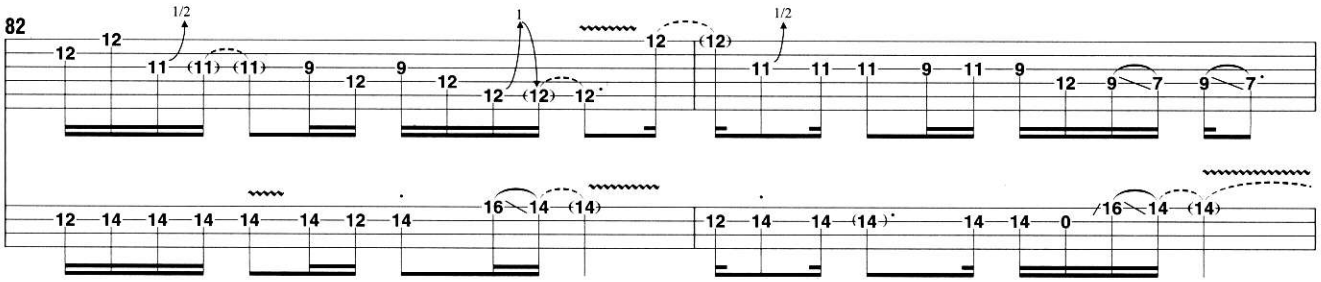
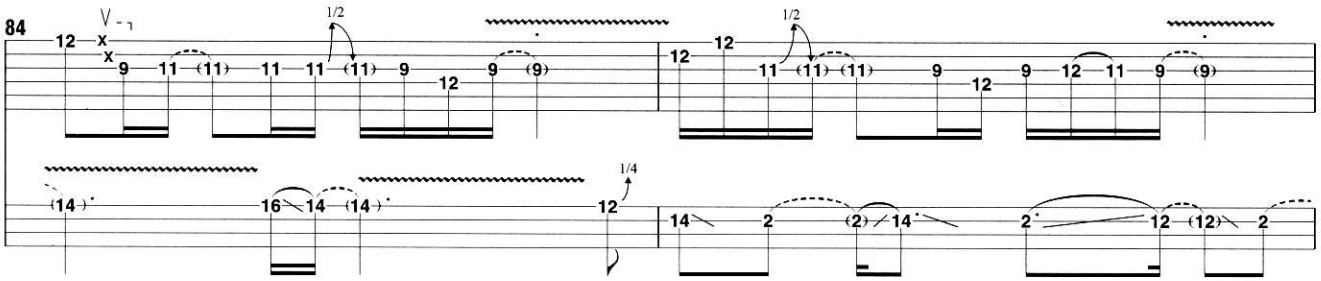
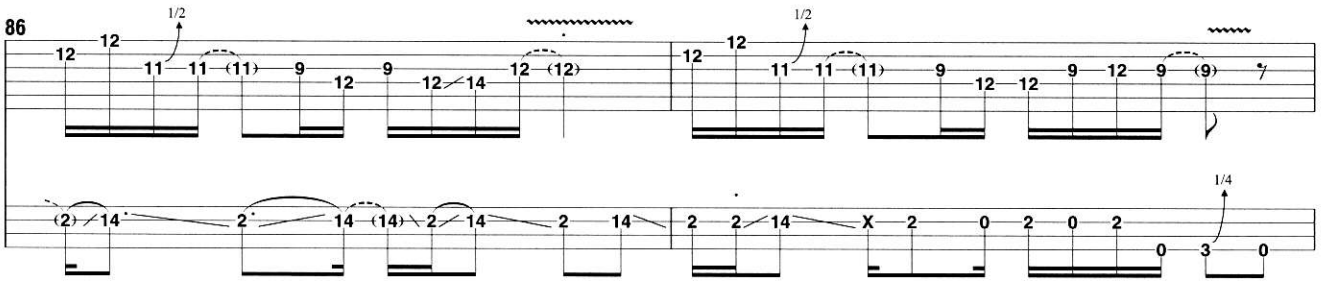

82
1/2
1
1/2


84
1/2
1/2
1/4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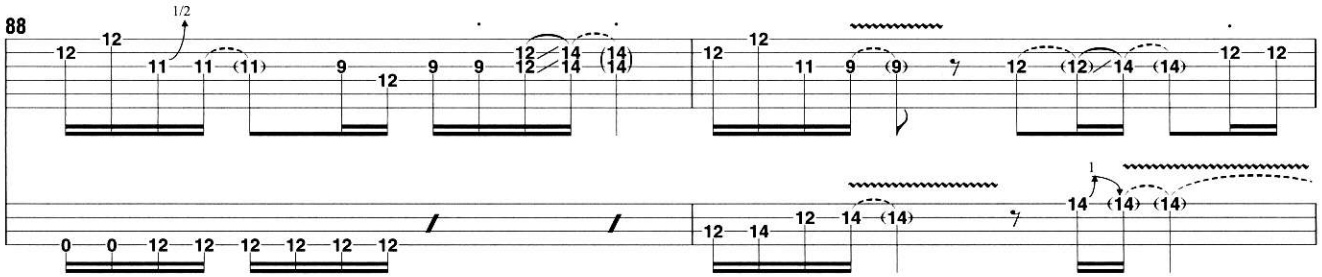
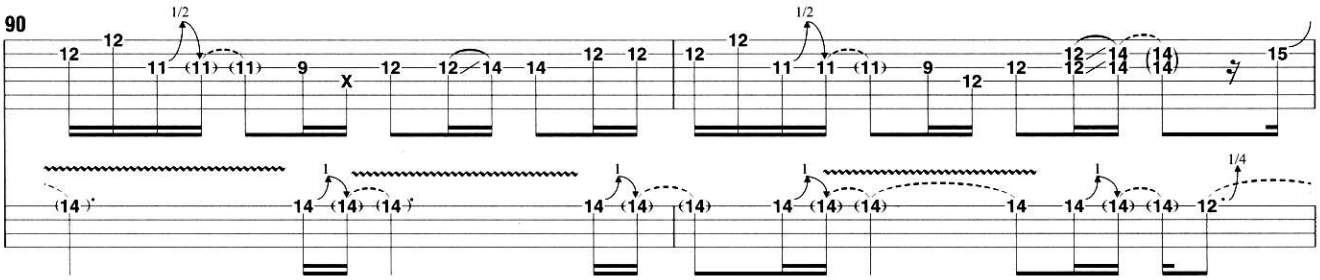
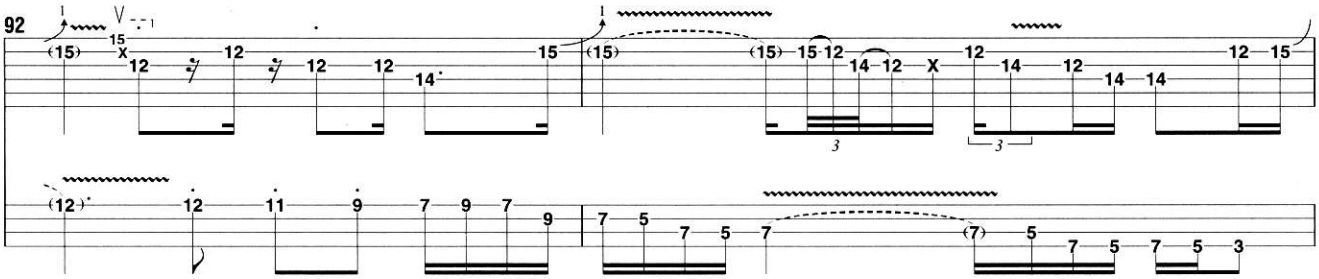
1/2
1/2
1/4


88
1/2


90
1/2
1/2
1/4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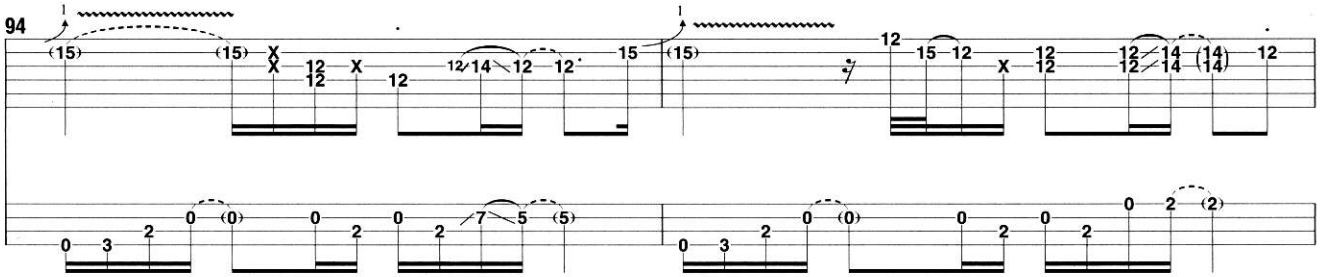
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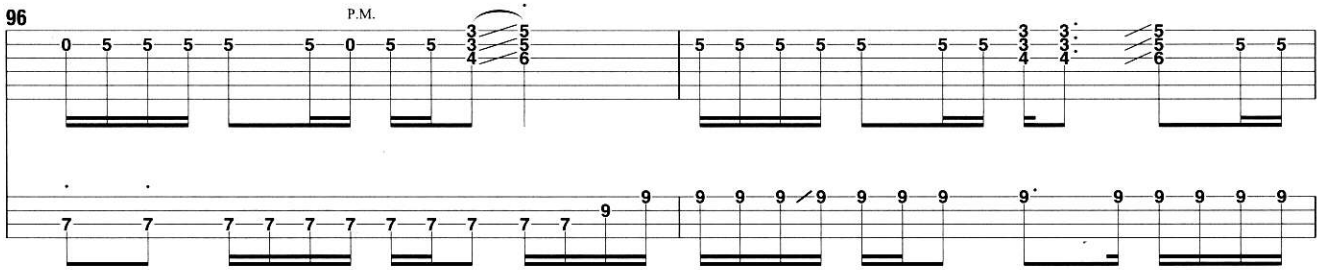
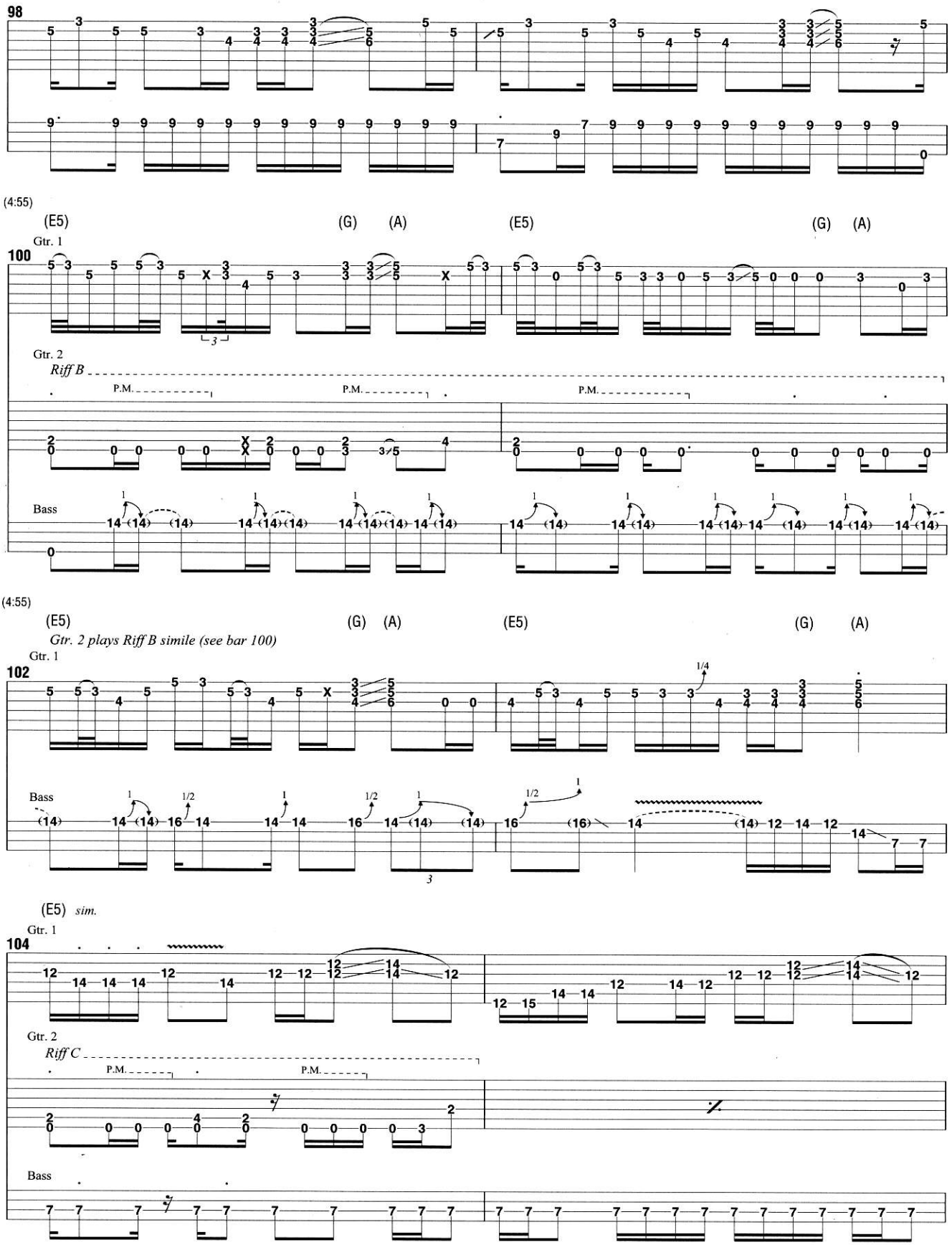

96
P.M.


98
(4:55)
(E5)
(G)
(A)
(E5)
(G)
(A)
Gtr. 1
100
Gtr. 2
Riff B
P.M.
Bass
(4:55)
(E5)
(G)
(A)
(E5)
(G)
(A)
Gtr. 2 plays Riff B simile (see bar 100)
Gtr. 1
102
Bass
(E5) sim.
Gtr. 1
104
Gtr. 2
Riff C
P.M.
Bass

Gtr. 2 plays Riff C seven times simile (see bar 104)

Gtr. 1

106

Bass

108

1/2

1/2

110

G **Outro** (5:31)

Gtr. 1

113

(repeat and fade)

Gtr. 2

Bass

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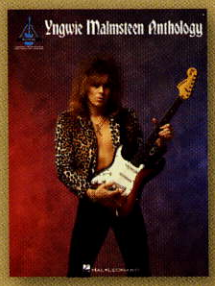

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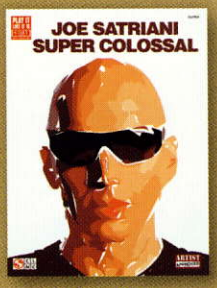

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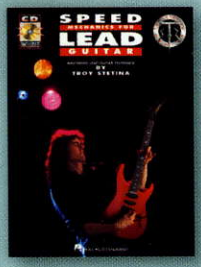

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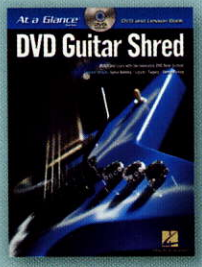

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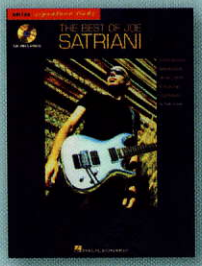

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